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THE

CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR

AND

MISSIONARY

MEMORIAL

1851

AUBURN.

DERBY & MILLER.

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THE

CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR,

AND

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FOR

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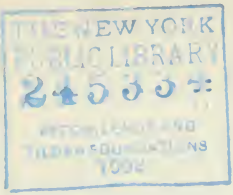

PREFACE.

Of a subject of such absorbing interest to the religious community, as that of the grand and glorious mission for the moral conquest of the globe, little need be premised, since it engages the sympathies and earnest aspirations of all who desire the advancement, temporal and eternal, of the human family. At no period of the world's history has the missionary emprise received so important a share of popular consideration, or have the sure tokens of its ultimate and triumphant success been so vividly displayed, as at the present moment. The highways of idolatrous superstition are fast becoming the great avenues of celestial truth, while heathen darkness is rapidly receding before the

cheering dawn of Gospel light and blessedness. Already many of the obscure corners of the earth, once the habitations of cruelty, have become the peaceful abodes of those made "wise unto salvation." The records of this mighty crusade for the recovery of fallen humanity—the thrilling incidents of its eventful history—its manifold vicissitudes and onward career—cannot fail of proving a theme of intense and paramount importance. In the memorable words of one long devoted to its interests, it may be affirmed, that "in the whole compass of human benevolence, there is nothing so grand, so Christian, so truly God-like, as the work of evangelizing the heathen."

A desire to invoke the attention of the religious public in a more prominent degree to the momentous subject of missions, as well as to incite those already engaged in its self-sacrificing labors to renewed energy and devo

tion of spirit, is a leading feature of the present work. To relieve what might otherwise be considered a monotonous feature in the volume, it has been deemed expedient to introduce a few occasional articles of collateral interest or of lighter character; the literary merit of which, it is believed, will commend them to the favor of the reader. The plan of the work being new, and distinct from that of any previous production,—differing from the series of *Annuals*, its contents being of a more substantial and permanent character,—it is confidently hoped it will meet with that share of attention from the entire Christian community, which the claims of an experiment so costly in its preparation deserve, and that it will prove admirably suited as a religious gift-book for the season.

The illuminated frontispiece, presenting a beautiful specimen of Baxter's new process of printing in oil-colors,—a feature of novelty

and consummate skill in art,—now for the first time introduced to the notice of the American public, is derived, by permission of the author, from Mr. Hoole's admired work, "Missions in Madras." The vignette illustration on the title-page represents a small building devoted to the accommodation of travellers in India. These edifices are erected by opulent Hindoos, from charitable motives; they have generally near them the valuable addition of a tank of water, sufficiently deep to secure a necessary supply throughout the dry season: hence their occasional adaptation to missionary purposes.

New York,

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THE

MISSIONARY MEMORIAL.

The Spiritual Vitality of the Truth,

CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

The grain of mustard-seed, less than all the seeds which be in the earth, but which groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches, so that the fowls of the air lodge under its shadow, is a blessed missionary emblem (Mark iv. 31, 32.) All Christian progress, from the beginning to the end, is typified by this development: it is our encouragement in the seed-time of the Gospel. That which the Church is scattering, by books and ministers, is not an inoperative principle. It is living; it has a propagative virtue; it perpetuates life: for it is *seed*. As a means, in the hand of the Spirit, without which no mind receives it, the word of God liveth and abideth forever. (1 Pet. i. 24.)

This principle of germination and increase de-

serves serious attention, especially in regard to a great distinction; namely, that which subsists between a dead accretion and a living development, or between a structure and a growth. A fabric of art has no life. Though it be a pyramid, a Parthenon, or a Cathedral of Cologne, it stands—so long as it stands at all—only as it was built. It may be preserved, repaired, enlarged, beautified; but it remains in brute quietude. The principle of the whole mass, however vast or exquisite, is this: one stone upon another. No art can produce any tendency towards vital force. No bud or blossom ever burst forth from amidst the carved foliage of the vine or olive of those glorious Gothic piers. But that which grows, is essentially living. It may be the merest winged seed of the dandelion or the thistle: yet it swells, and gathers force, and elaborates matter in due form, and evolves its like.

The truth of God, under a spiritual agency, is a living principle. When cast into soil, it is not buried, as if it were only a dead coin, or a jewel of gold, or a diamond, but awakes to new forms of vigorous beauty, like a precious seed. To this character of the truth, all the Christianity now in the world owes its prevalence: and where the Holy Spirit breathes on it, every particle of this truth possesses a like power. It is this which emboldens us to send the Gospel where it has never been planted.

In the Age of Missions, as the primitive age may

be emphatically called, this was the encouragement: it was derived from the words and acts of our blessed Redeemer himself. He serenely dropped this seed in the earth, declaring its expansive nature. Under other images he taught that it would abide and spread: for it was salt, and leaven, and light.

When we multiply works of art, the process is slow, and the series is arithmetical: but living things increase in a high geometrical ratio. Botanists tell us that the most vulgar of our yellow meadow-flowers is not indigenous in America; but now it enamels all our plains, and is carried on its downy vehicle beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is so with the harvests of the South. Maria d'Escobar, a Spanish lady, first brought a few grains of wheat into the city of Lima. For three years, she distributed their produce among the colonists, giving twenty or thirty grains to each farmer. Maria d'Escobar, says Mackintosh, brought into existence more human beings by this supply of food, than Napoleon has destroyed. In so doing, she typified the work of missions. Had she built a thousand monasteries in Peru, they would have been only a thousand, even now. But she did not build—she planted. From such small and contemptible beginnings, the great harvests of Christianity arise; and the extent and glory of the Church, in the latter day, will be the result of a like plantation. There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like

Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth. (Ps. lxxii. 16.)

The solitary missionary carries his handful of seed-corn, as did the solitary apostle. He has the same authority, and should entertain the same hope. The truth with which we deal is not only living, but abiding. The Spirit and the Truth are given in union, first to Messiah, and then to his people, to remain forever: As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; my Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever. (Isa. lix. 21.) The covenant promise is realizing itself every day. If our eyes were opened, we might trace the stream of life, threading its silver way, like the fabled Arethusa, through oceans of ignorance, idolatry, and crime. We might trace the now unseen links from father to son, and from lineage to lineage. And perhaps we might often discover that the piety, which seemed to us insulated and transient, was connected with the faith and love of foregoing ages. We know not the channel which brought the truth to Augustine; but we know that he, being dead, yet speaketh. Church history does not now enable us to record the transmission, from apostolic days, of that faith which dwelt in Monica of Tagaste. But the child of her prayers carried forward the line of

propagation, and sowed, broad-cast, the seed which is still increasing. After fourteen centuries, we find the very words which he penned in Africa, exerting their vivifying power in Saxony, in Switzerland, and in America. They wrought in Luther, and led him, by a great change of opinion, to prefer Augustine to all the Fathers. They wrought in Calvin, whose name has been given to the scheme of truth which was thus suggested. How many thousands have derived the same doctrines—whether Augustinian or Pauline—from the writings of the two great Reformers! The quiet valleys of this western world, sometimes even in the absence of all evangelical preaching, have received the truth from the Augustinian work. Let a single instance suffice. It is now more than a hundred years, since the county of Hanover, in Virginia, was the theatre of remarkable religious awakening. The parish-sermons in the established church, at that time, gave but an uncertain sound. But among the books of a certain old disciple, Morris by name, was a copy of Luther on the Galatians. He gathered his neighbors for prayer and praise, and read aloud from this and other good books. It was a sowing of the seed. Souls were converted. Soon after, the living preacher was sent to them in the person of Whitefield: at a later period the great Samuel Davies became their minister. These all walked in the same spirit—in the same steps, (2 Cor. xii. 18;) dispensing the same precious truth

which had been the life of Paul, of Augustine, and of Luther.*

There is a resurrection-power in truth, under the beams of spiritual light and heat. It is the vitality of genuine growth; as in the celebrated instance of seeds, disinterred from the mummy-cases of Egypt, which, after twenty centuries, have germinated in the hot-houses of British naturalists. Let us not despise the means which we are employing; for the humblest missionary, who goes forth weeping, bears with him the precious seed which may endure and grow until the second appearing of the Lord.

If we look at the nature of this truth, we shall find a new reason for sowing in hope, even in distant lands. It is the "Word of Life," which we "hold forth." It reveals Him who is "the Life." That which every true missionary endeavors to introduce, is Christ. And where Christ is received, the series does not stop. The flame is communicative. This religion kindles, "like a torch of fire in a sheaf." (Zech. xii. 6.) Men die, but the flame survives: as in the ancient game of the Greeks, called the Lampadephoria, a race in which a torch was carried forward by one, and then handed to another, and so to another, until the goal was reached.† By just such transmission the light has come to us. Successive teachings and successive sacraments do "show forth

* Hodge's History, vol. II. p. 45. † Herodotus, viii. 98.

the Lord's death till he come." Who was the first missionary among the glens of the Vaudois, we know not; but we know what seed he carried, for it is there still. Can any dare to predict, that the like effect shall not follow a like cause in Greenland, in Burmah, or in Hawaii? Such distrust had been excusable in the first missionaries from Jerusalem, but not in us. The first seed sown outside of Eden, by Adam and Eve, may have seemed hopelessly buried; but they were reassured by subsequent harvests: and we are eating the fruit of their toils. The living growth of past Christianity is our encouragement in planting the Gospel. Every evangelical mission reads us the same lesson. Lament as we may over the continuance of error in some localities, and the seeming decay of truth in others, there is still a meaning, which future light is to reveal, in such words as those: Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. (Matt. xv. 13.) Shiloh, where God placed his tent among men, became a desolation; Jerusalem, a curse to all the nations of the earth. (Ps. lxxviii. 60. Jer. xxvi. 6.) Wittenberg is a nursery of Rationalism, Geneva is the seat of baptized infidelity; and Cambridge, where the Puritan confessors avowed a divine Redeemer, is a high-place of Socinianism. But Shiloh may be revisited by the ark; "they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord." Wittenberg still conceals truth, which the God of Luther can revive; Geneva already

shows some who "spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses;" and the prayers of Oakes and Harvard are not forgotten before God. Evil dies, in many places, by a divine law. What missions were ever more flourishing than those of the Jesuits of Brazil? Their last traces are now disappearing in the beautiful country from which that mighty Order has been expelled. On the other hand, Elberfeld, and the vale of the Wupper, retains to this day the goodly fruit of the Reformed theology; and assemblies of four thousand sometimes listen to the sound of a free gospel, from the lips of Krummacher. The voice of the truth is faintly heard again in the land of the Huguenots; converts are welcomed from the churches of Asia; and we look for the day when the candlestick shall be restored to Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem. There is much in the garden of the Lord to make us hope that the imperishable vine will again cover the spots where the boar out of the wood has wasted it. "In that day, sing ye unto her, A vineyard of red wine: I, the Lord, will keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." (Isa. xxvii. 2, 3.)

While we aim at sowing the word, wherever man dwells, it is good to consider the source of its vegetative energy. Our arithmetic often misleads and disheartens us. We spread the map on our table, and compute so many millions of souls, and, over against

this, so many feeble preachers; and then, on the scale of the exchange or the shop, we conclude that such instrumentality in regard to the proposed result, is stark naught. But this reckoning is not valid in the house of the Lord. The Rule of Three, blessed be the name of God, is not the rule of Grace. In God's account, the proportion sometimes runs thus: One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. In this problem, we have no authority to omit the element which is infinite—the power of the Spirit with the word. God's arm can turn the balance against all weights. I am reminded of the famous old Roman story. During a Gallic irruption, the barbarians raised the blockade of the capital for a sum of money. Quintus Sulpicius complained that the weights were false; but the Gaul threw his heavy broadsword into the scale. Gideon was admonished of this preponderating power of divine aid: "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you." The watchword of his victory should be ours: "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, shall countervail millions in the scale. In God's work, one Augustine, one Luther, or one Whitefield, counts more than a vulgar unit of enumeration; and the quiver of the Almighty is not exhausted of such arrows. We do a grievous wrong to our prospects, when we measure the coming day by the morning twilight. There is a stage in evangelical effort, at

which the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound. By an effusion of the Spirit on the seed sown, Christ can, and doubtless will, make the labors of one husbandman equal to those of thousands. What have our own days beheld, in Burmah and the Sandwich Isles?

Such is the preciousness, such is the vitality of the missionary seed, that we should be hopeful in disseminating even a handful. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. Our province is ministerial: the increase is of sovereign grace. Not every blade of wheat comes to the ear; not every tract is read with the eye of faith; not every preacher turns the heathen from dumb idols. Yet, in the grand reckoning, the truth is working, and sometimes mightily. Who questions the fact that there is a deadly efficacy in firearms on fields of battle? Yet military calculators tell us, that not more than one ball in twelve thousand proves mortal, or strikes a human being. If the church were only putting forth a consentaneous effort, causing the good seed to fly over all nations, it is reasonable to believe that the world would soon behold singular and unexampled increase, from direct copious visitations of spiritual energy. "Thy people shall be willing *in the day of thy power*, in the beauties of holiness

from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth."

If then it is truth, on which the Holy Spirit confers such vital and prolific virtue, we should be sure, in laboring for foreign lands, that what we sow is the very Word of God. In the missionary message, it is Christ which gives life and fructifies the toil. The nominal church has been bringing forth tares for centuries. An enemy hath done this. Amidst them all some seed has sprung up; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. This end is accomplished only by the truth. To communicate this, pure and entire, is nowhere more indispensable than in the field of missions. Among the multiform propositions of truth, those are most quick and powerful which lie nearest the heart and centre. The doctrine of Christ, and him crucified, is the vivifying doctrine; the missionary germ. How long did the Moravian brethren plough and sow in vain, plying the Greenlanders with the ethics of Christianity! It was a lambent flame; true, but inefficacious; it kindled nothing. But when—as if by chance—they spake of the *Cross*, the frozen savages were in a glow—the arctic ice began to melt! It is the grand secret of Gospel labor, at home and abroad: but it is especially pertinent to the dissemination of truth over new ground. The question, What is the Gospel, is one of awful moment in this vernal period of the Church; and the Apostle Peter, addressing early

Christians, ascribes to this gospel the very characters of power and vitality, which have been asserted of it in the foregoing desultory remarks: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. And this is the Word which by the Gospel is preached unto you."

TO NEW YORK
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The First Missionary.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Know'st thou the Leader of that train, who toil
The everlasting Gospel's light to shed
On earth's benighted climes?
Canst tell the name
Of the first Teacher, in whose steps went forth
O'er sultry India, and the sea-green isles,
And to the forest-children of the West,
A self-denying band,—who counted not
Life dear unto them, so they might fulfil
Their ministry, and save the heathen soul?

Judea's mountains, from their breezy heights
Reply,—"We heard him, when he lifted up
His voice, and taught the people patiently,
Line upon line, for they were slow of heart."
From its dark depths, the Galilean lake
Told hoarsely to the storm-cloud, how he dealt
Bread to the famish'd throng, with tender care,
Forgetting not the body, while he fed
The immortal spirit;—how he stood and heal'd,
Day after day, till evening shadows fell

Around the pale and paralytic train,
Lame, halt, and blind, and lunatic, who sought
His pitying touch.
Mount Olivet, in sighs,
Spake mournfully—"His midnight prayer was mine,
I heard it, I alone,—as all night long
Upward it rose, with tears, for those who paid
His love with hatred."
Kedron's slender rill,
That bathed his feet, as to his lowly work
Of mercy he went forth, still kept his name
Securely hoarded in its secret fount,
A precious pearl-drop!
Sad Gethsemane
Had memories that it falter'd to repeat,
Such as the strengthening angel mark'd, appall'd,
Finding no dialect in which to bear
Their wo to Heaven.
Even Calvary, who best
Might, if it would, our earnest question solve,
Press'd close its flinty lip, and shuddering bow'd
In silent dread, remembering how the sun
Grew dark at noon-day, and the sheeted dead
Came from their cleaving sepulchres, to walk
Among the living.
But the bold, bad host,
Spirits of evil, from the lake of pain,
Who held brief triumph round the mystic Cross,
Bare truthful witness, as they shrieking fled,—

"We know thee who thou art, the Christ of God :"
While Heaven, uplifting its eternal gates,
With chant of cherubim and seraphim,
Welcomed the Lord of glory entering in,
His mission done

Woman, the Gospel Messenger.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

"Kings' daughters were among thy honorable women."—PSALM.

THEOPHILUS, emperor of the Romans, wishing to select a wife, commanded the daughters of his nobles to be collected in the imperial palace at Constantinople, and, with a golden apple in his hand, slowly moved around the blooming circle. Stopping before the brilliant Icasia, he archly observed,—

"Women have been the cause of much evil in the world."

"And surely, sir," she quickly replied, "they have also been the cause of much good!"

This assertion—which cost Icasia a throne, as the emperor passed on and presented the apple to the pretty but silent Theodora—will be supported in these pages, where the essential service which woman has rendered towards the general good, will be shown to be spreading the gospel truths abroad.

Since the days when Solomon declared he vainly sought one virtuous woman in a thousand, and since the son of Sirach told us, "wickedness comes from

woman," a great change has taken place in her character and situation. To Christianity is woman indebted for a glorious revolution in her destiny; and the Christian female, no longer the slave and plaything of olden time, has been exalted by man to the rank of his friend and counsellor. There are some who would place her higher, and give her a share in the world's sovereignty. But this is not her fitting station; let man be lord of the creation, since woman's God hath said, "he shall rule over thee."

Woman has her own high and peculiar duties, and if we look abroad into the history of nations, we shall see she has understood and performed well her *rôle*. Christianity having elevated her position, she employed her new-found powers and energies in spreading its blessed doctrines over the earth, thus enabling her sisters of every clime to partake in its inestimable benefits. Man will scarcely credit the amount of female service in the holy cause of the gospel; he will be surprised when informed how much of the world is indebted to her agency, as instrument of the Saviour and the missionary's friend, for the introduction of Christianity.

In the early ages of our faith, woman was ever among its most zealous converts,—"first at the cross, and first at the sepulchre,"—and when persecution commenced, her faith was sealed with her blood. I could speak of Prisca, Valeria, and Paula, with many others, but my subject would allude only to those

who disseminated the truths of the Gospel by example and exertion. The noble mother of Alexander Severus, Julia Mammæ, gave the new religion most important support. She educated her son as a Christian, and herself zealously espoused its cause During her reign the Christians enjoyed a welcome repose. They for the first time appeared at court, and then churches were first erected. Julia was a woman of great powers of mind. During Alexander's minority, she enacted wise laws, surrounded him with excellent counsellors, and used him to simple and virtuous habits. Her attention was directed to the improvement of female manners, and she abolished the custom, practised by former empresses, of appearing in the councils of the nation, and promulgated a law by which woman was excluded from the senate. Let the sins of Marcia be forgiven when we remember her efforts in this holy cause. As if hoping to atone for her misdeeds, she declared herself patroness of the Christians, and so well employed her power as to induce Commodus, the emperor of Rome, to show them mercy. By her influence persecution ceased, and after having suffered thirteen years of tyranny the Christians lived in peace and multiplied greatly. Like Magdalene, Marcia loved her Saviour much, although a sinner, and let us hope she also was forgiven.

But these lesser lights must fade before the radiance which surrounds the pious Empress Helena,

mother of the great Constantine. She was a zealous Christian, and in the conversion of her son ensured that of the Roman world. When Helena went into retirement, Constantine shared with his mother her sorrow and loneliness; and neither those days of gloom, nor his subsequent exaltation to a throne, could shake the faith instilled by Helena. Constantine gloried in the religion of Christ. He publicly proclaimed it in the senate, bore the initials of his Saviour's name as a monogram upon his banner, as the sign by which he hoped to conquer; placed his statue in Rome, bearing aloft the cross; and by his decrees secured the civil and religious rights of the Christians. During the reign of the son of Helena, Christianity became so firmly rooted, that not all the efforts of the apostate Julian could accomplish its overthrow. The pious Helena, in the midst of all the splendor with which her son could surround her, never forgot Him who was her friend and supporter in adversity. With this feeling of reverence strong in her bosom, she undertook a weary pilgrimage, to look upon that land where her Saviour had suffered and died for her. In Jerusalem, upon Mount Olivet, on Calvary, and Sinai, and other consecrated spots in the Holy Land, she erected churches and convents, adorned with rare marbles, gold, and mosaic, as monuments to direct the pious traveller to the spot where the wondrous events recorded in Holy Writ had taken place. Some have thought this an

example and precedent for much of that mummery and trade in relics which, with other corruptions, have since darkened the Christian religion; but the advantages of having these interesting places thus early marked out will cancel this, and thousands have felt their faith assured, and hopes confirmed, and hearts refreshed, while gazing upon these sacred stations. A late traveller, in gratitude to Helena, conferred upon her the glorious title of "Mother of the Holy Land."

Among the most devoted adherents of the Cross, let not Pulcheria, virgin empress of Rome, be forgotten. What a contrast is the pure and useful life of this first reigning Christian empress, to that of the debased pagan princes who reigned before her! The court of her father Arcadius was, perhaps, more luxurious and more magnificent than that of any of his Cæsar predecessors, yet this, Pulcheria renounced, and turning from all those worldly pleasures, which her youth, her beauty, and rank might have commanded, she consecrated herself to a life of celibacy, devotion, and good works. At the age of sixteen she received the title of *Augusta*, which she valued only as placing more power and wealth at her disposal, to be employed in furtherance of the gospel. In the presence of the assembled people, Pulcheria, with her sisters Arcadia and Marina, to whom she had communicated a knowledge of a Saviour, publicly dedicated themselves to the service of their

Redeemer. Their solemn vow of religion and celibacy was engraved upon a tablet of gold and gems, and placed in the church of Saint Sophia, in Constantinople. This resolution was celebrated throughout the empire as a "sublime effort of Christian piety." These vows were deemed necessary, in that corrupt age, to strike the attention of the pagan people, and to keep the new convert from all contact with a vicious society. Such monastic severity and celibacy, in our day is not called for. Pulcheria, in her palace, led a solitary, but not a useless life. She occupied herself with many Christian works, at home and abroad, and devoted herself particularly to the education of her brother Theodosius, who, under her wise tuition, became chaste, temperate, liberal, and merciful. The flame of paganism was then flickering in the socket, and in the reign of Pulcheria and Theodosius it expired. The imperial treasures were appropriated to religious purposes; while institutions for the poor and the stranger, and many magnificent churches, attest the ardent faith and Christian zeal of Rome's first female sovereign, the pious Empress Pulcheria.

The Gospel was carried to benighted Russia by Olga, queen of that land. Through her efforts alone Christianity was introduced into that vast region, which was then devoted to a debasing superstition. She had heard—perhaps through some of her piratical subjects when returned from a predatory excur-

sion, or some wandering missionary—of a new and purer religion which was acknowledged by the empire of Rome, and as Christianity is always warmly welcomed by the female heart, she was anxious to behold its benign influence shed upon her savage people. For that object the princess resolved to visit Constantinople. The Russians had made themselves feared by the Greeks, who looked with superstitious dread upon those "arctic fleets," and count less savage hordes pouring from the dark and unknown regions of the north to ravage their borders, and they were well pleased with the prospect of their conversion. The Emperor Porphyrogenitus resolved to receive the Russian queen with all the honor and pomp which he thought would best impress her with an idea of his power and magnificence. Chariots of silver and gold, surrounded with purple curtains, drawn by oxen covered with trappings of scarlet cloth and jewels, awaited to conduct Queen Olga and her train to the imperial residence. The rude pagans gazed with surprise at the splendid marble palaces and churches, and the Hippodrome with its obelisk, and circle of bronze chariots each bearing a statue of some famous hero.

Arrived at the palace, they beheld, through a long vista of glittering guards, the Emperor Constantine surrounded by his richly apparelled nobles, seated upon a golden throne, arrayed in robes of scarlet, embroidered with golden dragons. Two lions of

gold stood one upon each side of the throne, which, worked by unseen machinery, roared aloud at the approach of the strangers, while a grove of trees behind the monarch, formed of gold, resounded with the melody of the gemmed birds which ornamented the branches. Carpets of glowing dyes, Tyrian tapestry, and columns of marble, supporting a ceiling studded with stars and moon of gold, added to the magnificence of the imperial palace.

Like Queen Sheba of old, Olga came with a stately retinue from afar to visit the monarch; but not, like the Arabian queen, to mark his wisdom, nor look upon his glorious array; a "greater than Solomon" she came to seek, and by Him, her heavenly Lord, was she graciously received.

Christianity, at first, spread slowly in Russia, its progress being retarded by Olga's grandson, Prince Walodimir, a fanatic follower of the barbarous worship of his fathers. Here again we behold woman by her gentle influence smoothing the path for the missionaries of the cross. Walodimir loved Anne, daughter of the Emperor Romanus, and threatened war if denied the princess, but promised to support Christianity if she were given to him. The gentle Anne shuddered at the idea of a pagan husband, but she was a zealous Christian, and when the hope of his conversion was placed before her she dared not hesitate. Anne left her home, and the luxurious palace of her fathers at Constantinople, for a sad exile

among a rude people in a savage clime. Her self-denial was rewarded. God touched the heart of her pagan lord while he listened to the Gospel, now first heard by him, and he became a sincere Christian. His once worshipped god of Thunder, Peroun, was torn from his throne, dragged with ignominy through the streets, and then cast into the Borysthenes. Walodimir, once the enemy of the gospel, so exerted himself in its cause, that he has gone down to posterity with the glorious title of "Apostle of Russia."

Who has not heard of the noble Bertha, through whose means, under Providence, Christianity was introduced into England? It is true Claudia was the first convert to the new religion among the ancient Britons, and with Eigen, daughter of Caractacus, aided in its dissemination among her countrymen; but her race was swept away, or pent up in the mountains of Wales, by the Saxons, whose barbarous worship became the religion of England. That fierce idolatry, dear as it was to the Saxons, as being the faith of their ancestors, was overthrown by the zealous efforts of the pious Princess Bertha.

Bertha was a descendant of Queen Clotilda, of France. Here is seen how far the circle may extend which receives its impetus from a single individual. Clotilda was wife of Clovis, king of the Franks, daughter of the dethroned Chilperic, and niece of Gondebald, king of Burgundy. She was a devoted Christian, and labored to convert her husband to the

same faith. In her, Clovis beheld such "beauty of holiness," and such Christian purity, as induced him to listen to her persuasions and turn his attention to that new religion which had so exalted the character of his wife. Dreading the disapprobation of his idolatrous subjects, he hesitated to declare his sentiments. At the battle of Talbaic, when he saw his soldiers flying before the enemy, and found he had called upon his pagan gods in vain, he remembered the Deity to whom his wife had so often directed his thoughts:

"O God of Clotilda!" he cried, raising his eyes to heaven, "give me the victory, and I will believe, and be baptized in thy name!" He who hears our prayers, imperfect as they are, listened to Clovis, rescued him from his danger, and enabled him to return victorious.

Rheims then beheld a more glorious pageant than any that in later years has graced its lofty walls. King Clovis, his sister Albofleda, wife of Theodoric, and three thousand warriors were baptized. How swelled the heart of Clotilda then, while gazing upon this band of warlike idolaters, and upon her beloved ones, all brought to the foot of the cross by her hand! What joy and gratitude filled her bosom at being thus the chosen instrument of her Saviour! Their mantles of state and glittering armor, laid aside for baptismal robes of purest white, the new converts pledged themselves soldiers of Christ. The soul of Clotilda

was lifted up on high; in heaven-sent visions she beheld the future, when she and all that multitude should meet again,—again should stand before their Sovereign's throne arrayed in white celestial garments, and see Him, not with the eye of faith alone, but "see him as he is." The conversion of Clovis was yet too recent to smooth away all the asperities of a pagan life. Soon after his baptism a sermon was preached at Rheims, by Remigius, in which was eloquently described the sufferings and death of Christ. Clovis suddenly started up, and seizing his spear, exclaimed aloud: "O that I and my valiant Franks had been there, and I would have rescued him!"

The Christian religion thus established in France, was professed by King Caribert, father of Bertha. Ethelbert, Saxon king of Kent, sought the princess in marriage, and although it grieved the pious Bertha to become the wife of an idolater, she dutcously submitted to her father's commands. She consented to marry Ethelbert, upon the condition that she should be allowed to practise her own religious rites. Receiving this permission, she espoused Ethelbert. The Saxon king respected his wife's faith, and caused an edifice to be provided in which she might worship after her own fashion. Here, in the little church of St. Martin, the pious queen "sang the Lord's song in a strange land," surrounded by a small congregation consisting of her attendants and the few con-

verts whom her zealous efforts had assembled. The Christianity thus established was certainly corrupted from the purity of the apostolic ages; the seed, however, thus planted, God in his own time caused to bring forth rich fruit.

Soon after these events Augustin arrived in England as a missionary of the Gospel, and then did Bertha reap a high reward for her religious constancy. She had "kept the faith," notwithstanding the persuasions of love, or scorn of her new people, and she now experienced the heartfelt gratification of seeing her husband kneel with her at her own shrine. The religion which Augustin came to teach, having already obtained entrance into the country through the queen, and warmly recommended by the king of France, ensured him a favorable reception. Ethelbert, through his wife's teaching, was an almost Christian, but, like Clovis, dreaded the disturbance his change of religion would create among his subjects. As it turned out, this "lion in the way," like many people's lions, was a creature of imagination only.

The Saxons, and many other barbarous nations, believed the rapid spread of Christianity was in consequence of magic exercised by its ministers. To avert this, it was resolved to receive the deputation in the open air, enchantments being thought thus less effective.

Upon a shady spot, outside the city of Canter-

bury, sat Ethelbert and his queen, surrounded by all the nobles of his court. A procession approached, chanting a solemn anthem; at its head the missionary Augustin advanced, bearing a large silver cross, followed by a train carrying banners, upon one of which was a picture of Christ. This show was, in barbarous ages, deemed advisable to catch the eye of these rude pagans, whose attention once gained, a better hearing was ensured. Ethelbert received the missionary of his wife's religion with courtesy, listened to his arguments, could not deny their truth, and Augustin completed what Bertha had begun.

Ethelburga, daughter of Bertha, married Edwin, king of Northumbria, and, like her mother, continued firm in her faith. She also converted her husband and people. Mercia also received the truth through the efforts of a woman—great-granddaughter of Bertha. Peada, king of that country, became enamored of Ahlfleda, daughter of Edwin and Ethelburga, but she refused to marry a worshipper of Odin, even with the permission of practising her own religion. Her firmness induced Peada to inquire into that new religion which enabled a young and timid girl to resist the enchantments of a throne, and of love. He received the reward promised to those who seek, and found the pearl of great price. Peada became a Christian, married the princess, and through their influence Sussex, the only unconverted kingdom of the Anglo-Saxons, received the faith. Thus in a short

time after the arrival of Bertha in England, through her efforts and those of her descendants, as humble instruments of a higher hand, were the altars of the Scandinavian gods overthrown, and Christianity established as the religion of the Anglo-Saxons.

History tells us also of Poland, Christianized by a daughter of the king of Bohemia, who induced her husband, a Polish king, to be baptized in her religion. His people followed his example :

Of Bulgaria, the wild fierceness of whose people, the terror of surrounding nations, was subdued, and Christianity introduced, by Bogoris, sister of the king, who received the faith at Constantinople, and succeeded in converting her brother and his people :

Of Hungary, whose king, Geysa, married Sarolta, a Bavarian princess, and was induced by her clear exhibitions of gospel truths to become a Christian :

Of Lithuania, the sovereign of whose country, Jagellon, loved the beautiful Hedwiga, heiress to the throne of Poland, who, refusing to marry him, he abjured his pagan gods, and joined his duchy to the kingdom of his bride, which became a Christian nation :

Of Denmark, converted to Christianity by its queen, Thyra, who prevailed upon her husband, Gorm, to permit the missionaries of Christ to enter the kingdom, and thus introduced Christianity into that country and Jutland.

The Christian religion had been introduced into

Norway, but without success, until the celebrated Olaf Triggvason married the pious Princess Gyda, when he became a convert and overthrew the altars of Odin.

I could speak of many more exalted and pious women, and martyrs, but enough has been said to prove the truth of my previous assertion, and to exemplify the words of a celebrated historian, who tells us: "Christianity has, in every age, acknowledged its important obligations to woman."

O ye my sisters of every clime! may ye know the power and influence which are yours, and may ye exert it as these exalted females have done before you!

Not alone on pagan shores, but around you, in your dearest circle, you will find a field ripe for the harvest.

All those "honorable women" whose deeds I have narrated—Bertha, Helena, Pulcheria—are shining a brilliant galaxy on high, with a countless starry host of witnesses besides. See! from the celestial city they are gazing down upon you! While, pointing to a glorious cross on high, they seem to say, in the words of Constantine—"In this sign you shall conquer."

A Memorial.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had la bored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the isl ands of the Pacific, died in New York, in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.

Oh, dearly loved!
And worthy of our love!—No more
Thy aged form shall rise before
The hush'd and waiting worshipper,
In meek obedience utterance giving
To words of truth, so fresh and living,
That, even to the inward sense,
They bore unquestion'd evidence
Of an anointed Messenger!
Or, bowing down thy silver hair
In reverent awfulness of prayer—
The world, its time and sense, shut out—
The brightness of Faith's holy trance
Gather'd upon thy countenance,
As if each lingering cloud of doubt—
The cold, dark shadows resting here
In Time's unluminous atmosphere—

Were lifted by an angel's hand,
And through them on thy spiritual eye
Shone down the blessedness on high,
The glory of the Better Land!

The oak has fallen!
While, meet for no good work, the vine
May yet its worthless branches twine.
Who knoweth not that with thee fell
A great man in our Israel?
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
And in thy hand retaining yet
The Pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell!
Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and free,
Across the Neva's cold morass
The breezes from the Frozen Sea
With winter's arrowy keenness pass;
Or, where the unwarning tropic gale
Smote to the waves thy tatter'd sail,
Or, where the noon-hour's fervid heat
Against Tahiti's mountains beat;
The same mysterious hand which gave
Deliverance upon land and wave,
Temper'd for thee the blasts which blew
Ladoga's frozen surface o'er,
And bless'd for thee the baleful dew
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,

Midst our soft airs and opening flowers
Hath given thee a grave!

His will be done,
Who seeth not as man, whose way
Is not as ours!—'Tis well with thee!
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay
Disquieted thy closing day,
But, evermore, thy soul could say,
"My Father careth still for me!"
Call'd from thy hearth and home—from her,
The last bud on thy household tree,
The last dear one to minister
In duty and in love to thee,
From all which nature holdeth dear,
Feeble with years and worn with pain
To seek our distant land again,
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things which should befall thee here,
Whether for labor or for death,
In child-like trust serenely going
To that last trial of thy faith!

Oh, far away,
Where never shines our Northern star
On that dark waste which Balboa saw
From Darien's mountains stretching far,
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that there
With forehead to its damp wind bare

He bent his mailéd knee in awe;
In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,
In thy palm-shadows, Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owhyhee's hills of blue,
And taro-plains of Tooboonai,
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,
Whose souls in weariness and need
Were strengthen'd and refresh'd by thine,
For, blessed by our Father's hand,
Was thy deep love and tender care,
Thy ministry and fervent prayer—
Grateful as Eshcol's cluster'd vine
To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew
By thousands round thee, in the hour
Of prayerful waiting, hush'd and deep,
That He who bade the islands keep
Silence before Him, might renew
Their strength with His unslumbering power,
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,
That never more thy aged lip
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word—

Seals of thy true apostleship.
And, if the brightest diadem
Whose gems of glory purely burn
Around the ransom'd ones in bliss
Be evermore reserved for them
Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn
Many to righteousness,—
May we not think of thee, as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;
And joining with a seraph's tongue
In that new song the elders sung,
Ascribing to its blessed Giver
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

Farewell!—
And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are call'd away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day,
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth
His ancient watch around us keepeth;
Still sent from His creating hand,
New witnesses for Truth shall stand—
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a risen Lord;
To gather to the fold once more,
The desolate and gone astray,

The scatter'd of a cloudy day,
And Zion's broken walls restore!
And, through the travail and the toil
Of true obedience, minister
Beauty for ashes, and the oil
Of joy for mourning, unto her!
So shall her holy bounds increase
With walls of praise and gates of peace:
So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
And blood sustain'd in other years,
With fresher life be clothed upon;
And to the world in beauty show
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
And glorious as Lebanon!

The Reciprocal Influence of Missions.

BY THE REV. ERSKINE MASON, D. D.

We live in an interesting, because eventful age. Occurrences are continually taking place which arrest attention, as well on account of their suddenness as their importance, seeming to indicate the approach of the world to some great crisis in its history. In this respect, the present is more distinctly marked than the past, and the future will be more marked than the present, as the lines of God's providence converge more rapidly to the point in which they are all ultimately to terminate. Every new phase in the aspect of human things, imposes some new obligation, and wisdom is deriving instruction continually from the signs of the times. We learn generally what duty is, from the oracles of God; we must learn what are appropriate duties, at any given time, from the particular developments of Providence by which that time is marked.

In view of the characteristics of the present eventful age, the Christian world has been awakened to a sense of the obligation which these characteristics

impose; and believing that the great point in which all the lines of divine Providence are to terminate—the issue upon which all events are directly or indirectly bearing, is the final triumph of the Gospel, the perfect establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world, the claims of benevolent effort assume a peculiar importance, and plans of usefulness are projected and prosecuted with zeal, taking advantage of events, and having direct reference to the spread of the Gospel.

It can hardly be supposed of a Christian observer of the signs of the times, that he should be indifferent to any right form of Christian effort; and yet it may be possible that, in some instances, there may be hesitation as to the most effective methods of usefulness, and even a paramount importance may be given to agencies which are but secondary in their nature. It is not believed that any one of the separate parts in the great enterprise of the church of God, which are urging their claims upon the Christian world, can be dispensed with. They combine to form a consistent whole, and a relaxation of effort in any one department tends to destroy the symmetry of the general arrangement, and diminish its effectiveness; and yet there may be one form of Christian enterprise which, if not intrinsically more important than the others, is so, because of its relations to all the rest—it may constitute the spring of the whole machinery, without which it could never move.

If there is one point upon which the Christian eye should be intently fixed, it is undoubtedly the field of *foreign effort*. The bearings and relations of the foreign missionary work are such as to give it a commanding position, and to claim for it our highest interest. It is a very superficial view of the whole subject of Christian effort, which gives to the *home* field a paramount importance. Plausible, indeed, is it to say that we have all around us, in our own land, a large unevangelized population, which claims, as part and parcel of ourselves—as linked to us by strong social sympathies, and being immediately under our eye and within our reach—our first regards The importance, nay, indispensable necessity on every account, of the firm establishment of the kingdom of God among ourselves is not called in question; but then it may be asked, if an exclusive attention to this one end alone is not calculated to prevent rather than to secure its attainment?

There is, I imagine, a very mistaken notion prevalent, and a very mistaken policy growing out of it, as though there was an undue attention given to the foreign work, leading to a neglect of that which especially belongs to us, and which they who are at home imperatively demand; and efforts to carry the Gospel to the heathen are prejudiced in view of the numerous and pressing claims of home.

In such reasoning, however, and the position which it goes to establish, there seems to be an entire over

sight of this one thought. The peculiar characteristic of the church of God, the secret of its efficiency, and the element of its success in any department whatever, is found in its *aggressiveness*. Progress, advancement to a given point, is the great law of every thing. Generally speaking, that which is already attained is rendered secure in possession only by renewed attainments of the same kind. The human frame, until it has reached its maturity, must grow, in order to secure a healthy action of its powers; if its general progress is arrested, there is no full development of any of its parts, but a stinted action which results in dwarfishness. The mind retains its already acquired stores of information, only by means of constant accessions to its fund of knowledge, and by regular and unwearied application, preserves the strength and vigor of its powers. He who ceases to learn, ceases to remember; and he who ceases to act, soon is reduced to mental imbecility.

So in human enterprises, whether of a private or national character, the means of strength and perpetuity are means of progress likewise. The man who at any point in his history gives himself up to indolence, generally loses what by former energy he had acquired; and a people, marked by inactivity and supineness, very rapidly sinks upon the scale of nations.

Analogy, then, may throw some light upon the

spiritual and religious world; growth in grace is necessary to the maintenance of a consistent Christian character, and the church of God can hold her own in the world only by constant accessions to her numbers, and constant additions to the territory over which she exercises her influence: and it is not to be doubted, that if, in order to secure what has already been attained, she should cease to make new acquisitions, she would soon be crippled in her influence at home, and as she should not make inroads upon the territory of heathenism, heathenism would make inroads upon the territory which she now claims as her own.

There is something in a magnificent enterprise which tends to enlarge the heart. He only does great things who aims high; he only acts worthy of himself, and of his different relations, who takes large and commanding views of things. The man who never looks farther than himself, or the immediate circle in which he moves, whose thoughts never go beyond the boundaries which private interest has drawn around him, and whose plans never contemplate as their result any thing but self-aggrandizement, never illustrates the dignity of his nature, or puts forth any high and honorable efforts: the heart is a very small one which a unit fills, and the energies which it controls are very feeble, and its achievements are very insignificant. He must be a degraded being, failing to illustrate the very characteristics of

his nature upon which he prides himself, or accomplish the results which he proposes as the main ends of his existence. So true is it, that a worthy character requires a noble aim, and nothing but a grand enterprise can call out efforts which honor their author.

The philosophy of our Saviour's arrangement, when he said to his disciples "the field is the world," and set before them its salvation as the prize for which they were to run, is perfectly apparent. It was to give them an element of action and a motive to effort, which nothing but an elevated aim could furnish; and it is the desire and hope of accomplishing *the whole* which explains the busy activity which at this moment pervades the ranks of the church, and secures all the good which is attained through her instrumentality. Let her lose sight of the salvation of the whole world, as her object, and her energies are relaxed, and her steps falter, and she comes down from the lofty sphere in which her Master has placed her, and exhibits scarce one of the characteristics by which, in the word of God, she is distinguished. It is with the church, as with individuals; she must look out of, and beyond herself for an aim, in order to act worthy of herself and fulfil her destiny.

The philosophy of this thought is fully illustrated by history, which, in the facts it records, presents a striking commentary upon our principle. The man of large and liberal views, whose plans of benevo-

lence are graduated upon a scale of vast dimensions, and who contemplates a great amount of good to mankind generally, is not the one to overlook the claims of individual suffering, however obscure its subject, which are brought beneath his notice and urged upon his attention. He who looks abroad upon the wide field of humanity, and throws the influence of his kindness over the whole scene, is not the man whose eye is closed, and whose heart is sealed to the distresses of those who are immediately about his person, or who deals out in a stinted measure his liberality to meet their wants.

So with the church of God. Her enlarged spirit of foreign missions has ever been her true glory, the element of her efficiency, the secret of her success. Wherever it has prevailed, Zion has "put on her beautiful garments;" wherever it has declined she has lost her energy, and seemed as though smitten by a paralysis which has made her well-nigh a useless thing. Every man who regards the history of the present times with a philosophic eye, knows that, for all the plans of benevolent effort to do good at home for which these latter days are so justly celebrated, we are indebted to the revival of a missionary spirit in the church of God. It was when she began to look at the wants of the world, that the wants of those around her rose up distinctly to her view, and every new plan of foreign effort has given a new impulse to domestic enterprise, and the more

she has done for those at a distance, the more has she done for those at hand.

No observant man can have overlooked the fact, that, for the plans of benevolence which respect the wants of home, as well as for the means of their execution, we are mainly dependent upon those who are planning and acting for the world at large. In need of assistance to carry out any designs of good, we apply always with greatest confidence to men of enlarged and liberal views, and feel that we can scarcely calculate upon such as are fearful of doing too much. The men who think most and feel most in reference to the world, think most and feel most in reference to all plans of good, whatever may be their immediate objects; and he who gives largely to carry the Gospel abroad, gives in proportion to his ability far more to secure the influence of the Gospel at home, than he who withholds his means from foreign missions, upon the plea that the wants of those around him claim all his benefactions. In short, all the enterprises for social good, all the institutions which have for their object the temporal, moral, and spiritual elevation of the race, find their strongest advocates and most faithful supporters among the enlightened and efficient friends of the foreign missionary work.

It is a doctrine insisted upon by some, that all which is given to cultivate the foreign field, must necessarily be subtracted from the means which might

be used to build upon the cause of truth among those around us: hence the maxim, that "*charity begins at home*," is urged too often against the demands for the good of heathen lands. The plea, however, proceeds upon the false assumption that we have reached the *maximum* of benevolent effort—that the source whence we are to draw our means of usefulness, is like a reservoir of limited and ascertained capacity, whose streams must diminish in volume as they increase in number.

But what rational man can suppose that the means of the church of God are so stinted, or that she is doing now a tithe of what she can do, and of what she will shortly do, in fulfilling the commands and carrying on the enterprises of her Master? On the other hand, we have not as yet at all developed her resources. Our experience thus far has proved, that the source of our means, instead of being of limited and ascertained capacity, is rather like a living spring which yields more and more as supplies are drawn from it. We need no more than the church of God already has, to accomplish all her high purposes; but we do need something to enlarge her heart, and draw out her resources, and direct the streams of her benevolence into right channels, and nothing will answer this end but the spirit of foreign missions; and as that spirit rises higher and higher in the bosoms of her members, means will not be wanting for her work. When they generally apprehend that "the

field is the world," then even self-denial and sacrifice will be far more easy than the bestowment of the scanty pittance which is now consecrated to Christ; and "Holiness unto the Lord" written upon every thing, will show upon what principle we gather our means, and to what end we consecrate them.

If Zion, then, is to arise and shine—if the influence of the gospel is to spread throughout our own land—if the church of God is to strengthen her stakes, and righteousness is to run down our streets like a mighty river, it will be through the blessing of God upon the spirit which looks over the world, and seeks to bring its countless thousands to the obedience of the truth.

The Captive

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It was past the hour of trysting,
But she lingered for him still;
Like a child, the eager streamlet
Leaped and laughed adown the hill,
Happy to be free at twilight,
From its toiling at the mill.

Then the great moon, on a sudden,
Ominous, and red as blood,
Startling as a new creation,
O'er the eastern hill-top stood,
Casting deep and deeper shadows
Through the mystery of the wood.

Dread closed huge and vague about her,
And her thoughts turned fearfully
To her heart, if there some shelter
From the silence there might be,
Like dead cedars leaning inland
From the blighting of the sea.

Yet he came not, and the stillness
Dampened round her like a tomb;
She could feel cold eyes of spirits
Looking on her through the gloom
She could hear the groping footsteps
Of some blind, gigantic Doom.

Suddenly the silence wavered
Like a light mist in the wind,
For a voice broke gently through it,
Felt like sunshine by the blind,
And the dread, like mist in sunlight,
Furled serenely from her mind.

"Once, my love, my love forever,
Flesh or spirit, still the same,
If I missed the hour of trysting,
Do not think my faith to blame,—
I, alas, was made a captive,
As from Holy Land I came.

"On a green spot in the desert,
Gleaming like an emerald star,
Where a palm-tree, in lone silence
Yearning for its mate afar,
Droops above a silver runnel,
Slender as a scimetar,

"There thou'lt find the humble postern
To the castle of my foe;
If thy love burn clear and faithful,
Strike the gateway green and low,
Ask to enter, and the warder
Surely will not say thee no.

"Wrap around me, for an instant,
The warm lustre of thine eyes,
Coldly gleams this northern moonlight,
Coldly bend these northern skies,—
Ah, farewell! I hear the matins
Sung e'en now in Paradise."

Slept again the aspen silence,
But her loneliness was o'er;
Round her heart a motherly patience
Wrapt its arms for evermore;
From her soul ebb'd back the sorrow,
Leaving smooth the golden shore.

Donned she now the pilgrim scallop,
Took the pilgrim staff in hand;
Like a cloud-shade, flitting eastward,
Wandered she o'er sea and land;
Her soft footsteps in the desert
Fell like cool rain on the sand.

Air-rung bells of convents faintly
Chimed sometimes from out the sky
Haply from those ghostly cities
Which she saw before her fly,
Frail as are the tall sand-pillars
Of the mad wind's masonry.

Soon beneath the palm-tree's shadow,
Knelt she at the postern low;
And thereat she knocketh gently,
Fearing much the warder's no;
All her heart stood still and listen'd,
As the door swung backward slow.

Saw she there no surly warder,
With an eye like bolt and bar;
Through her soul a sense of music
Throbbed,—and, like a guardian Lar
On the threshold stood an angel,
Bright and silent as a star.

Fairest seemed he of God's seraphs,
And her spirit, lily-wise,
Blossomed when he turned upon her
The deep welcome of his eyes,
Sending upward to that sunlight
All its dew for sacrifice.

Then she heard a voice come onward,
Singing with a rapture new,
As Eve heard the songs in Eden,
Dropping earthward with the dew;
Well she knew the happy singer,
Well the happy song she knew.

Forward leaped she o'er the threshold,
Eager as a gleaming surf;
Fell from her the spirit's languor,
Fell from her the body's scurf;
Underneath the palm, some Arabs
Found a corpse upon the turf.

The Winds.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

To look upon creation and feel your heart more sensibly affected by one object than another, seems to prove an imperfect organization which debars you from appreciating the entire bounties of the Creator. It is very evident that the blind can never be delighted by the beauties of color, nor the deaf comprehend the charms of music. Some men fall into ecstasies at the sight of a distant mountain, while others experience a singular pleasure in gazing upon the sea. For my part, I do not know what particular organs may lack their edge in my composition, since I cannot be sensible of the want of what I never enjoyed. But I have ever been conscious of a peculiar gratification in the feel of the wind that I never experienced from any other cause. I have often sought pleasure from this source, when I was scarcely sensible of the motive which influenced me. When a very small boy, I used to climb to the top of high hills for the pleasure of revelling in the fresh breeze as it flew by; and my first dream of freedom was

the open sea, where there was nothing between me and the winds. Many a time have I wished myself one of the dwarf cedars that fringed the bleak hill at the back of my father's house,—the winds seemed to take such delight in rustling through them. Many a winter's night in my boyhood have I heard the nor'westers carousing in the forest, roaring and screeching among their dry branches, and wished myself among them. It never mattered whence came the wind if it only came strong and fresh, although I confess to a partiality for a sou'wester. There is such grandeur and majesty in him, such determination in his gradual development, as though he felt his power, and let himself out by degrees on purpose to keep your curiosity on the stretch to know to what lengths he really intended to go. For you can never know how strong a sou'wester is until he begins to hold up. While he blows, he goes on increasing. Very different is it with a nor'wester, who comes tearing and shrieking, with his best foot foremost, without warning or preparation, and then sneaks off like a boaster and a craven. But nor'westers have a considerable capacity for mischief, blusterers as they are, and, of a winter night, they set the whole world a-screeching. Even at sea, where, it might be supposed, the dampness of the air would blunt the edge of every thing, they dry up the cordage, and cat heads, and davits, until they make a noise as sharp and piercing as though they were rustling through

key-holes and broken panes of glass. The sailors call nor'westers, *screamers;* and for very palpable reasons. However, I like a nor'wester in spite of all his defects.

Birds always seemed to me to be the happiest and most blessed of God's creatures. O what a glorious life they must lead of it—always aloft upon the bosom of the wind. Eagles, hawks, king-fishers, and stormy-petrels, are the ones which excite my envy most. I never was guilty of the cruelty of confining a bird in a cage, but many a one have I restored to liberty. A relative brought me from Canton, a few years since, a cage full of Java sparrows. There were a dozen of the beautiful creatures; and he had been at infinite pains to preserve them during a long voyage, sharing his water with them when he was on short allowance. I appreciated his kindness, but I could have killed him for his cruelty. Poor little prisoners! I looked at them with tears in my eyes, and as soon as I got the cage in my possession, I took them upon the house-top, and, opening the door of their bamboo prison, let them go whither they pleased.

I do not remember any pictured legend that ever left so deep an impression upon my memory as a coarse wood-cut which represented a flight of witches on broom-handles. They were careering on the wings of a tornado, with their rags and raven locks fluttering about them, while the evil one sat crouched

in a black cloud, like a toad. Although I was very young when I encountered this terrible picture, I remember that it gave me a feeling of pleasure, and I wished myself a witch, that I too might ride on a hurricane.

No verse ever made so vivid an impression upon my imagination as did Smollett's Apostrophe to Freedom :

> " Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye!
> And brave the tempest with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the blast that howls along the sky."

Indeed, they are the only four lines of poetry that I ever could get by heart, and I am not certain that I have quoted them to a letter. Bryant's two odes, " To the Evening Wind," and " The Winds," are beautiful and grand, but they do not impress me like a blast. They are the poetry of wind, and not wind itself. For a similar reason, no wind-instrument ever affected me, not even the grandest organ; for what is a pair of bellows compared with a sou'wester or a pampara? It is not enough for me to hear the wind; unless I can feel it, half my enjoyment is wanting. Claudio's fear of death, in Measure for Measure, " to be imprisoned in the viewless winds, and blown with restless violence round about the pendent world," instead of a state to dread, always seemed a very delightful condition. The fate

of the "Ancient Mariner," doomed to a breathless ocean, on the contrary, gave me such a feeling of horror when I first read it, that I have never been able to look at the poem a second time. I do not know that Coleridge was as sensitive to the winds as myself, but I think that he would have been, for a timid mind would never have dreamed of extracting horrors out of a dead calm. The inhabitants of hilly countries can appreciate the pure delights of a fresh breeze, but sailors only can know in perfection the delights of a hurricane. The wind cannot have full swing except on the ocean, and nothing less than a ship can fitly dally with this amazing power.

I shall never forget my first gale on the ocean. We were about half-way across the Atlantic. At sunset there was a heavy bank of clouds in the west, which began to rise very rapidly as the sun went down. The barometer fell ten degrees in half an hour. Our captain remarked to the mate that we should have a "screamer;" the mate replied that it had a "greasy look," and immediately began to give orders for shortening sail. The crew worked smartly, for they felt the need of making all snug. The barometer continued to fall, and the wind continued to rise. There were no flaws, no sudden puffs, no spasms, but a gradual, though rapid, increase of force. Every minute it blew harder. The waves rose with the wind. Our ship labored hard at first, and was put before it, but as there was danger of her swamp-

ing, it was deemed prudent to heave her to; and as she came up broadside to the blast, it seemed impossible that she should resist its fury. She yielded to its tremendous power, however, and lay for nearly an hour almost on her broadside; the three close-reefed topsails were torn from the yards as though they were cobwebs; the top-gallant masts went next. The crew lashed themselves to the rigging, and nobody seemed to think of any thing but personal security. The captain could scarcely make himself heard by those who stood at his elbow, even through his speaking-trumpet. The night was very dark, but the foam of the sea cast a strange, lurid light upon the ship's deck. Huge mountains of snowy foam threatened every moment to bury us beneath an avalanche of brine. Down we went into terrible depths of blackness, and then we rose again as if hurled upon the highest peaks of the Alps. It was impossible to face the wind, and even breathing became difficult. Every moment we thought that it could blow no harder, but still it kept increasing. The sound caused by it was like incessant claps of thunder. A roar of artillery would be a feeble comparison. Many of the ropes had got loose, and some remnants of the sails still clung to the yards, and these snapped and cracked like millions of coach-whips. I had been prudent enough in the beginning to lash myself to a ring-bolt on the weather side of the deck, and there I sat secure and unruffled, enjoying the terrible ex-

hibition. This was a sou'wester. I thought it a rather novel affair; it was so to me at least, and left nothing to wish for in the way of wind. There is more grandeur, perhaps, in a pampara, more pomp and circumstance than in a sou'wester, or any other wind; but it is always performed according to well-defined rules and regulations, and may be termed the epic poetry of storms. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end. All the elements enter into its composition. It is very grand on shore, in the open pampas, but it is seen to best advantage at sea, like all other winds. It is well, however, not to be too far from land, lest you lose some of its elements, such, for instance, as pebbles, dust, branches of trees, feathers, hair, &c.

The pampara gives timely notice of his approach, and if you fail to make proper preparations for his coming, the fault will be your own. He loves to appear at the close of a hot, still day, although he sometimes comes at noon, and sometimes in the night; it is the only thing in which he is not regular and orderly. The sky is clear, the wind low, the sun has just sunk beneath the waves, when suddenly a bank of yellowish vapor (as though the sun had been extinguished in the ocean, and this were the steam rising in consequence) appears in the south-west. Vivid flashes of lightning immediately follow, and the exhalation rises and spreads itself, growing yellower and more murky. Soon a low moaning is

heard, birds fly screaming overhead, a few drops of rain fall, the cloud spreads with frightful rapidity; then come hail, and dust, and a strong odor of earth; the atmosphere grows sulphurous; the wind keeps all the time increasing, first a moan, then a wail, a shriek, and then it roars. It blows now as you never heard it blow before; it thunders, lightens, rains, and hails; your eyes are filled with dust; the leaves of trees, blossoms, and the hair of cattle fall around you. The cloud passes over, the thunder ceases, the lightning is done, the hail disappears, but the rain continues to pour and the wind to roar for the next day or two, and then they disappear, and the sun comes out again. A pampara is very well once, but a repetition is not a thing to be desired.

The pleasantest breeze that ruffles the bosom of the deep is the northeast trade, that blows in mid ocean between Africa and America. If the pampara may be called the epic, the trades will be entitled to the term of lyric among the winds. Bright suns, light feathery clouds, blue skies, and a jocund, laughing sea always belong to it. It is the purest and most joyous breath of heaven. You no sooner reach its influences than you seem to enter a new world and gain a new sense of enjoyment. It seems like a run-a-way from Paradise—it is all gladness and beauty, youth and innocence. It is the only thing that visits our globe without a taint of sin or death. But it never sweeps over the earth. It goes laughing and

frolicking over the sea, dimpling its surface with smiles, and creating gladness and joy in the hearts of all who feel it; before it reaches the shore it dies away as mysteriously as it sprang into being. Whence it comes, or why it blows, has puzzled many a philosopher; but its existence is still as great a mystery as when Dr. Martin Lister, with more poetry than philosophy, attributed it to the daily exhalement of the ocean flower, *lenticula marina*, which grows in vast quantities in the tropic seas. It is indeed like the breath of an ocean Flora; but this theory has never found favor with the learned. If angels ever visit our planet, the region of the trade-winds must be their favorite resort. There is no green isle there to receive them, but they may float over the bluest sea and in the softest air that our globe is blessed with. How cheering it must have been to Columbus and his crew when they first struck this vein of aërian loveliness! but then they were frightened lest they should never be able to return to their homes, while such a breeze continually blew in an adverse direction.

The Sisters' Grave.

A Reminiscence of Roath Church-yard, South Wales.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

It was a tranquil summer eve,
When by a village church I stood,
With two fair children, thoughtful-eyed,
In the green solitude:
The leaves scarce flutter'd overhead;
The brook which idly wander'd by,
Upon its surface, clear and calm,
Mirror'd a cloudless sky;
And earth, in all its glories dress'd,
Was tranquil as an angel's breast.

The solemn stillness of the place
Was only broken by the chime
From the old turret-bell, which swung
At that unwonted time:
It summon'd to a new-made grave,
Which claim'd its unresisting prey;
Around us stern memorials frown'd,
Themselves in slow decay;

Life's tale was writ our feet beneath,
In but two chapters,—Birth and Death!

They come, a silent, mournful band,
To lay within its narrow bed
The wreck of beauty, youth, and hope,—
The lost—the early dead!
When the pale primrose sprang to light,
When violets deck'd the hedge-row's gloom,
She pluck'd them, and their blossoms laid
Upon a sister's tomb;
And oft within the gray church-shade,
The maiden's pensive footstep stray'd.

A few brief weeks, and *she* hath pass'd
The gates which life and death divide;
The sisters in the grave's dark home,
Lie sleeping side by side.
Unconscious each of sisterhood,
Their bodies "rest in hope" together,
Till angel-tongues, when earth dissolve,
Shall whisper—"Come up hither!
Come to the realms of life, of light!
Awake! arise! be infinite!"

And should we weep for those who die
In youth, ere life's bright sun declines,—
Ere time hath dimm'd the radiant eye,
Or sorrow plough'd its lines?

Serenely sleeping on the breast
Of earth, they wait the judgment-day,
And we, who con their epitaphs,
Are not so calm as they!
Ours is the strife—the doubt—the pain—
Which they may never know again.

The last look in the coffin-lid
Which hides the sleeping dust, is given,
As stars shine faintly, one by one,
On the dim face of heaven!
The grave is closed, and o'er it laid
The cold and gray sepulchral stone;
The mourners quit the place of graves,
And she is left alone,
With but chill dews to weep above
The grave of youth and buried love.

As from the spot I turn'd away,
The children gave no outward sign
Of sorrow, but each little hand
Clasp'd with a firmer pressure mine:—
'Twas the simplicity of Fear!
They knew but little of the tomb,
Yet o'er their infant hearts it cast
A vague, mysterious gloom,
As mists obscure the sun's first ray,
And darken e'en the dawn of day.

Boston, August, 1845.

Moheagan Missions.

BY MISS F. M. CAULKINS.

John Elliot, so often and so justly styled the Indian apostle, may be considered the earliest Protestant missionary of modern times. As far as we know, he is the first to whom the conversion of the heathen was the prominent object of prayer and labor, who devoted himself to it from choice, prepared himself for it by arduous toil, and pursued it through life with unremitted perseverance. Though Thomas Mayhew was in the field of actual labor before him, yet Elliot's self-consecration to the work, and preparatory study of the language, was anterior to any similar known design, either of Mayhew or others. He was engaged in acquiring the necessary information respecting the tribes, and in learning their language, in 1641; how much earlier his heart had been fixed, and his mind intent upon the great project, cannot be told. Mayhew commenced preaching to the natives

of Martha's Vineyard in 1643. Elliot's first sermon to the Indians at Nonantum* was October 28, 1646. His translation of the Bible into their tongue was published in 1663. Such was the commencement of Indian missions.

The flame that glowed in the bosoms of these excellent men set fire to other hearts, till a desire to bring the aborigines of the country under the shadow of the Christian banner, became general with the New England clergy of that day. In Connecticut, no pastor was more deeply imbued with the missionary spirit than the Rev. James Fitch. Norwich, of which he was one of the original proprietors, and first minister, was planted in 1660, in the very heart of the Moheagan territory. The villages of that tribe were clustered upon its southern border, and on all sides it was overshadowed and surrounded with their tents and hunting-bands. No sooner was the settlement established and consolidated, than Mr. Fitch turned his attention to the improvement and conversion of the heathen around him. This seemed an almost hopeless task; without trust in the divine aid, no man would have undertaken it. The Moheagans were peculiarly warlike and savage, deeply imbued with Pequot energy, engaged in continual quarrels with other tribes, and in all their passions and pursuits unfriendly to the religion of peace and forbear-

* A hill at the northeast corner of Newton, Mass.

ance.* Mr. Elliot, in one of his tracts, has these observations :—

"The Monohegen Indians were much troubled lest the court should take some course to teach them to pray to God. Unkus their sachem accordingly went to Hartford, where the court sat, and expressed his fears of such a thing, and manifested great unwillingness thereunto."†

Mr. Elliot himself was afterwards foiled in an attempt which he made to interest the Connecticut tribes in the Christian religion. Being at Hartford attending a council of ministers in the year 1657, at his request the Podunks and other Indians were convened, and he addressed them in their own language, explaining the great truths of Christianity in terms adapted to their understanding. At the close of his sermon, he desired of them an explicit declaration whether they would accept of Jesus Christ for their Saviour. "But their chief men," says Trumbull, "with great scorn and resentment, utterly refused." Perhaps no Mohegans were present at this meeting, but in all the darker traits of character, and particularly in their hostility to the religion of Christ, they probably surpassed the Podunks.

At a subsequent period, Mr. Fitch, in speaking of

* Hist. of Conn., Chap. xix.

† Moore's Life of Elliot, p. 57.

the Mohegans and their sachems—"Unkus and his son, and Wanupo,"*—says of them

"These at first carried it teachably and tractably, until at length the sachems did discern that religion would not consist of a mere receiving the word, and that practical religion will throw down their heathenish idols, and the sachems' tyrannical monarchy; and then the sachems did not only go away, but drew off the people, some by flatteries and some by threatenings, and they would not suffer them to give so much as an outward attendance to the ministry of the word of God."

Nor was the hostility of Unkus to Christianity softened by subsequent intercourse with the English, or the persevering appeals of Mr. Fitch. So late as the year 1674, we find him manifesting the same spirit. In that year Elliot and Major-general Gookin, in their missionary tour among the Indian tribes, visited the Indian villages upon the Quinnabaug, and held a council in the tent of a sagamore who resided at Wabaquisset, in a part of what is now Woodstock. A great part of the night was spent in prayer, singing, and exhortation, and many of the Indians present appear to have been sincere converts. But the narrative adds:

"There was a person among them, who, sitting mute a great space, at last spoke to this effect:—that he was agent

* Probably a misprint for Waweeko, or Waweekus, the brother of Unkus.

of Unkus the sachem of Mohegan, who challenged right to, and dominion over this people of Wabaquisit; and, said he, Unkus is not well-pleased that the English should pass over Mohegan river to call his Indians to pray to God."*

The blindness and obstinacy of Unkus appear the more extraordinary, as he always regarded Mr. Fitch as a personal friend, received many benefits from him, and gratefully acknowledged them by large grants of land conferred on him and his family. Yet only in one instance does the sachem seem to have cast a favorable eye upon the Christian religion, and this was when, after a long and distressing drought, Mr. Fitch called a special meeting to pray for the blessing of rain; and almost before the conclusion of the services, the rains descended, and the floods came. This, which appeared to the Indians an evident miracle, extorted from Unkus the reluctant testimony that "the Englishman's God was the true God."† Yet this truth does not seem to have affected his heart. He died in 1683, or the early part of 1684; and from all that appears to the contrary, Cotton Mather was not out of the way

* Gookin's Hist. Acc. of Inds. Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Vol. i.

† This anecdote is thus related by the Rev. Mr. Noyse of Stonington, a contemporary authority:—"I have heard that the Rev. Mr. Fitch did, at the request of the Moheags, keep a fast for rain, in the time of a great drought, when their powaws had long cried for rain; and God answered by sending rain the same day, to the great astonishment of the heathen." Magnalia, Book vi.

when he characterized him as "an obstinate infidel."*

In contradistinction to the example of Unkus, we may place that of Wequash,† a sachem of far inferior grade, but who, like Unkus, was a revolted Pequot, and took part with the English in their attacks upon that barbarous tribe. After the destruction of the Pequot fort, and the extirpation or captivity of most of his nation, he resided near the English, and became an earnest inquirer after the truth. He was so importunate in his appeals for religious instruction, that in his visits to his English friends, he would cause them to spend more than half the night in conversing with him. Often would he smite upon his breast, and, complaining of his wicked heart, exclaim, "Wequash no know God! Wequash no know Jesus Christ!"‡ But he was afterwards brought to a knowledge of the truth which he sought, and went up and down among his countrymen proclaiming the religion of Christ. His death was supposed to have been occasioned by poison administered by some of his countrymen, who hated him for the boldness and perseverance with which he preached the gospel to them.

Wequash may be regarded as the first Indian convert—certainly of Connecticut, if not of New Eng-

* Magnalia, Book iii., Life of Elliot. † Alias, Wequashkook.
‡ Hubbard's Hist. of New England.

land. He died in 1642. Governor Winthrop's testimony concerning him is as follows:

"One Wequash Cook, an Indian, living about Connecticut River's mouth, and keeping much at Saybrook with Mr. Fenwick, attained to good knowledge of the things of God, and salvation by Christ, so as he became a preacher to other Indians, and labored much to convert them, but without any effect; for within a short time he fell sick, not without suspicion of poison from them, and died very comfortably."*

Another contemporary record respecting him is by an eminent clergyman to this effect:

"Wequash, the famous Indian at the river's mouth, is dead, and certainly in heaven: gloriously did the grace of God shine forth in his conversation a year and a half before his death. He knew Christ; he loved Christ; he preached Christ up and down, and then suffered martyrdom for Christ; and when he died, he gave his soul to Christ, and his only child to the English, in this hope, that the child would know more of Christ than its poor father did."

The conversion of Wequash was doubtless an incentive to Mr. Fitch, as well as to Mr. Noyes of Stonington, another laborer among the Indians, to continue their exertions, notwithstanding the hostility of the chief sachems to Christianity. Mr. Fitch indeed could not be daunted. He sought opportunities of conversing with the Mohegans; opened his

* Winthrop's New Eng., Vol. ii. p. 74.

house, heart, stores to them; visited them around their hearth-stones under the tent-poles of the wilderness, and soon acquired a sufficient knowledge of their language to make it the vehicle of his outpouring mind. And as in the case of his divine Master, though the rulers scoffed, a portion of "the common people heard him gladly."* The legislature of the colony also co-operated with him, and solemnly presented a copy of Elliot's Indian Bible to the Mohegan sachems,† enjoining it upon them to be regular in their attendance upon Mr. Fitch's lectures. Among the laws for the regulation of the Indian settlements in 1675, is this item:

"It is ordered that a regular and comely attendance be given to hear the word of God preached by Mr. Fitch, or any other minister sent amongst them."

The officers appointed over them were to give them rules, "with penalties annexed, for prevention of their having or worshipping any false gods, profanation of the Sabbath, for not attending the lectures of Mr. Fitch amongst them according to his appointment, for theft, drunkenness," &c.‡

The persevering labors of Mr. Fitch were crowned with considerable success. A little band of converts, in number about thirty, was won from the dark dominion of idolatry, and gathered with their families into a settlement by themselves, under teachers of

* Mark xii. 37. † Trumbull's Conn., Chap. xix.

‡ Hinman's Antiquities, pp. 91, 94.

their own. "For the settlement and encouragement of these Indians," says Mr. Fitch, "I have given them of mine own lands, and some that I procured of our town, above three hundred acres of good improvable lands, and made it sure to them and theirs, as long as they go on in the ways of God."* Accessions were afterwards made to this interesting company, till it numbered forty adult members.† We must again quote Mr. Fitch, to show the character of their teachers and head men:

"He that is chief among them, whose name is Weebax, hath learned so much that he is willing and able in some degree to be helpful in teaching and prayer to the others on the Lord's day. And this Weebax is of such blameless conversation that his worst enemies cannot but speak well of his conversation; and the same may be said of another, whose name is Tuhamon."

Such was the result of the first mission at Moheagan. In Massachusetts, the seed sown by Mr. Elliot and his coadjutors had ripened into an abundant harvest. When the contest with Philip began, in 1675, the number of Indian villages in that colony alone, yielding at least a nominal obedience to the Gospel, was fourteen.‡ These were mostly broken

* See Letter of Mr. Fitch in Gookin's Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. i.

† Hist. Am. B. C. For. Missions, p. 8.

‡ This enumeration included three considerable towns on the river Quinnabaug, in Woodstock, a town now belonging to Con-

up, never again to be reorganized. Of Mr. Fitch's Indians little is known thenceforward, but that the males took up the hatchet, with other Moheagan warriors, in defence of the whites, and were absent on long partisan excursions with the sachem Oweneco. It is probable that their families being much scattered and reduced, the whole settlement finally flowed back into the common mass of the tribe. This, however, may not have taken place until after the good Mr. Fitch had rested from his labors, and all that first generation, gathered into the fold by his instrumentality, had been welcomed by their divine Lord into the mansions of bliss.

The blighting influence of war was not only seen in its effects upon the settlements themselves, but it seems to have crushed the very spirit that formed them. The missionary enterprise languished. The next generation forgot the vision which their fathers had seen of the wild Indian standing upon the shore and crying, "Come over and help us."* They forgot the great ostensible motive which had led to the planting of the New England colonies, and which formed the evangelical plea upon which their charters were granted, viz.: "to win and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind."

necticut, but then supposed to be within the bounds of Massachusetts.

* The seal of the Massachusetts colony bore this device.

After the death of Mr. Fitch, the efforts made for the religious improvement of the Mohegans were few and feeble. We need not be surprised that the results did not go beyond the means. Trumbull observes:

"The ministers of the several towns where Indians lived, instructed them as they had opportunity; but all attempts for Christianizing the Indians in Connecticut were attended with little success. Not one Indian church was ever gathered by the English ministers in Connecticut. Several Indians, however, in one town and another, became Christians, and were baptized and admitted to full communion in the English churches."*

This want of success, which was the general theme of complaint and formed the excuse for inaction, was undoubtedly as much owing to the inefficient zeal of the churches, as to the apathy of the Indian character, or the yearning attachment of these poor heathen to the customs of their ancestors. Wherever truly earnest and persevering experiments have been made to bring the aborigines of North America to the knowledge of the truth, the Spirit of God has vouchsafed to honor the work. A judicious historian remarks:

"The result has shown that the American Indians, compared with other heathen, have been remarkable for both readiness and ability to perceive and admit the value, both of

* Trumbull's Hist. Conn., Ch. xix.

Christianity and of civilization. Among no other heathen in modern times has the Gospel had such early and decided success. No other savages have so readily thrown off their barbarism and become civilized men."*

The missionary history of the Moheagans will show that this tribe furnishes no exception to the tenor of Mr. Tracy's remarks. They have ever been found to have hearts as impressible, minds as acute and inquiring, as their white neighbors; to be as cordial in the reception of the Gospel plan of salvation, and as steadfast to hold out to the end as any other people who, like them, possess few advantages, and are exposed to great temptations.

When Ben Unkus, the younger, acceded to the sachemship in 1725, a large Bible, presented to his ancestors by Charles II., was ceremoniously placed in his hands by the commissioners who were present at his installation;† and this sachem is believed to be the first who was so well affected towards the Christian religion as not to oppose its introduction among his subjects. A school was established at a very early period in Moheagan to instruct the natives in the English language, in morals, religion, &c., and this was kept up with some interruptions to the era of the American revolution. The necessary funds

* Hist. Am. B. C. F. Miss

† Book of Proceedings in the Mason Controversy, preserved in the state-house at Hartford.

for this school were derived from the commissioners of the United Colonies, or from benevolent men in Boston, who disbursed the sums received from certain charitable societies in England, and added thereto liberal benefactions from their own stores. The charitable donors often expressed their disappointment that no greater advantages resulted from this school. There is reason to believe that this was in part owing to the unfaithfulness of the teachers. The heads of a complaint exhibited against one of them by the Indians themselves, were as follows:

"1. He takes a great number of English children, and they take room from the Indian children and keep them away from the fire in the coldest seasons.

"2. He has no government nor authority in his school, neither does he hear his scholars carefully.

"3. He does not pray in his school, neither does he teach the Indian children English manners.

"4. He was to find dinner for the children, and he turns them off with any thing.

"5. He has been away from his school many a day.

"6. He has frequently used Indian horses without leave of their owners."*

It was in this school, though perchance under a more assiduous teacher, that Sampson Aukum,† a

* MS. documents found at Moheagan.

† In the signatures of the tribe to public documents, the name of his ancestors was written Aukum, or Aucum; he himself adopt-

youth of the tribe, born about the year 1723, acquired the first rudiments of learning. The Rev. Mr. Jewett, minister of a church in that part of New London called North Parish, now Montville, a man of pure evangelical piety, peaceful, yet fervent in spirit, and full of tender compassion for the ignorant and erring red-men in his vicinity, was accustomed once a fortnight to preach in Moheagan.* His audience was composed of Indians and the white tenants who had obtained leases of their lands and lived on farms among them. Under Mr. Jewett's preaching the heart of Aukum was touched, and at seventeen years of age he became a hopeful disciple of the truth. This was about the time of the great revival of religion in New England, and the Moheagans shared in some degree in the excitement. Many of the neighboring ministers visited them and gave them occasional instruction. Whitefield, in one of his transits through the country, preached to them through an interpreter, nearly the whole tribe assembling in a grove to hear him.

The youthful Aukum appears to have imbibed the missionary spirit with his first conversion. His heart was filled with longing desires to benefit his benighted countrymen. He made known his feelings to Mr. Jewett. Aided and encouraged by him and other

ed the orthography of Occom, probably after the example of Dr. Wheelock.

* Allen's Biographical Dictionary.

benevolent friends, he obtained admission into the family of the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, of Lebanon, a divine of enlarged views and energetic character, who had at that time a few English youths under his tuition preparing for the ministry. Aukum remained in this situation five years. His exemplary deportment and success in study led Dr. Wheelock to adopt the plan of an Indian mission school, where a band of heathen youth might be trained to become teachers of their countrymen with far greater prospect of success than could be expected from the labors of English ministers. The plan of such an establishment had been first suggested and proposed by Mr. John Sergeant, missionary to the Stockbridge Indians.* Dr. Wheelock revived the project, and pursued it with his characteristic ardor. Indian boys were now received into the school not only from Moheagan, but from Stockbridge, from the Delawares, the Oneidas, and various other tribes, funds being liberally furnished for all who applied for admission from the stores of Christian liberality.

The institution subsequently took the name of Moor's Indian Charity School, a farmer of Mansfield, named Joshua Moor, having added largely to its funds. To this seminary Dr. Wheelock at length determined to add a collegiate institution, where both

* Holmes' Am. Annals, sub ann. 1769. Belknap's Hist. of New Hampshire.

English and Indians might be prepared for missionaries, or for service in other departments of life. To collect the necessary funds, Aukum and the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, of Norwich, went to England, where they obtained liberal donations. Both the school and college were ultimately established at Hanover, N. H., under the presidency of Dr. Wheelock. The flourishing institution of Dartmouth College may thus be traced back, like the Nile, to a very small source, viz.: the attendance of a Moheagan youth on the occasional ministry of an English clergyman in the vicinity of his tribe.

The number of Indian youths instructed by Dr. Wheelock at Lebanon and Hanover, was about forty.* Of these, six, and perhaps more, were intended for missionaries. Of the Moheagans, only two, Aukum and Joseph Johnson, have left a name and history behind them. These, in their day and among their own people, were widely known by the energy they displayed and the good they accomplished. Their efforts and example had a perceptible influence on the tribe. One and another abandoned their vicious habits. The memory is still fresh among them of a Zacchary and a Martha, a Lucy Tantaquidjin, an Elder Cooper,† a Deacon Peejees, and others, who

* Allen's Biographical Dictionary, article Wheelock.

† Cooper was an Indian preacher of considerable note. He and others of the tribe were connected with a Baptist church in the vicinity of Moheagan.

became prominent Christians and persevered to the end in a life of piety. At this period they had frequent religious services: it was a second part to the era of Mr. Fitch. The kindred fraternities of Nahanticks, in Lyme, and Pequots, in Groton, were also refreshed. At the former place, a grave and well-instructed Indian by the name of Philip, was long their religious leader. At Moheagan, their kind-hearted neighbors from Norwich established a singing-school, and this exercise more than any other seemed to attract them to the Christian standard, to take hold of their feelings, and bind them to the new and holy way of life. Long afterwards, when this second band of converts had gone down to the grave, and the sun of this bright day had set, the children of these worthies, in the midst of their darkness and degradation, would recur with interest to the *great meetings* and *beautiful singing* of former days.

But the fiat of Providence has gone forth that Japheth shall possess the tents of Shem, and the star of the red-man must still fade away before the lustre of the European sun. In the early part of the 18th century, the Moheagans, enjoying the repose of peace and the protection and favor of the English, were rapidly increasing in numbers. In 1745, a large number of the warriors enlisted in the army that took Louisburg, and but few of them ever returned. The revolutionary war again thinned their ranks. A contagious disease at one time swept off forty in a season;

and not a few of them, from time to time, emigrated and became incorporated with other tribes. Only a remnant remained, and these gradually sunk into a state of moral degradation, dark and fatal as their ancient heathenism. The insignificance of the tribe in point of numbers and character may perhaps account for the fact, that at no period since the settlement of the country have their white neighbors been so forgetful of their religious interests as during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present. They had fallen into the depths of neglect and oblivion, and lay by the wayside helpless and hopeless, like the wounded man whom the good Samaritan pitied, and healed with oil and wine.

In this forlorn condition in point of morals, education, and religion, they remained until 1827, when the sympathy of some young Christian females in Norwich was enlisted in their behalf. About that time Sarah Breed and Sarah Lanman Huntington, both of Norwich, commenced a series of personal services, and urgent appeals to others for aid, which in the course of four or five years procured for the Moheagans successively a *Sabbath-school*, *day-school*, *chapel*, *parsonage*, *school-house*, *and all the blessings of an organized church under a settled pastor*. This example of successful effort is so eminently calculated to stimulate and encourage those who have a desire to transform any portion of the world's wilder-

ness into a garden of the Lord, however young their age, or feeble their strength, or limited their power, that its history has a claim to be recorded with the minuteness of detail.

Of Miss Huntington, afterwards Mrs. Eli Smith, of the Palestine Mission, we may speak without reserve, since death has sanctified her memory, and removed her to that fulness of joy in which her delicate self-renunciation can no longer be wounded by our praise. She was born at Norwich, in 1802; and while still in the bloom of youth was stamped with the seal of the Spirit. Her missionary heart she received in 1827, and immediately thereupon began to put forth her energies to redeem the time, fixing her eye upon those who were perishing every passing hour, as well as upon the days of future glory promised to the church. The zeal of her excellent associate kept pace with hers. The first object that drew them from the sphere of their own church, was the project of opening a Sabbath-school for the poor Indian children of Moheagan. Satisfied that this was a work which Heaven would approve, they marked out their plans, and pursued them with untiring energy. Boldly they went forth, and, guided by the rising smoke or sounding axe, visited the Moheagans from field to field, and from hut to hut, till they had thoroughly informed themselves of their numbers, condition, and prospects. The opposition they encountered, the ridicule and opprobrium showered

upon them from some quarters, the sullenness of the natives, the bluster of the white tenants, the brush wood and dry branches thrown across their pathway, could not discourage them. They saw no "lions in the way," while Mercy with pleading looks beckoned them forward.

The Moheagans are proprietors of a reserved tract of two thousand seven hundred acres, consisting of hill and dale, forest and cultivated field, along the banks of the Thames between Norwich and New London. This was formerly called *the sequestered land;* but the larger part of it is now occupied by white tenants. The number of the tribe at this period was over one hundred; one-third of them were children.* The nearest church was four or five miles distant, and they had no schools and no religious instruction whatever. Only one person was found among them who had ever professed faith in the Christian religion, and she was the senior of five generations, all living together under the same roof. This venerable woman, Lucy Tantaquidjin, the sister of Sampson Aukum, though ninety-seven years of age, was still able to speak of her faith and hope, and exhibited pleasing evidences of genuine piety, yet she had been so long without religious instruction and society that she hesitated to call herself a Christian, and breathed forth many affecting confes-

* Miss Huntington's Letter to Hon. Lewis Cass, Sec. of War

sions of her wanderings and backslidings. In the kitchen of this aged witness of the second mission at Moheagan, our two new missionaries, pioneers of a third era of blessing, held their first prayer-meeting, gathered their first Sabbath-school. Upon this ancient trunk, which in a few weeks after their first visit dropped to the ground, the germ of a new church was grafted, which now bears fruit, and spreads a friendly shadow over the tribe.

Wild and romantic were the situations in which these young persons often found themselves, and well calculated to kindle the fire of enterprise in ardent breasts. Their first tours in Moheagan were performed partly on foot and partly on horseback; in the latter case, perchance, "with a little Indian girl behind on the horse for a guide, and half-a-dozen other children following on foot, talking as fast as their tongues could go."* In this manner they threaded the lanes and by-ways of the sequestered tract, stopping at every hovel to give notice of their design and endeavor to interest the inmates in its favor. Often were their adventures stamped with a deeper and holier character. They afterwards reverted to "the scenes in old Lucy's kitchen and under the haystack," with heartfelt emotion, and doubtless in heaven they will talk of them with still deeper interest. The venerable Lucy died in January, 1830, a

* Memoir of Mrs. S. L. Smith, p. 112

little before the Sabbath-school commenced, but her family so far partook of her spirit as to give it a cordial welcome. For this school our interesting missionaries, energetic, ardent, and sanguine, with youth, health, and a cheerful trust in God, usually accompanied by some efficient coadjutor of the other sex, started at an early hour every Sunday morning, and walked the whole distance, (five or six miles,) returning in the same way at night. Before the expiration of the summer they had forty pupils, quite a number of them being aged or adult persons.

Though the associate of Miss Huntington soon removed to a distant part of the country, yet the exertions of the latter to benefit the Moheagans were unremitted. A subscription was circulated, and a society formed, having for its object the erection of a chapel and procuring a minister for the inhabitants of the reservation, including whites and Indians. Of this society, Joseph Williams, Esq., was president Miss Huntington was active and untiring in circulating information and obtaining subscriptions. In November of the same year, in conjunction with another amiable and self-sacrificing coadjutor, Miss Elizabeth Raymond, who resided about as far from the scene of action as Miss H., though in a different direction, she began a day-school for the Moheagans, which was continued through the whole of a long and severe winter. Here they taught the rudiments of learning to fifteen or sixteen children of various

ages, two married women, one young woman, and one young man. They gave the women also instruction in sewing and making articles of clothing for males and females. They taught their pupils to sing, and explained the Scriptures daily to them. In fact, they became *all things to all men*, and were teachers, advisers, counsellors, lawgivers, milliners, mantuamakers, tailoresses, almoners, as occasion served, and they saw that they could do good. By these self-denying efforts these young persons showed that they belonged indeed to a peculiar people zealous of good works; and those natives who at first could not believe but that some selfish motive lay at the bottom of this zeal, or that it would soon die away, gave them their entire confidence, and extolled the goodness of God in raising them up such kind friends.

The school was kept in a house on Fort Hill, leased to a respectable farmer in whose family the young teachers boarded by alternate weeks, each going to the scene of labor every other Sabbath morning and remaining to the evening of the succeeding Sabbath, so that both were present in the Sabbath-school, which was twice as large as the other. A single incident will serve to show the dauntless resolution which Miss Huntington carried into her pursuits. Just at the expiration of one of her terms of service during the winter, a heavy and tempestuous fall of snow blocked up the roads with such high

drifts, that a friend who had been accustomed to go for her and convey her home in bad weather, and had started for this purpose in his sleigh, turned back, discouraged. No path had been broken, and the undertaking was so hazardous that he conceived no female would venture forth at such a time. He therefore called at her father's house to say that he should delay going for her till the morrow. What was his surprise to be met at the door by the young lady herself, who had reached home just before, having walked the whole distance on the hard crust of the snow, *alone*, and some of the way over banks of snow that entirely obliterated the walls and fences by the roadside.

In one of the letters of Miss Huntington, written from Moheagan, she observes, in speaking of her duties—and we are not surprised at the remark—"every energy, mental and physical, is called into requisition." Nor are we disinclined to admit the fact when she playfully says, in writing to a friend late at night—"the school ma'am begins to be weary."* Surely such days of earnest application, from five in the morning to ten at night, for one accustomed to all the delicacies and refinements of life, gave large permission *to be weary*. Yet it must be

* For verification of many of the incidents here detailed, see the excellent Memoir of Mrs. Smith by Rev. E. W. Hooker of Bennington.

granted that there was much of exciting interest and positive enjoyment in these occupations, and Miss H. entered into them with a keen relish. She says—"My duties here are delightful,"—"I am quite satisfied,"—"My circumstances and duties are altogether new, and sometimes I think myself in a dream." Her interest in the Moheagans was rendered more intense by an opinion which she cherished that the aborigines of America were descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. The following is an extract from one of her letters:—"I have just now returned from a visit to a dying man. As he lay upon his bed, pale and emaciated, I felt a strong conviction that the Indians are really Israelites; so strikingly did the entire character of his face resemble that of the Jews, and especially the lineaments of our Saviour, as exhibited by painters, who have probably followed the national cast of countenance."

By the exertions of the Moheagan Association, already mentioned, a small church, capable of accommodating two or three hundred persons, was erected on the summit of Fort Hill, not far from the spot where the royal fortress of the tribe swayed the surrounding country. The aspect of nature is much softened since the eyes of savage chieftains from this lookout-post roamed over a gloomy waste of woods, till they rested upon the broad bay at the river's mouth, or followed the blue line that marks the more distant Sound Here, where barbarous vociferation

and noisy revels, and doubtless rites and ceremonies devoted to malignant spirits, marked the festal days of the savage, peaceful feet wind up the hill, and the voice of prayer and praise proclaims the Christian Sabbath. The cost of the church was between seven and eight hundred dollars, which was mainly contributed by ladies in Norwich, New London, and Hartford. It was dedicated in the summer of 1831; the sermon for the occasion being preached by Rev. Charles Hyde of Norwich, from Zechariah ii. 5: "For I, saith the Lord, will be a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."

Eloquent appeals in behalf of the long-forgotten Moheagans, were successively made by Miss Huntington to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to the Domestic Missionary Society of Connecticut, to the legislature of the state, and to the government of the United States. A donation received from the Domestic Missionary Society was immediately appropriated to the support of a missionary; and the Rev. Mr. Wheelock being engaged, entered forthwith upon the field of exertion; his wife as an assistant taking the young under her particular charge. Nor in this connection must we omit to mention the name of another interesting female who in this season of activity came forward as the friend of Moheagan. Miss Rebecca R. Williams of Lebanon, (afterwards Mrs. Hebard of the

Mission to Western Asia,) succeeded Misses Huntington and Raymond in the day-school at Fort Hill, and devoted herself for a season to the instruction of the tawny children of the place. This initiatory mission-work at Moheagan, both to Miss Huntington and Miss Williams, was but as a vestibule through which they passed into broader fields, white for harvest, in the eastern world, and after a short season of toil in that vineyard, into a still loftier sphere of service in the world above.

The application to the general government for aid was successful. A letter addressed by Miss Huntington to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then secretary of war, obtained for her the influence of that department; and in 1832 a grant was made from the fund devoted to Indian improvement of five hundred dollars towards erecting buildings on the Moheagan reservation, and four hundred dollars for the support of a teacher. The last-named sum has since been received annually from the same fund. A small school-house, and a neat and comfortable dwelling-house were soon afterwards erected. Thus after three years of arduous and patient exertion, Miss Huntington had the satisfaction of seeing her benevolent plans crowned with success, a chapel, a parsonage, a school-house, and the means of sustaining the Christian ministry were procured, and the same year, precisely when Mr. Wheelock left the Moheagans, and he was most wanted, Providence sent them

a religious guide, than whom, perhaps, no man in the country was better suited for the mixed station of teacher and pastor, for whites and Indians, in church, farm-house, and hovel, which as missionary at Moheagan he was called upon to fill.

This was Mr. Anson Gleason, a native of Manchester, Connecticut, who had been for several years among the Choctaws performing missionary service, though not a licensed preacher. The Indians with whom he resided having been ejected from their territory and discharged into the far west, Mr. Gleason returned to his native state, and seeing no higher work before him, was expecting to resume the tools of his original trade, the plane and the saw, when he was providentially led to spend a sabbath at Moheagan. Almost immediately thereupon he was applied to by Miss Huntington and the president of the Moheagan association to become the religious teacher of that tribe. After some hesitation he accepted their proposals, and was soon settled with his family in the neat parsonage prepared for their reception, on the declivity of Fort Hill, and entered with constitutional alacrity upon his labors. His wife—another blessing in the shape of woman for Moheagan—took charge of the school, which has ever since been under her care.

A little church of eight or ten members had been gathered; but Moheagan had long been a place of common resort, especially on the Sabbath, to the

restless and idle in the vicinity. It was a place aside from the rigid supervision of religion and law where everybody, natives and visiters, had been accustomed to do as they pleased. Mr. Gleason was obliged in many cases (to use his own expression) to *preach a conscience on to them;* and like a shepherd seeking his lost sheep, had to travel much among the lots and by-paths, hills, lanes, and pastures, to look up his flock. But he knew that as they were, the poor natives were all lost, and if but a few were saved this disciple of Christ felt that it was entire gain.

After two years of preaching, Mr. Gleason finding that his little church suffered much from a want of the stated ordinances of the Gospel, made an appeal to the clergymen of the neighborhood either to *license* or *silence* him. This application was responded to with hearty good-will, and, April 1, 1835, he was regularly ordained pastor of the church. Since that period the number of church members has amounted to sixty, of whom less than one-third are Indians, the major part are from the families of tenants living upon the reservation. Of the white members, Miss Dolbeare, the first person baptized and admitted by Mr. Gleason, has gone forth on a mission to the Choctaws of the Arkansaw. Mr. Maynard, another scion of this church, is settled as a pastor in Cornwall, Connecticut.

During the year 1844, this little mission church contributed the following sums for benevolent pur-

poses, viz.: ten dollars for sabbath-schools, six dollars for tracts, ten dollars towards the publication of the Choctaw hymn-book, and forty or fifty dollars for foreign missions, besides an appropriation of fifty dollars to improve the singing of the congregation.*

The Indians are advancing in civilization, and in respect to numbers also are on the increase. It was hoped that a Christian influence exerted over them would result in their enlargement, and the result has been such as to verify, in some degree, a remark of Miss Huntington—"It is the usual effect of moral elevation to make a little one become a thousand." The actual number on the reservation, however, has not much increased, many of them obtain situations in the neighboring towns, and a large proportion of the males follow the dangerous sea for a livelihood, and are consequently often decimated by storms and casualties. They make excellent whalemen, being as skilful in the use of the harpoon as their fathers were with the arrow and sling. Two or three of them have served as mates of vessels, and one in particular is now absent on an India voyage in that capacity. He has built a neat house for his mother, and embellished the homestead with trees and a substantial stone wall, from the profits of his voyages.

And here, perhaps, we may be allowed to descend from the dignity of history to relate a few familiar

* Information obtained from Rev. Anson Gleason. Most of the subsequent details are derived from him.

anecdotes. A little of the sailor and the Indian mingled with the Christian, sometimes produces an originality of expression which has a vivid effect. "Brethren," said one of them, in an exhortation at a private meeting, "let us make all sail for the city that aint in sight!"

Among the native members are *three*, whom their pastor designates as *precious old women*, viz.: Cynthia, Martha, and Parthenia, descended from the Tantaquidjin, Wyax, and Hoskott families of Moheagan. They are always ready to revive his heart under discouragement, and to stay up his arms when they are ready to drop, being of that excellent generation who "hope on, hope ever." One of these aged females in a prayer-meeting with a few of her own people, being so much affected as to be unable to proceed, lifted her hands and streaming eyes upward, and exclaimed, "Lord! I cannot tell it, but I can cry it," and said no more.

Cynthia is the daughter of Lucy Tantaquidjin, that last survivor of the Aukum age. She had much to struggle with in the season of her conversion, having previously been very intemperate, and finding it difficult to free herself from that raging thirst to which she had so long been a bond-slave. Often her agitation was so great as to shake the floor beneath her. She had at the time a small quantity of ardent spirits in the house, and after beginning to hope that she had another heart and mind than before, it being neces-

sary for her to go to the closet that contained the tempting poison, so great was her fear lest the sight should overcome her resolution, that she opened the door (as she said afterwards) with as much trembling and apprehension as if a wild beast had been caged within, and ready to leap out and devour her. She successfully resisted the temptation, and has ever since remained rigidly temperate. One member of the church, however, has been excommunicated for intemperance, and another is now under suspension for the same cause; yet many interesting instances might be given of strict adherence to the temperance pledge. One young Indian having been accidentally wounded, it was proposed to dip the bandage with which they were about to bind up the wound, in alcohol; but he forbade the use of it, exclaiming with animation, "No rum shall touch my flesh!"

Perhaps nothing has taken place under his ministry that has tended more to cheer the heart of their pastor, than the case of Charles Wyax. This was an interesting youth nineteen years of age, with an open countenance, a sparkling eye, and a complexion tawny red, bespeaking the pure Indian blood. He had attended the school of Miss Huntington, and being the oldest of her male pupils, she had devoted herself with great assiduity to his instruction, and offered many prayers for his conversion. He was eager to learn, but personally indifferent to the truth. His heart was not right; and Miss H., who even

from the far eastern world sent back her earnest regards for his welfare, died before any fruits of piety appeared to reward her efforts. Yet the seed sown was not lost. After Mr. Gleason's settlement at Moheagan, he became serious, steady, pious, and being called away from earth at an early age, his last days were peaceful and cheered with immortal hopes. On his death-bed he breathed blessings upon the name and memory of his amiable benefactress.

Such is a brief history of missionary enterprise in Moheagan. The inquiry is often made, Do the natives appreciate the benefits bestowed upon them? Are they grateful for instruction? Miss Huntington, in replying to similar interrogatories, has given the subject its right bearing :—"The obligation is on our side : we are but discharging in some inadequate measure our debt of gratitude to them." The people of Connecticut are in truth debtors to the Moheagans, not only in the sense of Paul—"I am debtor both to Greeks and barbarians,"—but in respect to the interchange of good offices between man and man. They assisted them in their early struggle for existence. The infant settlements in their vicinity were saved from the savage tomahawk by their faithful guardianship. They supplied the wants of our ancestors, fed them, guided them often through the wilderness, fought by their side, and bled in their defence. Against the Pequots, the Narragansetts, the Nipnets, the Wampanoags, and the French, they

sallied forth to fight our battles. In the revolutionary war they again enlisted in our armies. Rugged, hardy, and wild as their own granite hills and impetuous streams, yet stanch and faithful in their friendship, they stood around our threatened homes, a barrier to repel attack, or a torrent to overwhelm opposition,—and while they remained an independent tribe, no Moheagan ever bathed his weapon in the blood of a white man.

New London, August, 1845.

Miss Huntington, so often alluded to in the preceding pages, was married to the Rev. Eli Smith, missionary to Western Asia, July 21, 1833, and embarked with her husband for Palestine the September following. In person, as well as in mind and character, she was uncommonly interesting. Very few faces were so full of what is called expression. A stream of mingled sweetness and brightness seemed to issue from her eyes, and bathe her countenance in its glow. The large dark eye, the fair, polished brow, the healthy hue of cheek and lip, the firm, erect gait, all were hers—and in combination formed a person of surpassing beauty, and great nobility of deportment. Every individual grace about her bore a certain stamp of character and independence, yet

each was softened by a gentle manner and winning kindness of speech She was naturally sensitive and ardent in feeling, and when quite young often impetuous and passionate, but in after life every impulsive passion was subdued and chastened into beautiful accordance with her views of Christian duty and womanly propriety. Still there was ever a certain loftiness of feeling and action natural to her mind, that remained visible in her air and demeanor.

She left behind her, in her native town, a name more fragrant than precious ointment. To the young, especially, she had endeared herself by earnest devotion to their improvement. The circling heights which overlooked the church in which she worshipped, and on which the Sabbath pupils and Bible classes in which she took such deep interest were accustomed to meet, were nature's witnesses of an affectionate bond between them and her. Sweetly upon those hills resounded the strains which so often testified a grateful remembrance of their absent friend :—

O'er the rolling world of waters,
Far away is one we love :
She to sad Judea's daughters
Bears a message from above.
When she saw the Saviour grieving
O'er the nations dark and dead,
She, her home and country leaving,
Follow'd where his banner led.

There to children lone and dreary
She will teach the Saviour's name;
To his cross allure the weary;
To the poor the truth proclaim.
O may angels round her hover,
Shield her from the Moslem's rage—
In disease and danger, cover—
All her woes and pain assuage.

Happy friend! we too will labor,
Ills to cure, and souls to save;
Never more our Gentile neighbor
Vainly shall the Gospel crave.
At thy throne in warm devotion,
Here, O Prince of Life! we fall;—
East or west, o'er land or ocean,
We will follow, shouldst thou call.

Soon, alas! were these affectionate strains changed for a note of deeper lamentation. Mrs. Smith died at Boojah, a small village four or five miles from Smyrna, September 30, 1836.

Pity.

BY THE REV. RALPH HOYT.

Was heard, 'tis said, one tranquil eve,
A low sad voice along the sky,—
Can heavenly natures ever grieve?
Can holy angels weep on high?
Sigh,—sigh!

There spread a cloud of golden hue
And curtain'd day's declining light,
Down floating from the distant blue
It came with gentle silent flight,
Bright,—bright!

A form upon celestial wings!—
Wherever press'd her glittering feet,
Came gushing forth from hidden strings
Soft music, earth can ne'er repeat,
Sweet,—sweet!

She paused, and on a sunbeam stood,
Above a gently sloping hill,
Mute wonder fell on field and wood,
Meandering stream, and mountain rill—
Still,—still

But that sad voice along the sky
Yet mingled with the passing gale ;—
Ah, do the loved in heaven die ?
Can sorrow seraph hearts assail ?
Wail,—wail !

She gazed o'er all the haunts of men,
And saw how sorrow's fountains flow ;
Gay city, or secluded glen
No refuge from the certain blow,
Wo,—wo !

Amid the gay voluptuous throng,
Mourn'd many bosoms sad and lone,
Crush'd in the grasp of want and wrong,—
The world's cold heart relentless grown,
Stone,—stone !

The captive pining in his chain,
The famish'd, vainly asking bread ;
Sad partings, ne'er to meet again ;
Love's rose, that once sweet odors shed,
Dead,—dead !

She saw, where, at the pallet side,
While orphan babes unconscious slept,
A scanty morsel to provide,
The widow toilsome vigil kept,
Wept,—wept!

The weary stranger sought for rest;
(Ah, who the goal hath ever won?)
No door swung open for a guest,
None wish'd the pilgrim's journey done,
None,—none.

From rugged Labor's earnest hand
Uprose the palace—teem'd the soil,
And navies swarm'd at his command,
For lordly avarice a spoil,—
Toil,—toil!

All mournful sat the maniac maid,
No lover's voice in music spoke;
Confiding innocence,—betray'd!
Poor heart,—what anguish when it woke!
Broke,—broke!

Where lay a child in death's cold sleep,
A mother sobb'd in wild despair;
Alas! the slumber was too deep,
The wakeful spirit was not there!

With feeble step deserted Age
Went groping in a sightless gloom,
This all his prayer on life's last page,
Take me, ye dwellers of the tomb!
Room,—room!

Thus, gazing o'er the haunts of men,
She saw how sorrow's fountains flow;
Gay city, or secluded glen,
Still all resistless fell the blow,
Wo,—wo!

For this upon that tranquil eve
Came that sad voice along the sky;
For this that heavenly one could grieve,
That angel, from the realms on high,
Sigh,—sigh.

Her tears upon the sunbeam spread
A bow of hope for every breast,
A solace for each heart that bled;—
Earth's mourners saw, and sank to rest,
Blest,—blest!

And still when sorrow presses sore
They see that radiant one above,
The cloud of anguish passes o'er,
Descends again the heavenly dove,
Love,—love!

Immortal Pity ! Power Divine ;—
Down-trodden !—lo, a sure release !
Desponding hearts, no more repine,
Oppression, grief, and want shall cease,—
Peace,—peace.

Sonnet.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Who twined these flowers to grace my natal day ?
Emblems of hope and love that life redeem,
Whose fragrance charms desponding thoughts away,
And newly kindles youth's immortal dream ;
The rose-geranium—token blest of choice,
Verbena, in whose odor feeling lies,
Sweet mignionette—true merit's floral voice,
And heliotrope that souls devoted prize ?
Who but the gentle one that trial keeps
Free from the selfish tyranny of earth,
Whose heart in music's holy temple sleeps
Where kindly impulse hath its constant birth :
O not with barren thanks will I profane
The cheerful faith thy gift hath woke again !

Burmah.

BY THE REV. EUGENIO KINCAID.

The sun had not yet risen on the morning of the 27th of January, 1837, when I left Ava for a tour through the northern provinces of Burmah. My boat was long and narrow, managed by three grave, bearded Mussulmen, and two active Burmans. A circular roof, neatly constructed of palm-leaf, extended over about eight feet of the stern, to shelter me from the rays of a tropical sun by day, and the cold, dripping dews by night. Three miles brought us to Shmoy-ket-yet, a bold rocky promontory extending a quarter of a mile into the river and crowned with temples and pagodas, many of them covered with gold-leaf. We reached the summit by a flight of stairs cut in the solid rock. From this point, one has a fine view of three cities. Three miles to the south, on the eastern bank of the Irrawadi, is Ava; on the opposite side is Sagoin, and two miles to the east is Umerapora, all royal cities, and surrounded by massive brick walls. Suburban villages extend for

miles in some directions, and on every side as far as the eye can reach are gardens for fruit, flowers, and vegetables. Groves of palm, tamarind, mango, orange, lemon, and banana trees, are sprinkled thickly within and without the walls, furnishing much delicious fruit, and a most grateful shade in these warm latitudes. This is the most delightful season of the year, the thermometer rarely rising above 85° in the shade, and then, at this early hour in the morning, the sun is just rising and bathing thousands of spires and minarets that glitter with gold. Standing upon the lofty battlements of one of these temples, the eye takes in many miles of this beautiful valley. To the east and west are seen the dim outlines of mountains, and at your feet rolls the broad Irrawadi, bathing the walls of three proud cities. Amidst the numberless monuments of wealth, industry, and superstition, there is one object above all others that will enchain the attention of a foreigner. It is the palace of Ava, covering some twelve or fourteen acres of ground, with numerous graduated roofs, and each roof surmounted with many gilded spires—verandas of vast length and width, sustained by lofty columns elaborately carved—and all having the appearance of burnished gold; it will not fail to be an object of great interest. Over the eastern angle of the palace, and immediately above the throne, rises the tallest and most elegantly constructed spire in the empire, and perhaps one of the finest in the world. Ava has been

the residence of Burman monarchs, with but little interruption, for the last five hundred years.

Two miles further brought us under the walls of Umerapora, in population and in the splendor of its temples and pagodas, but little inferior to Ava. It was built by the great Alompra, the founder of the present dynasty, about the middle of the last century. Six miles above Umerapora is the Chinese mart. A caravan of some fifteen hundred had just arrived from the province of Unan. I soon found several who spoke the Burman language, and when I brought forward a small package of Chinese books there was a great rush to see and hear them. I gave to a fine looking, intelligent Chinese, the Gospel of John, translated by Dr. Marshman, and bade him read aloud. It was interesting to watch the countenances of these men, listening for the first time to the Messiah's language. I gave them a few copies to take back to China, and we parted apparently well-pleased with the interview. It was near evening when we came before *Mengoon*, the largest pagoda in the empire. The grandfather of the present reigning monarch of Burmah, reared this vast pile. It is still unfinished, having been suddenly abandoned in consequence of the king's astrologers predicting that, *when it should be completed*, the dynasty of Alompra would cease to reign. It was thought by many shrewd Burmans, that the astrologers had a hint that the king would be pleased to have some plausible excuse for abandoning a work

that was exhausting the resources of the empire. In the centre of this enormous structure, in a room twenty cubits square, are placed images of each member of the royal family, made of pure gold, and the amount of gold in each image is equal in weight to the individual for whom it was made: and also images of each nobleman in the empire, made of pure white silver, and the silver weighed against each man. For ages, the Burmans have been accustomed to deposite gold and silver, wrought into images, under the base of pagodas. This custom, I believe, is peculiar to Boodhists. Every thing about this pagoda is on a scale of vastness almost overpowering. The two lions that guard the massive stairs leading from the river up to the sacred enclosure, are ninety feet high. They are in a couchant posture, looking out fiercely upon the waters. Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the quiet beauty of the surrounding scenery. The land is gently rising and undulating until it terminates in a range of hills three hundred feet high; the villages are almost touching each other, and embowered amidst groves of palm and tamarind, their dark foliage forming a most grateful shade. The river is more than a mile broad, and on the opposite side the rich alluvial plain is of vast extent, dotted in every direction with hamlets. In fourteen days I reached *Bo-mau*, a city forty miles from China, and the capital of a rich and fertile province. To the east, twenty-five or thirty miles, is a lofty range of mountains, furnishing a boun-

dary between Burmah and China. This is a vale of great extent, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and presenting the appearance of having formerly been a lake. Some twenty miles below, the Irrawadi, compressed into one-third of its usual width, rolls through a channel cut in the solid rock for eight or nine miles. Evidently worn away by the action of the water, in some places the rocky barrier rises six hundred feet, and in one place to nearly nine hundred, presenting a smooth and almost perpendicular wall on each side. The plashing of the oars and the songs of the boatmen echoed long and loud, as if we had been passing through vaulted caverns. In eight days more I reached *Mo-goung*, a fortified town on the north-western frontier of Burmah, and near the Yoma, a range of the Himmalaya mountains. This city is on the confines of a vast wilderness, which separates Burmah from India; and by the river is nine hundred miles from the sea. In this tour, I visited nearly three hundred towns and villages, distributed some Testaments and tracts, and preached in many places. I was kindly received by the governors of cities, and by the people generally; and formed acquaintance in several Shan towns and with the *Ka-cheens*, a people who inhabit all the hill-country between Ava and China, evidently a branch of the great Karen family. During my stay in the city already named, I received many substantial tokens of kindness from the governor and his lady, and was invited to explain the doctrines of

Christianity in the governor's house. His lady expressed much pleasure on receiving a neatly-bound copy of the New Testament, and when I was about leaving, she came to my boat in company with a younger sister and a long train of attendants, bringing me fruit, eggs, rice, and various other articles for my journey. These ladies apologized in the most kind and dignified manner for the governor not coming to take leave of me, and said that urgent business detained him in the court-room. I commended them to God and that blessed book they held in their hands, explaining for an hour or more the great doctrines of Christianity. My object in this tour was to ascertain the number of towns and villages, the different races of people, their manners and customs, the climate, and the probable prospect of being able to introduce among them the knowledge of God; as also, to learn the facilities for opening an intercourse with China, and to ascertain, if possible, whether the *Kacheens* were a people different from or similar to the Karens in the southern provinces of Burmah. Having accomplished all that I had in view, or all that could be done with the means at my command, I turned back towards Ava. We were now four hundred miles north of Ava, and one thousand north of Maulmein. My boat glided rapidly down the river, and we had the prospect of finishing the whole journey without encountering any serious difficulty. True, while in the *Mo-goung* province, we had been obliged to

spend three nights in a wild, mountainous region, inhabited by tribes reputed fierce and savage, but in the night we kindled no fires and passed through unmolested. About one hundred and thirty miles below *Mo-goung*, we spent a day at *Kuen-dau*, a beautiful island two miles long and nearly one mile broad. From time immemorial an annual festival has been held on this island, continuing from ten to twelve days. It is among the most celebrated in the empire, and, like all Boodhist festivals, is partly for purposes of devotion and partly for traffic. The central part of the island is thickly studded with pagodas, few of them more than sixty feet high, but all surmounted with bells, varying in number from twenty to sixty on each pagoda, and so constructed that when the wind blows all are set ringing. These pagodas are covered with gold-leaf from the base to the top. Incredible numbers of idols, formed mostly of marble, copper, lead, and wood, are deposited in brick buildings. The governor of the province, with his police, was present, to maintain order and to collect the king's revenue. The tents were spread out on every side to the water's edge, leaving narrow streets crossing each other at right angles, and still thousands were living in their boats. The goods of all nations were spread out in one continuous bazar, from the rich silks, and velvets, and crapes of China, to the plain muslins and glass ware of America. Here are shawls from Scotland and Cashmere; broadcloths and

cutlery from England; fancy bottles from France; idols, gold-leaf, and jewellery from Ava and Hindostan; spices from Sumatra and Ceylon; lackered boxes and pickled tea from the Shan principalities; furs and musk from Thibet, and the list might be lengthened in almost endless variety. The governor invited me to tea, and again to breakfast. He was extremely affable and obliging, and urged me to spend a week with him, and to visit two or three towns in the adjacent country. His wife was a lady of fine understanding, and polished manners, though a little vain, as she took much pains to tell me her father was a distinguished general in the Burman army, and shared largely in the confidence of his majesty. At breakfast, a table of solid silver was placed before me and loaded with luxuries; and when I went to my boat I found my kind hostess had sent a variety of provisions thither for my journey.

The governor told me of the ruins of ancient cities some forty miles below as objects of great curiosity. On our way down, we spent a few hours in examining these remains of antiquity. Some miserable villages are in the neighborhood, but I could find no man who was willing to act as a guide. Taking my four Burman boys, (young men between sixteen and twenty years of age,) and three of my boatmen, I plunged into the dark, tangled forest. Soon we came upon a wall above twenty feet high and twelve feet broad, and traced this in nearly a straight line for a quarter of a mile. The moat must have been of

great breadth and depth, for after so many centuries we found it clearly defined and in some places eight feet deep. Trees of enormous size were growing in it. Climbing over a low place in the wall, we made our way across heaps of ruins, cautiously, for fear of cobras and tigers. At length we came to what appeared to be the base of an abrupt hill, covered, as every other part was, with a dense jungle, excluding the rays of the sun and almost shutting out the light of day. We climbed up, till at length we emerged into open day. Cutting away some of the tall, slender bamboos, which grew on the very summit, we had a fine view. To the east and south of us, the ruins extended to a great distance. We stood on the top of an ancient pagoda, of vast size, that has for ages been melting down. Digging into the top, we came upon images of Boodh. Some of them had inscriptions on them in the ancient Sanscrit or Pali language. In Burman history, written nearly eight hundred years ago, these ruins are mentioned, but no reference is made to their origin.

Several boats laden with pilgrims halted for the night at a small village where we had taken up our lodgings; they were on their way to Rangoon, distant more than one thousand miles from their home. The larger number were aged people. It was truly affecting to listen to the reasons they gave for undertaking such a long and perilous journey: to obtain such an amount of merit as would furnish them with a passport to a

better world, appeared to be the object of the most thoughtful and intelligent. Sitting as they were around a fire kindled on the shore, I conversed with them till midnight. Among the most interesting in the group was an elderly woman, gentle and dignified in her manners, with an open, placid expression of countenance. As the discourse went on, her attention became fixed, and her large intelligent eyes kindled up with extraordinary animation when the attributes of the Deity were explained, and then the relations we sustain to Him, and the provision He has made for our happiness. The doctrines evidently made a pleasant impression on her mind, and with God's blessing they may prove a savor of life to many in that interesting group.

When but little more than two hundred miles above Ava, passing through a mountainous region, something like the Highlands of the Hudson, a long, narrow boat, with twelve armed men, came towards us, uttering the most savage yells, and ordering us to stop. "Robbers are coming—robbers are coming," was said in a suppressed but earnest tone by every man and boy. We had a musket and a pair of pistols as some security against pirates. I told one of the men to hold up the musket that they might see we were prepared for robbers. Observing this, they rowed towards the shore, but soon returned with another boat and twelve men, making now a company of twenty-four, armed with muskets, spears, and swords. I had spent

all the morning in writing, and as yet remained sitting under my palm-leaf roof, so that the robbers had not seen me. My men cried out, "Teacher, come quickly, the robbers are on us—what shall we do?" I rushed out and ordered them to be off, at the same time holding up the pistols in a threatening attitude. Instantly on seeing me, they rowed towards the shore, making signals as they went: this led us to look carefully, and we saw, to our dismay, a large body of men hurrying about. It was clear we had fallen upon a large troop of banditti, men whose profession is robbery and murder. My poor Mussulmen were more terrified than the Burmans at the savage appearance of these lawless men. I knew we should have but a slender hope of making our escape, unless by boldness we could terrify them. In a short time, however, six boats, with some seventy men, all armed, and uttering wild, savage cries, came down towards us. Nearly naked, their hair hanging loosely and flying in the wind—some brandishing their swords, and others poising spears in the air or grasping muskets—it was a scene sufficiently terrific. My men and boys, except one, lay down in the bottom of the boat. Slowly, in the form of a crescent, they gathered around me, and when about two hundred yards off, they fired a round of twenty-five or thirty shots into my boat. The balls whistled around me in every direction. Their yells rent the air and echoed among the hills. I looked around for a mo-

ment to see if any of my people were killed. The turban of the noble fellow who stood up was pierced, but no one was hurt. Thinking it madness to offer resistance against such a body of armed savages, I laid down the pistols and told them to fire no more—that I surrendered. I had hardly uttered these words, when five or six shots more were fired, some of which pierced the boat. I remonstrated with them on the folly and cowardice of firing upon unarmed men—told them they had nothing to fear—and that they saw I had nothing in my hands, and should make no resistance. They gathered slowly around me, their bayonets fixed, their spears poised in the air, and their swords drawn, as if they intended cutting me in a thousand pieces. It was a fearful moment. Soon I was encased with the points of spears and bayonets; they raved, threatened, and uttered the most horrible imprecations. In a few minutes one had on my coat, another my waistcoat, another my hat, and another my shoes; they began to tear off the rest of my clothes, when I resisted, and appealed to the leader, who ordered them to desist. Brought to the shore, we were hurried before the robber-chief. All my books, clothes, papers, provisions, medicines, money, and every thing in the boat were brought and laid in a heap, and soon distributed. Being successful in retaining part of the clothes I had on when taken, I appealed to the robber-chief for my cloak, or a blanket, but to no purpose—and then urged

for one of my coats, but all in vain. Sitting down beside him, with my hand upon his knee, and looking him full in the face, I said—"I am a teacher of religion, and have here several English, Greek, and Shan books, for which your men can have no use, and I shall esteem it as a great favor if you will order these fellows to give them back." The muscles of his hard face relaxed, and urging my plea in a manner which I deemed best adapted to awaken any latent feeling of kindness in his dark and savage breast, he bade them return to me my books and papers. This being done, I was ordered to my little boat, and the order was rapidly and roughly executed. A guard was placed over me—a consultation was held. I was near enough to hear much that was said. Soon one of my Burman boys came to me, pale and trembling, "Teacher, you are to be beheaded at sundown,"—and could say no more; covering his face with his two hands, he wept bitterly. It was an awful moment. "To be beheaded at sundown" I said to myself, and a cold, death-like chill crept over my whole frame. I felt faint, and my eyes became dim. "The Lord reigneth; He will do all things well," was a consoling thought. Rallying a little, I said to the noble Christian boy, in an under tone, "Where are the rest?" "They are afraid and have hid in the bushes," he replied. Soon the cry was heard, "Another boat is coming,"—and away went an armed boat to bring it in. Then an-

other, and another, and before night twenty-nine boats, with men, women, and children, were captured and robbed. It was a scene of wretchedness never to be forgotten. All were stripped of every thing, and many cruelly beaten, but none were placed under guard but myself. The sun was fast sinking in the west; now and then a chill of horror would come over me, but it was only momentary. "Death is but death," I said to myself, "and if it be God's will that I should die by the hands of these savages, it will all be well;" and I felt strong to endure. The sun was nearly touching the top of the western mountains, and I began to count the minutes that remained. The robbers, except my guard, were sitting in a body at no great distance. I gazed alternately upon these savages and upon the retiring sun. The thoughts and feelings of that hour must remain unrecorded. One of the robbers spoke, and I started upon my feet. In silence I repeated his words, and for a moment was bewildered: his words were like the sweetest music, and for a moment I thought it an illusion. "If this foreigner is killed, it will make a great noise." "Very true," said another, and so several spoke. Here they became divided in their counsels, and a loud and angry debate took place. The robber-chief commanded silence, and then said, "This foreigner shall not be put to death to-night—hereafter, we will see what is best to be done."

In a way I had never thought of, God brought

deliverance. The robbers all retired, loaded with spoils, ordering us all to remain. At dark, my four Burman boys and three of my boatmen came to me. We fell on our knees and thanked God for his merciful deliverance. Without clothes and without food, we lay down and slept. On the following morning, very early, a few miles further down, at *Sabanago*, a large village, I was attacked again by about two hundred men. They tore off every article of clothing, tied me with ropes, and drove me on before the points of their spears. Having only a piece of cloth which one of my Burman boys gave me, I was taken into the village and made to sit in a ring, marked on the ground, about three feet in diameter. A guard of fifteen men was finally placed over me. My men were beaten with ratans in a most brutal manner; the bodies of three of them were dreadfully lacerated. This troop of banditti, and that up the river, I found were leagued together. After sitting in the ring all day, I was ordered into my boat, and there guarded. My Burmans not being under a guard, and expecting that I should be decapitated or sold into slavery, quietly fled away, except one who was ill, and a boy, who determined to stay by me till the last. He begged rice for me, and at length procured from the robbers a pair of my shoes and a pair of trousers. On the third day of my captivity, this noble-hearted Christian boy was forcibly taken off by one of the robber chiefs. This was one of my greatest trials;

for my last earthly support seemed to be removed. The same evening, however, between ten and eleven at night, a young Kathay, who had been brought up at Ava, crept cautiously into my boat, and said,— "Teacher, I was once at your house in Ava, and it makes me sad to see you without clothes and food. I have bribed the guards to let me bring you a cloth and some rice and salt. I will bring you rice every night, and let you know if there is any way to escape." There was just starlight enough to see his form and the outlines of his face. I said to myself, as I began to eat the rice he brought me in a plantain-leaf, This is Heaven's messenger. His language was not more humane than the tones in which he uttered it were kind and soothing. He was faithful to his word. My guards became careless. I had amused them for hours every day by telling them about America and England, and other countries; and they evidently thought me very well satisfied with my situation. On the fifth night I thought them all asleep before morning, but it was extremely hazardous to attempt an escape. The sixth day came, and I was still a prisoner. To give all the particulars of these six days, the horrible cruelty I saw inflicted upon men and women, and all the acts of barbarity I endured, would occupy too much space. Daily I saw women tied with ropes, their hands and feet bound together, and they were then beaten with ratans. In some cases they tortured them; the object of such cruelty was to

get their concealed silver and jewels. I often forgot my own wretchedness whilst sympathizing with these unhappy females, and whilst listening to the heart-rending cries of their little children, as they crowded around and embraced their lacerated and bleeding mothers. I saw one little girl kicked in the most brutal manner, because she flung her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her pale and apparently dying lips. Scenes like these, but as varied as the most refined and inventive cruelty could produce, I witnessed from morning till evening. I made up my mind that day to get away, or die in the attempt. I did get away, and after traveling seven days, reached Ava. How beautiful and impressive the language of David,—"Though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Mary at the Sepulchre.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. But Mary stood without the sepulchre weeping."—JOHN XX. 10-11.

O, HE's gone! the tomb forsaken!
They have come where Jesus lay,
Roll'd aside the stone, and taken
Him they crucified away!
Here's the shroud we sorrowing made him
Whom they pierced with nail and spear:
Murderers of our Lord! they've laid him
Far from sight—he is not here.

Lo! I see, where he was sleeping
Pale, in death's cold, shadowy night,
Watchmen; they his place are keeping
Clothed in raiment dazzling white!
And, as consolation giving,
'Twas of him they sweetly said,
"Weep him not; nor seek the living
In the mansion of the dead."

They are angels !—and they know me !
Sinful mortal, I'm afraid !
Stranger, Sir, wilt thou not show me
Where my blessed Lord is laid ?
'Tis his voice !—my name he calleth !
Hail, Rabboni !—Israel's King !
Conquer'd, death beneath thee falleth ;
Broke his sceptre—lost his sting !

Newburyport, Mass.

The Debt of Perishing Humanity to Redeeming Deity.

The duty of the Christian church to give the Gospel to the heathen, is one that scarce seems at this day to need discussion or argument.

The command of our blessed Redeemer as to this matter, forms the close of Matthew's Gospel: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." We have here a law enacted for the church, by him, who is not only her Head, but who claims all power in heaven and in earth. This law requires that all nations be taught his doctrines and his ordinances. To encourage the church in attempting obedience to this enactment, he pledges his own presence with them to the end of the world. Is it ask-

ed, then, how long this duty endures? Is the inquiry made, are any other than the *apostles* here addressed? The answer is, the command to preach Christ's Gospel among all nations, and the command to practise Christ's ordinances, are entwined together. Most Christians believe in the perpetual obligation of these ordinances; they must believe, then, in the perpetual obligation of Christian missions. The two are so united, that he who would divorce them must destroy both. That Christian missions were to continue, appears again from the way in which Christ's promise is pledged to his church. He does not speak of his presence as being given to the apostles or the Christians of the first centuries only, but it is to be the guard and glory of the church to the end of the world.

There was something most impressive in the scene and circumstances in which this commission was given to the disciples of Christ. It was the farewell trumpet as his chariot went up the skies. Here, indeed, he speaks to us out of heaven. It was as our Master was quitting the church. His bodily and visible presence was to cease amongst them. In its stead was to come the invisible and spiritual superintendence of the Holy Ghost. At such an hour, under such circumstances, the care of the heathen world was a bequest made to the world by her departing Redeemer. The name of Testament is given, in the popular use of language, to the volume of the Chris-

tian Scriptures. Some think this English word an unhappy one, as not sufficiently including the entire meaning of the original term which it is employed to translate. It would seem that the title, "Testament," taking that word in its *ordinary* meaning of a last will, belongs to a small portion of this volume rather than to the entire book to which it is attached. It would seem to belong to the parting command of Christ. We might hold up, perhaps, more properly, under that title, the closing sentences of the Gospel by Matthew. The missionary commission of the church is in truth the last will and testament of our Redeemer and Master. Sealed on the day of Calvary, and published on the day of Pentecost, it bequeathed the charge of a lost world to the church of the saints of the most high God.

The command comes to us, then, with the added sacredness of the last request of a Friend whon we have loved, whose bounties we inherit, and whose memory we profess tenderly to cherish. It is no vulgar act of disobedience to neglect such an injunction. It is more than insensibility—it is sacrilege. Whether the executors of this will have been faithful to their trust, or false, is a question we must leave to their own conscience. Every one of us must answer that question for himself and to his God, for *we*—*we* are those executors. Christians are left in charge of the fulfilment of an instrument, ratified in the blood of their Lord.

This command, the primitive disciples felt in all its weight. They accepted the legacy, and did their share of discharging the trust; and the heathen world reeled under the shock given to idolatry by the adventurous love of the early Christians, as they went everywhere preaching the Gospel. And every revival of true Christianity has been marked by a renewed regard to the spirit of this parting command of our Saviour. A fervid piety has always been aggressive in its spirit towards the world. It is matter of thanksgiving that, in our times, the obligation of this charge is beginning to be more and more felt. Yet the church has evidently much to learn before reaching the zeal of primitive times, and before claiming rightly to feel, and fully to obey, this last injunction of her ascending Lord.

Having adverted to our Lord's own explicit command, made at such a time, it would seem as if all other discussion of the subject were idle. He who does not feel the obligation of this motive can be reached by no other. Yet it may be well to allude to yet other considerations, as further binding us to obey this most solemn commandment.

Our own professions, then, require of us to discharge the same duty. Each member of the church has by implication, if not in explicit words, avowed himself one of a missionary body. A man's voluntary engagements may come in to reinforce higher law. A man may be bound by the law of God and

of nature, to discharge a duty, as, for instance, that of relieving an aged and needy parent. He is guilty if he neglect that duty, though he has never promised to discharge it. But if he has besides acknowledged that obligation, and by bond and by oath engaged himself solemnly to its fulfilment, his neglect after such additional engagements, is most aggravated. To the want of filial piety, he adds the crime of falsehood, dishonesty, and perjury. The man uniting himself with the Christian church, has put himself under such additional obligations to discharge what was already a duty. He has received baptism by virtue of that missionary commission, the charter of the church.

In all the prayers and songs of the sanctuary, the same missionary vows on the part of every Christian are implied. Our hymns and our supplications continually refer to the glorious prophecies of the final and universal triumph of the Gospel. When we pray that His kingdom may come, whether in verse or in prose, we acknowledge afresh the militant and aggressive character of the church, and profess an interest in its final conquests. The universal kingdom of the Messiah presupposes human labor to aid in its establishment. Divine agency, although by no means necessarily confined to that channel, moves ordinarily in the channel of human instrumentality. Faith is said by the apostle to be the gift of God, and yet it cometh by hearing. The human teaching and

the divine blessing go together. To neglect, then, the appointed means, to be utterly indifferent to the missionary efforts of the church, is virtually to retract the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," and to say instead, "Let thy kingdom go. Let thy church decay and disappear from the earth. Let the dominion of Christ pass away, and let his name fade from under the whole heavens."

Are we not then justified in turning to every member of Christ's church, of either sex, and of whatever age or condition, and in reminding them, that in the sacraments and devotions of the house of God, they have solemnly sworn themselves away to the missionary enterprise, and that they cannot withhold their sympathies, their alms, and their prayers, without aggravated guilt?

We welcome them to a missionary church, and the songs and the prayers in which they take part are missionary intercessions, prayers that God would subdue and convert all nations. We must then say to them, that indifference to the welfare of Christian missions, a disposition to hold back from their share in the blessed work, is a failure to fulfil their vows and oaths.

The crying necessities of the unevangelized nations of our globe afford another evidence as to the duty of Christians respecting the dissemination of the Gospel. Misery may be so extreme as to make it at once the charge of every stranger who discovers

it to relieve it. The condition of those whom our Lord commanded to be instructed, and for whose instruction the Christian church has pledged herself to care, enhances our obligations to sustain the missionary enterprise. The more extreme the sufferings we undertake to relieve, and which we have the means to relieve, the greater the promptitude with which that relief should be extended. The principle attributed to Howard here comes into exercise: "Our superfluities are to be sacrificed for other men's necessities, and even our necessities must be taxed to relieve them in their extremities." The unevangelized portions of the globe are in this extremity of misery. Imagination cannot look steadily into the abysses of their wretchedness. Language fails to wield such masses of distress.

Ignorance of the true God has brought with it countless forms of vice and wo. Were it not for our confidence in the omnipotence of that Saviour whose Gospel we diffuse, the view would be not merely appalling, but overwhelming, which presents itself to the eye of the church when gazing into the vast gulf of sin and death. It is not merely coarse idolatry, in its foulest and bloodiest forms, but it is superstition organizing itself by the aids of a false philosophy into elaborate and learned and imposing systems, poisoning the whole education and legislation of a land, all its arts, its science, and its literature.

It is not merely the illiterate Fetichism of Africa

or the South Seas with which we have to deal, but the systems of Boodhism and Braminism, the artful and successful impostures of Mohammed, the long obduracy and blindness of the children of Abraham, the friend of God; errors ingrained into the heart and mind of cultivated and lettered nations, by all their laws and all their history—these are among the stubborn evils to be overthrown. And under their influence, what multitudes of our race are going on to eternal perdition!

With regard to the exact population of our globe, the most esteemed authorities are at variance. Some, with Balbi, would fix it at seven hundred and thirty millions; others, with the later German statists, rate it much higher—at nine hundred or one thousand millions. All research as to the East seems to favor the higher estimate. Of this vast multitude of human beings, all of whom are sinners, all fated to die, all speeding to the judgment, not more than two hundred and thirty or two hundred and sixty millions, according to the highest estimate, are even nominal Christians, when we include Romanists as well as Protestants under that title. Thus not more than one-third, according to the most favorable computation, and according to the more probable computation but little more than one-fourth, give even a nominal adherence to Christianity. Out of all the living population of our globe, two-thirds certainly, and perhaps three-fourths, are living without the

knowledge of their Redeemer and Judge. Let us place before us a map of the world, as did Carey in the early years of his pondering the missionary question, and it is a melancholy sight to observe over what wide and fair portions of our globe the destroyer reigns, leading the teeming millions captive at his will. If we look to the countries where Mohammedanism has sway, we see it stretching itself like a broad and ragged belt over the northern portion of Africa and the southern portion of Asia, covering some of the fairest regions of our globe, and holding captive in its delusions one-eighth or one-ninth of mankind, and some of them, as the Persian and Arabian, races of high mental power. Its seats are among the old habitations of Shem and Ham, the cradles of ancient science, conquest, and wealth. Its political power has shrunk, and its dominions fretted away to the West before the incursions of Russia and the independence of Greece, and to the East before the colonial empire of Britain in India. But this daring imposture is still preached and believed by some one hundred and twenty millions of our race. Upon no part of this population, although the Christian Scriptures have been translated into their tongues, have Christian missions produced yet any perceptible impression, except in a few isolated cases of individual conversions. The political power of Britain is deeply affecting them.

In Central and Eastern Asia reigns Boodhism, the

most popular form of faith in our world, according to some calculations, and it settles down like a funeral pall over the one-fourth, or according to some estimates, one-third of our race. It rules in Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Thibet, Tartary, and among the millions of China and Japan. Upon this form of faith greater impression has been made; the Scriptures have been translated into several of its tongues. Much impression has been made in Ceylon, some little in Burmah, and still less as yet by Protestant missions in China. But large masses of this population are as yet comparatively shut up from all access to them in Thibet, Tartary, Japan, and the interior of China. It would be tedious to estimate the other and less numerous forms of error.

All these, whether more or less enlightened, are servants of sin, and groaning often under the terrors of a guilty conscience; over all death is raging. Estimating the unevangelized portion of our globe at six hundred millions—and this is probably too low an estimate—and allowing thirty years for the passing away of one generation, fifty thousand are dying from this class of our race, the unevangelized, every day in the year. In the course of one week there pass then from time into eternity three hundred and fifty thousand immortal beings, ignorant of the Saviour. Let us reflect on the mass of existence and feeling thus passing into the unchangeable world of retribution. Were the largest city of these United

States to be ingulfed by an earthquake, we may well imagine the thrill of horror that would be sent through the land. Yet the destruction of life thus caused would not equal the destruction of human life that is each week going on in those countries and those races that are as yet destitute of the Gospel. Deducting from these numbers who thus weekly die ignorant of Christianity, the number who because of their early years are incapable of knowing the Gospel, and for whose happiness beyond the grave we may have hope, what a mass is still left for whom no such hope can be cherished? Each day fifty thousand of our fellow-beings, as yet unreached and unsubdued by the Gospel, are entering eternity. Let us place ourselves in imagination in the stead of any one of these thousands. Under the pressure of sin, and in the prospect of death, I am passing away, the victim of bodily and mental anguish; I look round for comfort. Gaudama cannot console me, Gunga cannot atone for my sins. I look upward, and all is dark; and onward, and all is dark; and I am going forever, who can tell me whither? We do not realize the horror of dying without a Saviour. Did we so, missions would need neither agent nor convention to plead their cause with the churches. Yet though we overlook such death-beds—they are—they exist, as really as if they were seen crowding the aisles of our churches,—as if the sobs and wails of the departing spirit, recoiling, as it looked into an unknown

eternity, were thrown back now into our ears, and were audibly echoing from our ceilings.

We may not pause to depict all the social misery, and discomfort, and oppression, and want, that grow out of false religion. After the loss of the soul, every other ill seems, and is but petty.

Now the men thus perishing are our brethren: the infidel disputes it,—the Christian missionary has proved it. The Gospel has gone to them, has found in them the same conscience, and has left with them the same consolations it found and left with us; and all of these who seemed kin to the brute—the degraded Hottentot and the cannibal New Zealander—it has reached; and developed the man and the Christian, the companion of angels, the heir of heaven, and the child of God. We have warrant to labor: they are our brethren by nature. We have encouragement to labor: they may become our brethren by grace. It is a sight of all, to call forth compassion, and self-sacrificing effort, and incessant prayer.

Upon the form of paganism presented in Boodhism, Protestantism, as well as Romanism, must now make its onset as it presents itself in the vast and populous empire of China.

With the written word of God, which Rome has ever so dreaded, and with the Spirit of God, the evangelical missionary has no cause for fear as to the ultimate result. But if he may not dread, he has little reason to despise the Romish church. She has

talent, wealth, zeal. She has her heroes and her martyrs, and can draw into her service the most varied instruments and the most opposite interests, whilst many of the strongest affections of our fallen nature are enlisted at the first summons under her banners. From her present movements it is apparent that she hopes to encase the globe in the web of her strong enchantments, and to entangle in her cords of delusion its freedom, its science, its art, and its literature. It is not the vaunted spirit of freedom, or the boasted illumination of the press and the common school, that will avail to break her spells, and they who trust in such defences will find her steadily gaining upon them, as she has gained, spite of these defences, in some of the old strongholds of European Protestantism—Germany, England, and Scotland. There is much in the condition of the times, in the importance of the crisis, and the greatness of the difficulties to be encountered, that ought to crush out of the true church all self-confidence, and make her faith in Christ more simple, direct, and entire, regarding him as her only resource in the impending conflict.

But if there be much to awaken apprehension, there is also much to encourage. And here we come to the next argument that binds American Christians to active exertion in the missionary field: it is, the extent of our opportunities. The more we can do, the more we are bound to do. Such opportunities

are indications of divine Providence, confirming and reinforcing the requirements of the sacred Scriptures, that we should use the power and influences intrusted to our keeping in the Master's service, and occupy till he come again.

England and America are, from their political freedom, their commercial enterprise, and the number of their shipping, exerting a more extended influence over most of the unevangelized shores of the globe than any other nations. Their language, if not destined to supplant the French and German in the literature of the world, seems likely to become the language of the world's commerce. This will give to missionaries speaking it, some great advantages.

A great preparatory work for the final triumph of the Gospel, has been accomplished in the form of Scripture translations. In the preparation of the Scriptures, Protestant missionaries have done much. The Bible is now translated into all the leading languages of the world. Perhaps it would not be too great an estimate to say, in the tongues of seven-eighths of our race the lively oracles of God are now printed. In this, its earliest operation, the Protestant mission moves more slowly and with less of immediate and apparent effect, than the Romish mission. But the ultimate result is more abiding, more extensive, and more sure, than that of the opposite process. Like the pioneer husbandman of our western forests, it first girdles the trees, and then sows its

harvests amid the dead trunks. In India, the decay and dying off under that process of the heathen superstitions, is seen in neighborhoods where there is as yet no conversion to the Gospel. Rome far more rapidly persuades an idolatrous people to substitute one set of names and rites for another: the Virgin Mary wears the cast-off finery of some heathen goddess—the old heathen festivals are retained under Christian names.

The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. For objects as inferior to the Christian's as is the body to the soul, as is earth to heaven, they are encountering perils and making sacrifices, which rebuke our want of liberality, enterprise, and energy. Opium has been supplied by nominal Christians to the millions of China, more largely than the church has supplied the Scriptures. Into Turkey and Persia, New England rum has preceded the New England missionary; and among our western Indians, whiskey and gunpowder have travelled far and fast in advance of the Bible. But the great cause of complaint and humiliation, is not merely that the world are thus bold and adventurous in the pursuit of gain. The shame of our condition is, that even the Christian church seems more awake to such motives, than to the higher impulses of love to Christ and love to souls.

Hold up before the young men of our churches the promise of a liberal salary to be punctually paid

for service to be rendered in the most distant and barbarous lands, and have we not reason to believe hundreds of them would venture and sacrifice all? The yearly stipend of three thousand dollars for ten years, well secured and punctually paid, would draw probably to almost every accessible part of the hea then world some thousands of the ardent, enterprising young men of our churches. It is well that the church has not such sums to offer, for labor so purchased would be of little spiritual advantage; and because hundreds of our young men, church members, would be attracted by the gain, that are not now attracted by the love of Christ and his church. It would be deemed most harsh to say that they did not hold the Saviour's cause as being worth three thousand dollars a year. The fault is, that their faith is not here exercised, that they have not sufficiently pondered the claims of the perishing nations, and not sufficiently yielded themselves to that love of Christ which we believe to be really their strongest motive

We are not doing as much as the converts recently made from heathenism in some parts of the missionary field are doing—as much, we mean, in proportion to our means. When the South Sea islanders, with comparatively no currency, and some of them poorly fed, clad, and housed, are seen bringing to the mission treasury their bamboos of oil, their cocoanuts, and packages of arrow-root, they who but yesterday

were pagans and are still comparatively paupers, are giving more than our churches who can look back upon ten generations of Christian ancestors. We who have been cradled under the very eaves of the Christian sanctuary, are giving, in proportion to our resources, less than these converts who take the sacramental bread into hands but recently washed from the blood of their murdered infants—murdered during that dark night of paganism from which they have but just emerged. And thus the last are first, according to the Saviour's prophetic warning. It may be said, they feel the contrast between their present condition with the Gospel, and their former condition without it, more forcibly, than we by any possibility can. But although this is so, our higher intelligence should supply us in the want of personal experience of the evils of paganism; and it is surely most unreasonable that the enjoyment of the blessings of Christianity for ten or twenty generations, should be less abundantly acknowledged than its enjoyment for as many years.

They who talk complainingly of the large demands of the missionary cause, or complacently of its present resources, have forgotten their own temporal obligations to the Gospel. Commerce, freedom, and literature, owe more to the Gospel, than they have ever paid for the support and promulgation of that Gospel. They who talk of the cost of religion, should calculate the cost of irreligion. Calvary has

left the world hopelessly and eternally in its debt. It has laid the race under obligations, which leave them bankrupt as to any hope of adequate repayment. All sacrifices of gain, and comfort, and health, and even life itself, made in the service of the cross, are but poor and paltry dividends paid back in acknowledgment of a debt that man cannot, through time or through eternity, cancel—the debt of Divine Love, of Suffering Humanity ransomed by Incarnate Deity.

Missionary in the New Western Settlements.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The lake was troubled. Winds and waters strove
On its broad bosom,—while with whelming force
The many torrents of the hills were loosed
At the wild thunder-gust that rudely sprang
From summer's misty cradle.
O'er the tide,
A little bark was laboring. Like a speck
It seem'd amid the billows—but held on
Its perilous way, now half-submerged, and now
Riding the surges with an arrowy speed
To seek the shelter of a quiet bay.
Two brawny oarsmen steer'd the reeling boat
Safe to its landing-place, and with them brought
A youthful stranger, of a serious mien
And gentle manner. 'Mid his slender stores
Was seen the Book which makes the simple wise:
For he was of that self-denying band
Who bear the Gospel's mission to the poor,
And find their payment in the wealth they give.
A few log-cabins near that lonely lake

Rear'd their rude heads. There, 'mid the arid soil,
The pine's low murmur met the summer breeze,
While the half prostrate willow told how strong
Was the dire scourging of the wintry blast.
A hardy race, remote from all that charms
A life refined, endured the ills that wait
The settler in the wilds. With sounding axe,
They from the forest won each nook of land
On which the bread-corn for their children grew.
'Mid this deep solitude, the stranger paused.
No taper spire allured him—nor the sound
Of tuneful sabbath-bell.

Was this *his* home,
Whose graceful form and courtly nurture spake
Of pleasant parlors, and of curtain'd halls,
Of pictured nooks, whence trembling music stole,
And the oak-garnish'd study, where soft light
Through Gothic window, rich with trellis'd vines,
Gleam'd o'er the storied page?

What should content,
In this unsightly wilderness, a man
Who hath in him ambition's classic thoughts—
Senses that lean to pleasure—nerves that wake
At memory's tender pressure—and a heart
To thrill and beat at what the world calls fame?
What bows him to such bonds?

The love of Christ
And of the souls he died for. Doubt ye not:
That love shall yield a gain, which they who serve

Mammon or Mars partake not.

Come with me—

What time the snow-drift shuts this people out
From all beside—when through long, icy months,
Their care is for the famine-stricken herds,
And how to husband best the scanty store
Of comfort for their households.

See the love

With which they turn to him, who kindly shares
In each privation, and with hallow'd words,
Upbears them, 'mid their pilgrimage of toil.
The old man, leaning on his staff, doth lift
His hand to bless him; and the children's eyes
Grow wild with pleasure, when his step is heard.
For well he skills to teach those arts that lend
A grace to poverty, and give to man
A higher rank above the beasts he rules.
He, the untutor'd lip, from dulcet flute
Instructs, to draw the breath of melody,—
The healer's cordial for the sick he knows,
And even the snow-shoe, or the fisher's net
Can shape, and train the tree whose fruit delights,
And bid the bright rose twine its blossoms round
The lowly cottage-eaves. With patient care
He gives the young the lore of printed books,
Bidding the spirits of the mighty dead
Hold converse with them by the evening fire;
Till, like twin stamens in the unfolding mind,
Knowledge and faith sublime, rise side by side.

His earnest eloquence doth throw a guard
Around the Sabbath, and the Law divine,
Barring with sword of flame transgression out
From his loved field of labor.
When I mark'd
The sympathies, that made this sterile spot
Even as a garden of sweet thoughts, I bless'd
My Saviour's meek religion, that inspired
Such intercourse, and ask'd my musing heart
Who best the plaudit of high Heaven should win,—
He who hath slain his hecatombs, and bridged
The flood with soldiers hearts—or he who steer'd
His slender pinnace o'er yon lonely lake
To lead one soul to Christ?

Almost There,

OR,

THE MISSIONARY'S DEATH.

BY REV. JOHN DOWLING.

"And when the light of that eye was gone,
And the quick pulse stopp'd, he was *almost there*."

ANON.

THAT there is a superintending Providence, ever watchful, wise, and kind, directing, regulating, and controlling the elements of nature and the destinies of men, is a truth too plainly revealed in the Sacred Scriptures and too consolatory to the devout believer, to need argument or defence. Yet there are times when even faith itself is staggered at the dark, mysterious, and unexpected events by which the brightest anticipations are disappointed, and the highest hopes of usefulness, happiness, and honor are levelled with the dust. How often has an afflicted and prostrate church, sighing over the loss of some youthful pastor or missionary, removed from the field of labor, which appeared before him ripe for the harvest, ere

he had scarce entered upon its toils, been compelled to ask in astonishment, if not in unbelief, at the dealings of Jehovah, "Lord, wherefore is it that thou contendest with us?" and in reply to the inquiry, no sound has been heard to quiet the murmurings of unbelief but the voice of God's sovereignty, "Be still, and know that I am God," or the voice of his faithfulness, while his hand pointed to a world where all is light, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Such an event occurred some eight or nine years since, in the lamented, and, as unbelief would say, *untimely* death, just as he had reached the field of his expected toil, on the shores of the Brahmaputra, of a devoted young missionary, eminent among his associates for piety and promise, and whose sudden and painful departure cast a gloom over a wide circle of Christian associates and friends, whose prayers had followed him across the deep.

It was in the autumn of 1836, that a company of devoted missionaries of the Cross bade farewell to country and friends, for a home and a grave on the sultry plains of Asia. Each one of this little band was interesting, hopeful, and devotedly pious; but among them was one who won every heart by the fervor of his piety and zeal, and moistened every eye by the pathos, the tenderness, the heavenly-mindedness that characterized his farewell address.

He had just left the sacred retreat of science and

religion, where for many a long year he had studied, and toiled, and prayed, to prepare himself for a missionary's work; and high expectations (shared by all who knew him best) were cherished by the honored instructors who had just commended him to God, of his future usefulness and eminence as a missionary of Christ. Never can I forget the touching manner in which he alluded, with faltering accents and streaming eyes, to that hallowed spot which he had now left to see no more for ever.

"I am going," said he, "to the far-distant shores of Asia, to labor for the salvation of the heathen. Long have I desired to see this day, and now my highest wishes are realized, and I shall soon enter upon that loved employ to which I have so long been looking forward. Yet think not that I am indifferent to the charms of home, and country, and friends. Ah no! the sacrifice I feel to be great, but it is made for the sake of Him who gave *himself* for me, and therefore it is made with cheerfulness and delight. I shall soon be many thousands of miles away from scenes and friends so dear; but when toiling for the salvation of the poor idolatrous heathen, think not that I shall dismiss from my mind those whom I leave behind in my native land. Far from it! From the opposite side of the globe my thoughts will often revert to my own loved America; I shall think of its peaceful Sabbaths, of its blessed privileges, of the assemblies of the saints whose prayers I know will

follow us to our distant home ; I shall think of Christian friends whose farewell hand I have grasped, and of the many acts of kindness I have received from them ; I shall think of you, my Christian friends ; of this assembly loading me with its parting blessing ; but dearer than all I leave behind, I shall think"—and here the starting tear almost choked his utterance—" I shall think of that blessed Institution where I have spent some of the happiest years of my life ; of my fellow-students ; of the men of God whose instructions I have shared ;—and of the beaten path in the neighboring grove, where I have often held communion with my Saviour—

'That blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.'"

A few days more, and with the prayers of thousands following them, the missionary band spread their sails to the wind, and were borne toward the land of their destination.

A prosperous voyage of five months brought them to Calcutta, the great capital of the East, and the hearts of anxious friends in their native land were soon cheered with the intelligence that they had escaped the dangers of the ocean, and were separated only by a few hundred miles of river navigation from the chosen field of their missionary labors. That field was the province of Assam, in the vicinity of the city of Sadiyá, situated some six or eight hundred miles

up the river Brahmaputra, in a northeasterly direction from Calcutta. Boats were provided, and boatmen engaged, and the missionary party, anxious to reach their destination previous to the rains, with but little delay, commenced their river voyage. Another letter from the devoted young missionary was received, dated at Culna, in the vicinity of the Sunderbunds, May 3d, 1837, full of pious joy and hope, which told that they were on their way to Sadiyá, and expected soon to reach their future home and commence their labors for the heathen.

At the reception of this letter many a heart of loved ones left behind beat high with joy and gratitude for the safety of those so dear, and many a prayer was breathed for their continued prosperity and success; and yet, at the very moment their eyes rested upon those lines, the hand that traced them was cold in death, and the pious spirit that dictated them had winged its way to its native heaven!

The party, diminished by the departure of two of their number destined to another part of the missionary field, consisted of the interesting young man who is the principal subject of this sketch, a brother missionary who is yet spared to labor for the heathen, and their two devoted and affectionate wives.

The missionaries, already on the ground, had been advised of the expected reinforcement, and were anxiously longing for the arrival of those whose aid they

so much needed in their exhausting and self-denying labors for the perishing heathen.

At length, after nearly two months occupied in struggling against opposing winds, tides, and currents, the missionary party had arrived within three days' journey of Sadiyá, when the force of the current was so strong that the boatmen declared themselves unable to proceed; and as the other missionary was seized with the jungle fever, it was decided that the subject of our sketch should proceed at once in a small canoe, which the boatmen might be able to force against the mighty current, leaving the sick man under the care of the two wives, that he might seek medical or other necessary assistance from the missionary station now just at hand.

After some two or three days' struggling against the force of the current, the solitary missionary had arrived within *three hours*' journey of the termination of his long and toilsome voyage. He had travelled in safety over half the circumference of the globe, his eye was resting upon the spot selected as the field of his future labors, for which he had spent long years in preparing, and on which his heart had been set with all the earnestness of intense desire, when, alas! in a moment, death came, in an unexpected form, and tore him from wife, and friends, and the scene of his expected toils, just as he was ready to set foot on shore, and perhaps counting the moments ere he should grasp the hands of Chris

tians and of brothers who were waiting to welcome him as a fellow-laborer and a fellow-sufferer to their home in a heathen land.

The manner of his death was as singular as it was sudden. The canoe was pushing briskly along against the strong current close to the shore, when two trees, undermined by the action of the waters, suddenly fell from the bank across the boat, causing it instantly to sink in the shallow water—the larger of the trees lying directly across the bowels of the missionary, thus confining his body beneath the surface, and crushing him almost instantly to death by its weight.

The messenger of these sad tidings soon reached the missionary station at Sadiyá, and a few hours more saw one of that devoted band, who had for days been straining their eyes to catch sight of their approaching brethren, in a small boat on his way to his humble abode, bearing with him the lifeless corpse of one to whose coming they had looked forward with so much of joy and so much of hope.

We must draw a veil over the agony of the stricken wife, the grief of fellow-laborers, and the sadness and disappointment of all. It is enough to know that the Lord reigneth, and to hear him say, in reply to all the anxious inquiries which unbelief might suggest, "Be still, and know that I am God,"—and, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

As for the man of God himself, he was waiting at

his post; and though the summons came at an unexpected moment, he was prepared to meet it.

"The voice at midnight came,—
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear."

Not a word could escape his lips during the fearful death-struggle in the waters, yet the very last entry in his journal shows the posture of his mind. It was penned while sitting, solitary and alone, in his little canoe, on the evening of the Sabbath, the last that he spent on earth:

"July 2d. This has been rather a lonely day. Jungles and sandbanks, with here and there a solitary dinghy passing down the river, make up the scenery. Have enjoyed some sweet meditations on divine things. O how sweet will be the rest of that eternal Sabbath, in the enjoyment of which I shall be eternally united with those dear Christian friends with whom I have formerly worshipped in the courts of the Lord! O, my heavenly Father, I feel that I am exceedingly sinful, and unworthy of the least of thy favors: but do thou have mercy on me, and accept the renewed consecration of myself to thee, which I now make. Employ me in doing something to promote thy glory on earth, and let me be eternally engaged in thy service!"

Should the reader at any time pay a visit to the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution in Madison county, New York, he will see in the room of the Society of Missionary Inquiry, among other portraits of missionaries who have gone out from this school of the prophets, that of the cherished subject of this sad but truthful sketch.

Should he stroll into a solitary grove in the immediate vicinity, he may find a beaten path to a bower of prayer, and in reply to his inquiries he will perhaps be told that that path was trodden by the feet, and that bower was formed by the hand of the youthful missionary whose remains rest on the banks of the distant Brahmaputra—the beloved, the devoted, the sainted Jacob Thomas.

The Wail of the Light-Bearer.*

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

In the deep night when stars were burning,
And high and white the full moon reign'd;
While my wild heart was sadly yearning
For the Divine and Unattain'd.
I thought upon that fallen one,
The morning's proud Light-bearing Son:
And dream'd I saw him as when hurl'd
Forever from the starry world.
One hour he seem'd in grief to bow,
And veil'd the dim plumes o'er his brow;
The next, gazed on the starry clime,
Outcast, but awfully sublime!
Gazed on the heights he strove to scale,
Accursed, unwept for, and alone,
And pour'd his sad yet scornful wail
To the bright planet once his throne.

* "Light-bearer," Ἑωσφόρος, *Lucifer*. The Son of the Morning.

"Bright wert thou, place of my service;
Dark art thou, realm of my sway."
Such was the wail of the Angel
As he pass'd from the star-land away.
"Lo I am outcast from Heaven:
Changed in my glory to wo;
Searing and hot on my forehead
Burneth the curse of His blow.
Still the one thought that most wrings me;
Bitterest throe of my pain;
Hardest to bear of my sorrows,
Is that my guilt was in vain!

"O, had I won that bright kingdom,
Over the universe, far
Placed above Angel or Seraph,
There had I throned thee, my star!
Loud to thy name had re-echo'd
All the sweet Cherubim lays;
Ev'n the Archangels had sounded
Their trumpet-notes but to thy praise.

"Vain was the dream, and it perish'd
'Neath the Invincible's might.—
Yet, mid its 'blackness of darkness,'
Still hath my spirit one light:—
One mighty pleasure defieth
Time and my tortures to kill:—
Set in my bosom is burning
The fire of invincible will!

" Crownless and sunk though I wander
O'er the space-deserts so wide,
He who is King of creation
Still cannot conquer my pride.
I though a slave and an outcast,
Scorn'd and degraded and lone,
Still can look up on my Tyrant,
And scorn Him despite of His throne!
Farewell, my Star-land, forever
Blacken'd and quench'd is my ray!"
Such was the wail of the Angel,
And he pass'd from the Star-land away.

Indian Missions.

BY JOHN M. PECK.

"Lo! the poor Indian."

The name *Indian*, given to the aborigines of America by Columbus, from the supposition that he had reached the eastern shore of Asia, is a misnomer. Whence their origin, and by what means they reached the continent of America, are questions yet unsolved. We differ wholly from Thoroughgood, Adair, Boudinot, and other writers, who suppose they are of Jewish descent. After much observation and inquiry we have discerned no marks of Judaism but what are common to other tribes of savage, barbarous, or semi-civilized humanity.

In language, religion, manners, customs, figure, and other characteristics, the native inhabitants of North America were originally divided into four distinct classes; and these, again, subdivided into numerous smaller confederacies and tribes, differing each from the other in dialect or pronunciation, and by slight modifications of character.

The four grand divisions may be arranged under

the generic names of *Esquimaux*, *Algonkin*, *Dahcotah*, and *Cherokee*.

The division is clearly defined in their respective languages, and their physiology.

The Esquimaux includes the nomadic bands along the coast of Labrador and the Northern Ocean.

The Algonkin, formerly the most numerous race, has been reduced in numbers below either of the others.

In this class were included all the tribes of Canada and New England, the Iroquois, the Lenni Lenopi, or Delawares, the various branches of the great Powhattan confederacy in Maryland and Virginia, and the Chouannons, or Shawnees, from James River to Florida. In the northwest, of the same stock we find the O'jibways, Ottawas, Pottawatamies, Saukies, Miamis, the Illinois confederacy of seven or eight tribes, and many others.

A third distinct class is found chiefly west of the Mississippi. The N'Dahcotah, or Sioux, are a type. To this class belong the Winnebagoes, Osages, Kauzaus, O'Mahaus, Ottoes, Pawnees, Quappaws, Ioways, and many other tribes.

The fourth radical stock is found in the southwest. The Cherokees, Choctaws, Muscogees, or Creeks, Chickasaws, Natchez, and many other tribes were of this stock. These were probably offsets from the Mexican or Atzec race.

The tribes into which these four classes became

subdivided were found united in confederacies, with a common name, which was often derived from the leading tribe.

The most powerful and perfect confederacy was that of the Iroquois, or Five Nations, for they had something like a regular federal government. Their external relations and general interests were managed by a great council-fire. In 1712 they were joined by the Tuscaroras from North Carolina, and from that time were known as the Six Nations. They were the conquerors of the other Indians east of the Mississippi, and claimed, by virtue of conquest, sovereignty over the land, and the exaction of tribute, but allowed the subjugated tribes to manage their own affairs.

The only organization that deserved the name of government, was the grand confederacy of the Five Nations, and they had no executive or judiciary department. Government amongst the Indians was little more than anarchy, and their legislation was merely the result of councils, and had no greater influence over the people than advice.

The condition of human nature, unimproved by civilization, unblest with the influences of the Gospel of Christ, is pitiable in the extreme. Such was the character of the "red-skin" before his country was visited by the "pale-faces." We have often seen the aboriginal man of America in all his primeval wildness, when he first came in contact with the

evils and benefits of civilization—have gazed on his noble form, admired his lofty bearing, listened to his untutored yet powerful eloquence, but have found in him the same humbling proofs of depravity, wretchedness, and want, as are still manifested by the remnant on our western borders. The introduction of ardent spirits, and that terrible disease, the variolus, are the evils we have furnished the Indian race, while in all other respects their condition has been improved by intercourse with us.

The Indians generally believe in a Great Spirit, or rather Being, for their notions of spiritual existence, Creation and a Creator, are extremely vague. They believe in numerous other beings who have an agency in human affairs, and to whom they make offerings. All believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, though their ideas are gross and carnal. The religious notions of different nations, and consequently their forms of worship, vary. The Algonkin race worshipped both a good and an evil Spirit, besides a multitude of subordinate or inferior spirits, good and bad. Some nations were idolaters. The Natchez worshipped the sun, and kept the fire perpetually burning in their rude temples. Their male and female priests were called in their language *suns* and *suneses*. We have had ocular demonstration that some of the Indians actually worshipped images, in examining the differently shaped idols that were undoubtedly worshipped by the southern Indians.

The great Pawnees formerly worshipped the planet Venus, under the name of the "Great Star," as their chief god, to which they offered human sacrifices. In 1818, we saw a Spanish boy that had been taken captive and devoted to sacrifice. He was ransomed by the late M. Lisa of St. Louis, taken there and educated.

A belief in witchcraft, dreams, charms, and "medicine-men," was common to all the tribes of the continent. Theirs was the *religion of nature*, that furnished them no guide in the pathway of life, cast no light on the "Spirit-land."

In reference to INDIAN MISSIONS, we omit all that may be said of the Jesuit and other Roman Catholic missions, as quite the reverse of the principles of evangelism, taught in the Holy Scriptures. The pioneer in efforts to evangelize the North American Indians was JOHN ELLIOT. This benevolent minister of Christ, while pastor of a Congregational church in Roxbury, Massachusetts, learned the Moheagan language, and commenced his labors in 1646, at an Indian settlement called *Natick*, now Newton. He soon induced the Indians to form a village, adopt simple but written laws, learn to read, and cultivate the earth. He preached and taught them from house to house, and finally translated the whole Bible into the Mohekannuk language.

In 1642, the family of the Mayhews commenced a mission to the Indians on Martha's Vineyard, an island

off the coast of Massachusetts, and Hiacoomes, a powerful chief, was converted. In 1674, in this mission, there were about fifteen hundred praying Indians, ten native preachers, and six places for public worship on each Lord's day. On Nantucket, a church was formed of thirty members in communion, and about two hundred families received instruction. Of the Mayhew family, father, son, and grandson, officiated in succession as missionaries to the Indians.

In the Plymouth colony, Rev. Mr. Bourne and others labored amongst the natives with success, and in 1674, about five hundred had been instructed in the Christian faith, in twenty different places; one hundred and forty-two could read in their own language, and seventy-two could write. Rev. John Cotton, pastor of an English church at Plymouth, learned the Indian language and preached each week to five Indian congregations, who, on the Sabbath, had native preachers.

A tribe called the *River Indians* were settled on the Housatonack, in Stockbridge, to whom Rev. John Sergeant ministered in 1734. He soon gathered a congregation and opened a school. He was sustained in his benevolent labors by the celebrated Mr. Hollis, a wealthy Baptist in London. He died in the midst of his labors and usefulness, in 1749, aged thirty-nine years. In 1751, the celebrated Jonathan Edwards took charge of this mission, where he continued about six years. During the war between

Great Britain and the colonies on the one part, and France and the Canada Indians on the other, from 1755 to 1763, this mission, as all Indian missions have been in war, was much injured. The Stockbridge and the Mohawk Indians fought on the side of the colonies, many were killed and others scattered abroad. Eventually they removed to Oneida county, in the state of New York, and established a village called New Stockbridge. In 1796, they numbered about three hundred, all nominal Christians, and about thirty church members. We can trace this little band in their migrations to the vicinity of Green Bay, in the Wisconsin territory, and from thence more recently to the Indian territory west of Missouri, where they still diffuse the light of the Gospel and the blessings of civilization among their rude and less cultivated neighbors.

Amongst the Narragansetts, in Rhode Island, in 1733, the Rev. Mr. Parks commenced preaching. His labors and those of others were successful, and in 1743 there was a revival of religion, many were converted, about sixty joined the church, and several native preachers were raised up. The most noted of these was *Sampson Occum*, who was educated at college, went to England and preached before the king and parliament, and finally settled at Brotherton, New York, as pastor over the Indian congregation, and died in 1795.

A faithful native preacher, who for many years

successfully preached the Gospel to his tribe, the Shinnecock Indians of Long Island, deserves honorable mention. He died in the year 1812, and was buried at Canoe-place, Long Island, where the passing traveller may read the following tribute to his worth on a marble slab, near the roadside, where the meeting-house then stood:

ERECTED
BY
THE NEW YORK MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. PAUL CUFFEE,
AN INDIAN OF THE SHINNECOCK TRIBE,
WHO WAS EMPLOYED BY THAT SOCIETY, FOR
THE LAST THIRTEEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE,
ON THE EASTERN PART OF LONG ISLAND, WHERE
HE LABORED WITH FIDELITY AND SUCCESS.
HUMBLE, PIOUS, AND INDEFATIGABLE
IN TESTIFYING THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD,
HE FINISHED HIS COURSE WITH JOY,
ON THE
7TH DAY OF MARCH, 1812,
AGED 55 YEARS AND THREE DAYS.

The younger brother of Paul Cuffee, *Obadiah*, is still living among the remnants of his tribe, in his eighty-second year, but smart, tall, and yet with all the activity and vigor of a man of fifty. He is universally called *Deacon Obij*, and is regarded as the patriarch of his tribe.

The pious and devoted labors of David Brainard

amongst the Indians at Croswicks, New Jersey, and at the forks of the Delaware river, are doubtless familiar to our readers. A precious revival attended his labors, and a church of thirty converts was organized. Brainard's converts generally lived and died pious Christians.

The society denominated Moravians, or, as they style themselves, "United Brethren," have had successful missions amongst the Indians. In 1734, *Christian Rauch* commenced a mission at Shekomeko, now Amenia, in Dutchess county, New York, where he formed a village, established a school, introduced habits of civilization, and preached the Gospel. The Dutch magistrates becoming alarmed, drove him off, and broke up the mission. Bethlehem, a Moravian town in Pennsylvania, was established about this period, and an Indian mission soon after commenced about thirty miles up the Lehigh, called Gnadenhutten, or "Tents of Grace." In a little time about five hundred were under religious instruction.

The war with the French and Indians in Canada, made sad work with Indian missions. In November, 1755, a party of Indians in the French interest, attacked the mission while the family were at supper, massacred eleven men, women, and children, and dispersed the rest. Again, eight years after, the settlement was broken up by pagan Indians. We can now trace this band of Christian Indians, who

had been taught by their pious instructors that all war was wrong, to the head branches of the Susquehanna, next to Beaver river, where Friedenstadt, or the "Village of Peace," was built. Driven from thence, their next pitch was near the Muskingum, in Ohio, where three settlements, Shœnbrun, Gnadenhutten, and Litchtenau, were a temporary asylum for about five hundred Christian Indians. The missionary, ZEISBERGER, distinguished in the annals of Moravian missions, was their spiritual father and guide in their pilgrimages and sufferings. His disciples were of the Lenni Lenopi race, and under his ministrations were humble, peaceable, industrious, and had lost all propensity for war, yet no people ever suffered more severely its ravages. Their religious principles allowed them to take no part in the war of the American revolution, hence they incurred the suspicions of both the British and Americans. Wicked Indians would commit depredations on both sides, and lay the mischief to these peace-loving Moravians. On one occasion, the British commander at Detroit removed them by force to the confines of Canada. During their absence their corn was stolen, and they suffered much distress from want.

In March, 1782, they were found at their villages on the Muskingum, when they were attacked by a band of unprincipled men, gathered for the purpose from western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and a dreadful massacre ensued. It was reported that they har-

bored and aided hostile Indians. But when prejudice and passion usurp the place of reason and conscience, man becomes ungovernable. A party of volunteers, of about one hundred in number, headed by Colonel Williamson, penetrated the wilderness with the desperate determination to destroy these settlements. The peaceful and unsuspecting Christians were gathering their corn; the white ruffians pretended friendship, promised them protection, and gave assurances that they had come to take them to Pittsburgh and place them under protection of the American government. With these assurances the Indians gave up their hunting-guns, hatchets, and property. Colonel Williamson then called his men to a parley, and put it to vote whether they should be killed or taken to Pittsburgh as prisoners. Only sixteen votes were given to spare their lives! They were then told that as they were *Christian* Indians, they might spend the night in prayer. They were then shut up in two houses—the men in the one, and the women and children in the other. Here they prayed, sung, and exhorted, and comforted each other with the promises of God and the prospects of eternal glory in the morning. About sunrise the slaughter began with tomahawks and hatchets. One infamous wretch boasted he had killed fourteen, and that his arm had become so wearied he could work no longer! Two lads escaped the massacre; one by crawling under the floor, where the blood of his friends streamed

down upon him, the other by escaping to the woods. About ninety-five Christians fell a sacrifice in this most horrible massacre. Their bones were left to bleach in the wilderness, till some twenty years after they were gathered up and buried.

We were well acquainted in Missouri, some years since, with an old man who was one of the murderers of these Christians, though he claimed that he voted to spare their lives, and that he "had no heart to strike more than once." He then professed religion, and gave some evidence of discipleship, yet we had no heart to converse with him about this infamous business. We understood from his friends that the impression of the inhuman deed never left his mind.

The village of Shœnbrun escaped, and the inhabitants fled to Sandusky. Afterwards they removed to the river Thames in Canada, received the protection of the British government, and built the town of Fairfield, where their descendants still remain.

The space allowed will permit us barely to glance at modern Indian missions, the most prosperous of which has been amongst the Cherokees. About fifty years since, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists projected missions to this people, and some incipient measures were taken by the late Gideon Blackburn, D. D., then a resident of Tennessee. In 1808 the Cherokee nation organized a form of government, had a legislature, and expressed a desire for schools.

Regular missionary labors were commenced in the Cherokee country in 1817, by the Rev. Messrs. Kingsbury, Hall, and Williams. A school was opened, and the Gospel preached to them by means of an interpreter. These measures were followed up with success; some were converted, and next year a church was organized.

One of the most extraordinary events in the history of mind and literature, occurred amongst the Cherokees in 1825. This was the invention of an alphabet by George Guess, a full-blooded and wholly uneducated Cherokee. Hearing some of his countrymen speak of the superiority of the white people in making "the paper talk," and by which, when they had put down a talk it would stay there, and could be carried to a great distance, he took a flat stone and attempted to make a particular mark for every word. The Indians laughed at him; but he would go to the woods, under pretence of hunting, and there make his marks from day to day. The number of marks soon overburdened his memory, when the thought occurred to him to contrive a mark for each sound. Every syllable in the Cherokee language is either a simple vowel sound, or a vowel preceded by a consonant. There are six vowels and twelve consonants, simple and compound. Consequently, from combinations, the syllables will be seventy-two. By modifications a few other syllables are produced, making the whole number eighty-five. For each of

these sounds he invented a character or mark. Thus he produced a perfect phonic alphabet. Hence, as soon as a Cherokee learns to pronounce the names of the characters that represent the sounds in his language, he is a perfect reader. When Guess, who had borne all the ridicule of his friends with the most unwearied patience, produced his alphabet and read, the people were astonished.

Finding he could make the paper talk as well as white people, numbers came to him for instruction, and thousands have since learned to read.

This principle of phonic alphabet has been applied to other Indian languages; and school-books, hymns, the Scriptures, and periodicals have been published, and are read by great numbers of the red-men of the forests and prairies.

On our table lies the Cherokee Advocate, a newspaper, respectable in size and appearance, and containing the usual matter of our own hebdomadals. In one column we see a chapter from that inimitable allegory, the Pilgrim's Progress, now in process of translation into Cherokee.

The Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks, have made rapid progress in civilization and in the knowledge of the Christian religion. In their new location in the Indian territory, lying to the west of the states of Missouri and Arkansas, they are fast becoming a fixed and an agricultural people. The influences of the Gospel have been signally mani-

fested in transformation of character and habits of life.

The great question has been solved, that the Indian race can be civilized, converted, and saved. Thousands of pious, devoted, consistent Christians of that people,—hitherto "scattered and peeled,"—now stand up in the Indian country to attest the power and triumph of the Gospel.

The territory west of Missouri and Arkansas, that has been set apart by government as a permanent residence for the Indian race, is well adapted to their circumstances and wants. It is about six hundred miles in length from north to south, and for two hundred miles west has an abundant supply of rich, arable land, admirably adapted to raising cattle, horses, and swine; well watered and healthy.

Besides Shawnees, Delawares, Pottawatamies, Saukies, Miamis, and the remnants of the Illinois nation, together with the Osages, Kauzaus, and other tribes who are indigenous to that country, the following tabular statement of the southern immigrant Indians is given from the returns of last year to the Indian Department of government:

Cherokees, ...	26,000
Choctaws, ...	12,410
Chickasaws, ...	4,111
Creeks, ...	24,594

The whole number who have emigrated west of the Mississippi, under authority of the government,

amount to eighty-nine thousand three hundred and forty-eight. About thirty thousand still remain in the states east of the Mississippi.

East of the Rocky Mountains are to be found about one hundred and sixty-eight thousand. These, with the tribes in Oregon and Texas, claim the benevolent attentions of the friends of missions. Without the Gospel they must perish. It is the direct influence of the Gospel alone that can arouse up the poor Indian from the stupor of ignorance and sensuality, and bring him into the light and glorious liberty of the sons of God.

The Ship.

BY WILLIAM W. LORD.

Whither, ye wingèd creatures
That fill the ocean's side,
With your white wings on the wind,
And your broad breasts to the tide,
Oh whither do ye flee?
Where do the winds that blow—
Why do the light winds bear
O'er the flowing tides below
These things of sea and air,
These white clouds of the sea?

Ye giants that o'erthreaten
The heaving, restless plain,
With your triple ranks of iron,
Ye warriors of the Main;
Why o'er the billows free,
Ye things of sea and air,
Why do the tempests bear
Your dark sides through the foam,
Oh whither do ye roam,
Thunder-clouds of the sea?

From the ocean isles defenceless,
From the rampire-shielded nation,
From storm'd and blacken'd cities,
The sound of desolation;
And a deep wail from the sea,
Where the goodly ships went under
When your hundred-bolted thunder
To the seamen's sinking cry
Made the echoes from the sky
Tell your victory!

Whither, you ships of treasure,
Move ye, so richly laden,
Each like a fair and stately
Veil'd, bejewell'd maiden?
Why on the billows free,
Ye winds that ever blow,
And whither do ye bear
O'er the flowing tides below,
These things of sea and air,
These ladies of the sea?

From houses silken, delicate,
Where the banquet-guests sit long,
And drunken with the golden wine
Of music move the throng,
A sound of impious glee;
And the heavy sound of wo
From workshops, where the slow

Incessant strokes of Toil
Make nature Cunning's spoil,
Sell life for luxury.

But ye whose white wings bear
Through storms a Sabbath-calm,
Who make the silent ocean hear
The voice of prayer and psalm,
Oh whither do ye flee?
Where do the winds that blow—
Why do the light winds bear
O'er the flowing tides below,
These things of sea and air,
These angels of the sea?

From mainland and from island,
Wild alps, and groves of palm,
Dark woods, and ancient temples,
A voice of prayer and psalm,
The sound of jubilee;
And on mountain and on plain,
Rise the sleepers, rise the slain,
And their coral shouts ascend,
And Earth and Heaven blend
Hymns of victory!

The Genius of War as contrasted with that of Christianity.

BY J. LAWRENCE DE GRAW.

"The proud victor's plume,
The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath
Of blood-dash'd laurel—what will these avail
The spirit parting from material things?
One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,
Borne, dove-like, o'er the waste and warring earth,
Is better passport at the gate of Heaven."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE disastrous consequences of war have not of late years been witnessed in our land. Although we have not ourselves seen contending hosts engaged in mortal strife, nor looked upon burning cities, nor heard the death-shriek of the fallen, and the agonizing groan of the dying, mingled with shouts of triumph, the roar of artillery, and the clash of arms; we yet remember the stories told us by our fathers, of the "times which tried men's souls." May the scenes of those times never be re-enacted. May the prayers of Christians ascend to Him who rules in the heavens and among the inhabitants of the earth, that the dreadful scourge may continue to be averted from our own beloved country, and other

nations engaged in fulfilling the great commission, by proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation throughout the earth ;—whose devoted missionaries have penetrated the snows of the north, and the sands of the south—who have braved the winds and the waves to plant the Gospel banner upon the isles of the ocean. War ! who can portray its dreadful aspects,—the miseries entailed upon the human race by those who have panted for fame and glory, who in their eager pursuit of these phantoms have trampled in the dust all that was beautiful, lovely, and of good report—the high attributes of that word and law of the Most High, which inculcates peace on earth, good-will to man? Hear the commander of the "Army of Italy," when overlooking the beautiful vales of Piedmont from the neighboring heights. "Soldiers, you are hungry and naked. The republic owes you much, but she has not the means to acquit herself of her debts. The patience with which you support your hardships among these barren rocks is admirable, but it cannot procure you glory. I have come to lead you into the most fertile plains that the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers, with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?" This, it has justly been observed, was showing the deer to the hound when the leash is about to be slipped.

The arch enemy of mankind who fought with his

hosts, when there was war in heaven, against Michael and the angels, doubtless holds a jubilee, unseen by mortal eyes, upon each field of carnage; while the legions of Pandemonium revel amid the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.

Switzerland, with her beautiful lakes and towering Alps, has been the battle-field of Europe. Of what avail have the rocks and snow-capped mountains which hem in her fertile valleys been, in arresting the progress of armed hosts through succeeding ages, from the time when Attila, the scourge of the north, burst upon Europe with his five hundred thousand Huns, like an avalanche, spreading destruction on all sides and leaving desolation in his track as he passed? Her rocky defiles have echoed to the tread of the barbarian of the north, of the wild hordes of the east, and, in later times, to that of the chivalry of Europe. The thunder of artillery and the deep sullen roar of the avalanche have mingled together. Banner and plume have waved in the mountain breeze, while casque and helmet, and blade and bayonet, glittered in the morning sun. The beautiful lake of Lucerne and its valley might also tell many a thrilling tale of outrage and horror, inflicted upon the peaceful and defenceless inhabitants by the cupidity and unquenchable ambition of the French invader. And what reward awaited many of those who stood foremost in the ranks of the despoiler? Let the following facts supply the answer.

Marshal Ney stood erect, facing the platoon of soldiers drawn up for his execution. With his hand placed upon his heart, he exclaimed, "My comrades, fire on me!" He fell, pierced by ten balls. His sword had often waved amid the thickest of the fight. He had faced death a thousand times, whilst leading his columns to face the cannon's mouth, or to mount the deadly breach. He had charged the hosts of Waterloo; but now the last enemy, Death, had triumphed over him, and the muffled drum sounded his requiem. Murat—the gay, but hardened and daring Murat, was seized whilst exciting a revolt at Naples; tried and executed under a law he had himself introduced when the crown encircled his brow.

In the month of January, 1824, Felix Neff, the missionary of the High Alps, arrived at the hamlet of Arvieux, in the *Val Queyras*. The department of the High Alps is that portion of the great mountain chain which divides France from Italy. Two lofty peaks are embraced in this division, mount Genèvre in the north, and mount Viso, one of the most conspicuous in Europe, in the south. "Looking from the city of Gap towards Viso and Genèvre," writes one familiar with the scene, "you see nothing but successive ridges of peaks, covered in summer with masses of brownish rock, and in winter with snow and ice. As thus seen, it seems wholly impassable to human footsteps, much less inhabited by

mankind. But in these mountain gorges, the necessities of men, and especially cruel persecutions, have compelled them to find habitations on such spots as could be made capable of furnishing even a scanty and miserable subsistence." In these mountain retreats, many who were persecuted for the Truth's sake found an asylum, from the days of Marcus Aurelius to those of Louis XV. It was here and in the valleys of Piedmont, that the Waldenses for fifteen centuries maintained in its integrity the true faith. That martyr-people, after having suffered three centuries of violent persecution, endured three more of wars, in which the dukes of Savoy and the kings of France, at the bidding of the Pope, hunted them as the sportsman would the wild beasts. Neff's field of labor extended thirty-five miles north, and twenty south, embracing the Val Queyras on the east, connecting with the valleys of Piedmont by the pass, or in fact the chasm of the Col de la Croix and the Val Fressinière on the west, including in all about eighteen villages or hamlets. What a parish to superintend! What ardor of zeal, as well as strength of physical constitution, was needed to carry a pastor through the toils necessary to the faithful oversight of the flock dispersed through such a frightful region! We have been familiar with mountain scenes from our childhood, continues our writer; we have wandered, too, amid the Alps, both in Piedmont and in Savoy. We have found among the lofty ranges, in many places, very sweet

valleys, clothed with green meadows and yellow fields of grain; whilst pleasant villages and hamlets marked them as isolated, but very agreeable, abodes of men. Herds of cattle roaming in the rich pasturages, and innumerable flocks of sheep and goats browsing upon the mountain sides, and skipping from rock to rock, give an animated picture of enjoyment.

But widely different is the scene in the High Alps, in Val Queyras and Val Fressinière. There, on the contrary, the valleys are for the most part dark and sterile. Alp rises upon Alp, and masses of rock of appalling aspect, piled up as it were to the skies, block up many of the defiles, and forbid further advance, even to the boldest adventurer. "There," says Mr. Gilly, in his memoirs of Neff, "the tottering cliffs, the sombre and frowning rocks,—which from their fatiguing continuity look like a mournful veil, which is never to be raised,—the tremendous abysses, and the comfortless cottages, and the ever-present dangers from avalanches, and thick mists and clouds, proclaim that this is a land which man never would have chosen, even for his hiding-place, but from the direst necessity." In the whole range of Alpine scenery, rich as it is in the wonders of nature, there is nothing more terrific than the pass from the Guil. For several miles the waters of the torrent occupy the whole breadth of the defile, which is a vast rent in the mountain; and the path, which in places will not admit more than

two to walk side by side, is hewn out of the rocks. These rise to such a giddy height, that the soaring pinnacles which crown them look like the fine points of masonry-work on the summit of a cathedral,—while the projecting masses that overhang the wayfaring-man's head are more stupendous and menacing than the imagination can conceive. Enormous fragments are continually rolling down; and as the wind roars through the gloomy defile, and threatens to sweep you into the torrent below, you wonder what power it is which holds together the terrifying suspensions, and prevents your being crushed by the fall. Much has been related of the peril of traversing a pass on the summit of a mountain with yawning precipices beneath your feet; but in fact there is no danger equal to a journey through a defile like this, where you are at the bottom of an Alpine gulf, with hundreds of feet of crumbling rock above your head." Through this pass Neff forced his way in the middle of January. He was received as an angel of mercy. He proclaimed the truths of the Gospel daily; he visited from house to house, sat by the bedside of the sick and the dying; death was robbed of its sting, and the grave of its terrors. He formed classes for instruction, schools for learning to read, and for singing, for he loved the songs of Zion; and as he pursued his way through the dreary mountain pass, his spirit was aroused to renewed efforts, and cheered by the sound

of his own voice echoing hymns of praise amidst the terrific and sublime handywork of Him who created the everlasting hills.

Neff visited the most distant parts of his field of labor during the first winter of his arrival in the High Alps. He traversed the way on foot amid the deep snows; braved the chilling blasts, the storm, and the tempest. Onward, was his cry; forward to thy work, thy Master's work—for the night cometh when no man can work. He approaches the village of St. Jean d'Heran; his coming was expected; the people throng the wayside to welcome him; the old and the young hasten to greet their much-loved pastor. His heart throbs with emotion, and he requests them to retire to their homes, promising to visit each cottage.

Of Dormilleuse, the highest village in the valley of Fressinière, perched upon a cliff high up the mountain-side, it has been said, that of all the habitable spots in Europe, this is the most repulsive. The traveller in search of new scenes to gratify his taste for the sublime and beautiful, finds nothing to repay him but the satisfaction of planting his foot on the spot which has been hallowed as the asylum of Christians, of whom the world was not worthy. Here Neff aided with his own hands to build a chapel and a school-house. After about three and a half years' labor, his health gave way, and in a little while he was obliged to give up

his work, and return to Geneva, his native city, to die. A beautiful tribute—and well was it deserved—has been paid to his memory. His sun went down whilst it was yet day. But as the departing rays of the great natural luminary often leave the western sky gloriously illumined long after the splendid orb from which they emanate has sunk below the horizon; so the piety, the zeal, the amazing labors of Neff amid the frightful valleys of the Alps, have not ceased to shed their heavenly influence upon the world to this day. Destitute of the early advantages and the science of Henry Martyn, he was yet perhaps the equal of that wonderful man in natural talent and zeal.

On the other hand, possessing the devoted piety and ardent passion for the salvation of men and the glory of God, which characterized the life of David Brainerd, he resembled him both in the shortness and the sufferings of his missionary career.

In contrast to the preceding, turn we to the glory of war. An eminent statesman of our own land, adverting to the subject, says: "Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who had hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind!"

In reading of all the great and mighty deeds of men,

and looking on the great throng, toiling and struggling through dangers, difficulties, and horrors for the word *glory*,—the empty echo of renown, or perhaps a worse reward, we rise as from a phantasmagoria, when a world of strange and glittering figures have been passing before the eye, changing with the rapidity of light, and each leaving an impression for memory, though the whole was but the shadow of a shade.

Napoleon, when addressing his troops, told them of the "glory of France." Glory was his watch-word—glory was his battle-cry; and tens of thousands responded to his call, from every hill and valley of France; from the cottage and the castle the infatuated mass rushed forward to join his eagle standard. Where are they?

> "O'er the ensanguined plain
> I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain;
> Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
> Their flimsy legions through the waste of air."

Where are they? Go ask the rocks and chasms of the Alps to give up their dead. Ask the vulture soaring in mid air above the loftiest heights, for the human prey upon which he fed. Ask the bridge of Lodi for its victims, the action at which, Napoleon, in writing to the Directory, terms "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi;" or the marshes of Arcola for the eleven thousand who fell there; after which battle, said the great commander, "I have

scarcely a general left;" or the sands of Egypt and the Pyramids to bear witness of the thousands slaughtered there; or the dark waters of Aboukir for those who sank beneath the waves on the night of Nelson's victory; or the thousands afterwards driven into the sea by the French army, the waters of which were said to have been covered with floating turbans. The catalogue is not yet filled: there is Marengo's field, Austerlitz, Jena, the snowy wastes of Russia, and Beresina's icy flood, from whose waters thirty-six thousand corses were taken, the remains of those who had perished in the retreat of the grand army from Moscow. Close the dreadful tragedy with the scene enacted at Waterloo, where the loss of the victors threw half of Britain into mourning. Call you this glory? "He who sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Behold the man who shook Europe to its centre—at whose will empires rose and fell—in whose hands crowns were as toys:—the narrow limits of a rock in the midst of the ocean are the bounds which confine him! A tempest rages—the sea is lashed in foam, and dashes with a sullen roar upon the lonely rock—trees are torn up by the roots—all nature is convulsed;—Napoleon lay upon his death-bed; his last thoughts still pointing to his master-passion, he languidly exclaimed, "*Tête d'armée*," and his spirit passed from its tenement of clay. Alas for earthly grandeur, thrones, palaces, empires—where is their glory?

On the 30th September, 1816, a public meeting of great interest was held in the city of London. An immense congregation filled the large church in which the exercises were appointed to take place. It was no festival day; no banners were borne aloft, no strains of music burst upon the ear—yet the aisles and galleries of the spacious building were thronged. Nine young men stood forth to receive commissions,—not as officers of a martial host, to lead men to fields of slaughter and carnage—to mingle in the work of death—yet they went forth to conquer, to triumph under the banner of the Prince of Peace,—as missionaries of the Gospel—soldiers of the Cross—ready to follow the great apostle of the Gentiles, whose declaration, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ," each one was ready to adopt as his own. A Christian minister steps forth and places in the hands of each the Holy Bible: this is their guide, their shield, their weapon; this contains the promise of the Son of God, "Lo I am with you alway." What need they more? They enlist under the banner of the great Captain of salvation. They give themselves to the great and glorious work of proclaiming the Gospel to the dark places of the earth; indifferent to all those ties which bind one to his native land. Objects endeared by many happy recollections are to be seen and visited no more. Friends and companions are bid farewell, and that holy chain of kindred affection, though com-

posed of a thousand links, and each link entwined by a wreath of life's sweetest flowers, is to be snapped asunder. Yet the missionary is willing to endure all this for the cause of Him who freely gave his life a ransom for guilty man.

John Williams was the youngest of the number. His field of labor was the islands of the South Seas. A few weeks before he sailed, the friends of missions were cheered by glad tidings from those distant groups. After a long night of toil, the morning had at length dawned upon Tahiti and the surrounding islands. The savage tribes had felt the influence of the truth, and many of the chiefs were the first to embrace it. Twelve months have passed away, and the missionary stands upon a heathen shore. New scenes meet his view. Entering the chapel at Eimeo, he beholds hundreds worshipping the true God, who but a few months before were savages, sacrificing to idols. He hears the voice of the islander's prayer imploring the blessing of God upon the missionaries and their labors.

Having acquired a knowledge of the language and the habits of the natives, the intrepid Williams commences that brilliant and glorious series of victories which he is the instrument in accomplishing. A canoe, containing a chief and a number of natives from Rurutu, launched upon the broad billows to seek a refuge they knew not where, from a fatal epidemic which was sweeping over their lovely but devoted island.

The strangers are providentially guided, or rather driven by the winds and waves upon the shores of Mauro, where they find the inhabitants worshipping the Christian's God. These point to their demolished maraes* and mutilated images, and inform the strangers that white men had come from a distant land to teach them the Gospel of peace; and that they were living on islands, the summits of whose mountains they could see. Again the canoe is launched; not now to fly from the anger of imaginary gods, and the destroying pestilence, but in search of those who could tell them of "the way, the truth, and the life;" they are wafted to the shores of Raiatea,—they behold with wonder the men, the missionaries and their wives; they hear the precepts of peace, and love, and hope; they hear of heaven and its joys,—they ask for teachers to accompany them to their own native isle, and instruct their friends and kindred.

A month has passed. They have visited their home, and return with their boat laden with the spoils of victory, the idols taken in a bloodless war. The missionary visits other islands; he approaches Aitutaki; the natives surround his boat and draw it upon the shore, singing hymns of praise. He hears of other lands, upon whose shores the white man has never trod; he desires to visit them, and sails with-

* Idol temples.

out a chart or guide, and returns unsuccessful. He sails again and renews the search; and now the lofty hills of Raratonga, the unknown land, are descried. After many days of doubt and anxiety, the people receive the truth, and the Gospel banner waves in peace over that beautiful island. The thoughts of the missionary now wander to a far-off group, at a distance of near two thousand miles. He resolves to build a ship, and embark for those distant shores. But another trial now awaits him; will he leave the partner of his life, the mother of his children—she who cheered him in his labours, who left her home to be his companion in these benighted lands? "Go," said the heroic wife. "go, and every day my prayers shall follow you, that God may preserve you, crown your efforts with success, and bring you back in safety."

The "Messenger of Peace," their little vessel, is at length completed, and floats upon the waves. She bears upon her flag the dove and olive-branch. The anchor is weighed, and they bear away for "Samoa's land." Many islands are visited,—labourers in the vineyard of God are cheered in their work, and at length the Samoan group rises in view. The cloud-capped mountains of Savaii are descried; and the first white man, the messenger of salvation, stands upon the shore. Thousands cluster around and listen to the voice of him who tells them of Jehovah, the only true God, the God of peace and love; they

ask if the Christian's religion will put an end to their dreadful wars. The missionary proceeds to the residence of the great war-chief, Malietoa. As the messengers of the Gospel of peace land on the shore, they behold the mountains enveloped in flames and smoke; they inquire the cause. Has a volcano burst forth, spreading destruction abroad,—its torrent of lava overflowing the plains? Ah, no! it is war. A battle has just been fought, and the flames are consuming the houses, the plantations, and the bodies of women and children, and the aged and infirm, who have fallen into the hands of their sanguinary conquerors. Months have rolled on in their course; a large chapel has been erected. The missionary declares the Gospel truth to a thousand attentive listeners. "Give us teachers," they cry. "We will have no more war. We wish for peace; we desire to be Christians, and to worship the true God." And now we approach the closing scene in the life of the martyr of Erromanga. He had visited his native land, his own loved England; he had met with kind and beloved friends and kindred once more. But he cannot stay; his mind, his whole soul is in his Master's work. The ship is bounding over the waves; he is received with joy in the islands where he labored and established the Gospel, but he cannot rest; there are thousands far beyond who are yet destitute. He arrives at another group in the Western Pacific; Erromanga is selected,—selected, alas!

to be his grave. The boat touches the shore; he advances within the shade of the lofty trees to meet the natives, beings of a savage and fierce aspect, while the crew wait the issue in fearful suspense. A cry breaks the death-like silence; he flies to the shore, pursued by cannibals; he falls; the club of the savage descends upon him; and, pierced with poisoned arrows, he yields his life a martyr in the hallowed cause of his divine Master.

Robert Moffatt stood upon the platform in Surrey Chapel, and was commissioned to go "far hence among the Gentiles," at the same time with the Martyr of Erromanga. Their respective fields of labor were both arduous but of a widely different character. Moffatt had felt the claims of the perishing, and helpless, and almost friendless millions of Africa, with whom, as he said, when on a visit to his native land, all black, and barbarous, and benighted as they were, he hoped to live, labor, and die. Soon after, he embarked for the shores of South Africa, where he is now, unless called to rest from his labors, among the children of the wilderness, the wild tribes of the desert—the Kafirs, the Bushmen, and the Hottentots.

With the exception of a single tribe in the unexplored regions of the interior, there does not exist a tribe or people more brutish, ignorant, and miserable, than the Bushmen of South Africa. They have neither house nor shed, flocks nor herds. Their home is afar in the desert—the unfrequented

mountain pass, or the secluded recess of a cave or ravine.

The Bushman has a melancholy cast of features, with a quick and suspicious look. This cannot be wondered at when it is remembered that he associates with savage beasts, from the lion that roams abroad by night and day, to the deadly serpent which infests his path. "I have traversed," said the missionary, "regions, in which thousands once dwelt, drinking at their own fountains and killing their own game; but now, alas! scarcely a family is to be seen. It is impossible to look over these desolate plains and mountain-glens, without feeling the deepest melancholy, while the wind, moaning in the vale, seems to echo back the sound, 'Where are they?' Poor Bushman! thy hand has been against every one, and every one's hand against thee." They kill their children without remorse, strangle or smother them, cast them away in the desert, or bury them alive, when forced to flee upon the approach of foes; and the parent has been known to cast his tender offspring to the hungry lion, that stands roaring before his hiding-place in the rock. Are we not ready to ask, Can these beings be human? Kindness is the key to the human heart. Even the Bushman, with his savage nature, has been found to acknowledge the benign and transforming power of the Gospel of peace;—and a number, when they heard the word of life, believed, and a Christian church arose in

their midst; extensive gardens were laid out, and these were cultivated by the wild Bushman's own hands :—making the wilderness to rejoice, and blossom as the rose. The roving Bushman has been induced to throw aside his spear, to construct a dwelling-place, to rear flocks and herds, and, on the Sabbath-day, to resort to the house of prayer.

Such men as the two we have referred to may well command our highest admiration and gratitude ; they are the true benefactors of mankind,—the standard-bearers of the Gospel, who go forth sowing in tears its precious seed. Many have nobly fallen at their post of duty, and prepared the way for others to reap in joy ; 'twas thus in Kafir-land.

Doctor Vanderkemp, a native of Holland, was the first to sound the theme of divine love among the Kafirs, a nation of atheists, a people inured to war, fierce and superstitious. Fearlessly he pitched his tent in their midst, although surrounded with dangers seen and unseen ; looked upon as a spy come to search out their land, his life was in danger from the secret foe lying in wait to stab him, and the open hostility of the tyrant chief. Yet his life was preserved from the foe and from the beast of prey. He was the first public defender of the rights of the poor degraded Hottentot. He seemed, by his firm ness of character and distinguished talents, prepared for the Herculean task to which he devoted himself. He forced his way at once into the midst of a dense

population of barbarians, the most powerful, warlike, and independent of all the tribes within or without the boundaries of the Cape Colony. He was not only a profound student in ancient languages, but in all the modern European tongues; yet this man, constrained by the "love of Christ," could cheerfully lay aside all his academic honors, when the paramount claims of the destitute heathen were presented to his mind. He came from a university to teach the alphabet to the poor naked Hottentot; from the refinements of society, to associate with beings of the lowest grade; from a life of earthly honors and ease, to one of perils of waters, of robbers, and of the heathen, in the desert and the wilderness.

How strikingly is the power of the Gospel exemplified in the life and death of Africaner, the terror of South Africa, who, in the days of his youth, roamed free over his native hills, and, with his father, rich in the possession of flocks and herds! The foreigner seized their lands and made them dependents. Africaner, oppressed and goaded on to madness by his tyrannical master, sought revenge. A fitting opportunity presenting itself, their oppressors were shot down, and Africaner, with his band, fled to the woods on the banks of the Orange river, and there fixed his abode. He soon became the terror of the land. The tribes fled at his approach. His name carried dismay even to the solitary wastes. This man, once the lion, at whose roar the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled

from their homes, may now be seen to weep like a child under the influence of that spirit of heavenly peace and love, which makes men a little lower than the angels. Hear this former terror of the land, now a meek and humble follower of the Lamb: "What have I now," said he, "of all the battles I have fought and all the property I destroyed, but shame and remorse?" And the hero of Europe's battle-fields might have asked himself amid the solitudes of St. Helena, What have I now of all of the battles fought, and victories won, and spoils gained in strife? "Arriving at Pella," says Mr. Moffatt, "we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls and subjects, to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met, who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's destruction; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive-branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both, without a sword or spear, and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of Peace, under whose banner each was promoting that reign in which

> "'No longer hosts encountering hosts,
> Their heaps of slain deplore;
> They hang the trumpet in the hall,
> And study war no more.'"

Africaner lay upon his death-bed. He called his

people around him: "We are not," said he, "what we were, savages, but men professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us, then, do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible; and consult those who are placed over you before you engage in any thing. Behave to any teacher sent to you, as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood, but I trust I am pardoned by the Lord Jesus Christ and am going to heaven."

But we must close our illustrations and remarks, although the theme is far from being exhausted of its interest; the contrast exhibited between the two conditions of peace and war, will never be fully portrayed till the arrival of that great day for which all other days were made, when there shall stand before the "great white throne" the conqueror and the conquered; the leaders of armed hosts, and their myriads of slain victims: then, but not till then, will it be possible to learn, in all its vast extent, the importance of the Gospel of peace, with its heaven-appointed ministrant;—one of whose glorious predictions it is, that the nations shall learn war no more.

Pocahontas.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

Light was the heart and sweet the smile,
Of her, the maid of forest-bower,
Ere yet the stranger's step of guile
Bore one soft beauty from the flower;
The wild girl of an Indian vale,
A child, with all of woman's seeming,
And if her cheek be less than pale,
'Twas with the life-blood through it streaming;
Soft was the light that fill'd her eye,
And grace was in her every motion,
Her tone was touching, like the sigh,
When young love first becomes devotion,—
And worship still was hers—her sire
Beloved and fear'd, a prince of power,
Whose simplest word or glance of ire
Still made a thousand chieftains cower.
Not such her sway,—yet not the less,
Because it better pleased to bless,
And won its rule by gentleness:

Among a savage people, still
She kept from savage moods apart,
And thought of crime and dream of ill
Had never sway'd her maiden heart.
A milder tutor had been there,
And, midst wild scenes and wilder men,
Her spirit, like her form, was fair,
And gracious was its guidance then.
Her sire, that fierce old forest king,
Himself had ruled that she should be
A meek, and ever gentle thing,
To clip his neck, to clasp his knee;
To bring his cup when, from the chase,
He came, o'erwearied with its toils;
To cheer him by her girlish grace,
To sooth him by her sunniest smiles—
For these, she dwelt a thing apart
From deeds that make the savage mirth,
And haply thus she kept her heart
As fresh and feeling as at birth;
A Christian heart, though by its creed
Untaught, yet in her native wild,
Free from all taint of thought or deed,
A sweet, and fond, and spotless child;
Scarce woman yet, but haply nigh
The unconscious changes of the hour
When youth is sad, unknowing why,—
The bud dilating to the flower,
And sighing with the expanding birth

Of passionate hopes that, born to bless,
May yet, superior still to earth,
Make happy with their pure impress.
Such, in her childhood, ere the blight
Of failing fortunes touch'd her race,
Was Pocahontas still,—a bright
And blessing form of youth and grace,—
Beloved of all, her father's pride,
His passion, from the rest apart,
A love for which he still had died,
The very life-blood of his heart.

II.

The king would seek the chase to-day,
And mighty is the wild array
That gathers nigh in savage play,—
A nation yields its ear;
A bison herd—so goes the tale—
Is trampling down the cultured vale,
And none who love the land may fail
To gather when they hear.
He goes,—the father from his child,
To seek the monster of the wild,
But, in his fond embraces caught,
Ere yet he goes, he hears her thought,—
Her wish,—the spotted fawn, his prize,
The pet most dear to girlhood's eyes,
Long promised, which the chase denies.

Stern is the sudden look he darts
Around the assembled crowd, as now
His footstep from the threshold parts,
And dark the cloud about his brow.
"We hunt no timid deer to-day,
And arm for slaughter, not for play,—
Another season for such prey,
My child, and other prey for thee:
A captive from the herd we seek,
Would bring but sorrow to thy cheek,
Make thee forget what peace is here,
Of bird, and bloom, and shady tree,
And teach thine eyes the unknown tear!—
No more!"
He puts her from his grasp,
Undoes, with gentle hand, the clasp
She takes about his neck, and then,
Even as he sees her silent grief
He turns, that dark old Indian chief,
And takes her to his arms again.
"It shall be as thou wilt—the fawn,
Ere from the hills the light is gone,
Shall crouch beneath thy hands."
How sweetly then she smiled—his eye
Once more perused her tenderly,
Then, with a smile, he put her by,
And shouted to his bands.

III.

They came !—a word, a look, is all—
The thicket hides their wild array,
A thousand warriors, plumed and tall,
Well arm'd and painted for the fray.
The maiden watch'd their march,—a doubt
Rose in her heart, which, as they went,
Her tongue had half-way spoken out,
Suspicious of their fell intent.
"A bison herd—yet why the frown
Upon my father's brow, and why
The war-tuft on each warrior's crown,
The war-whoop as they gather'd nigh?
They tell of stranger braves—a race,
With thunder clad, and pale of face,
And lightnings in their grasp,—who dart
The bolt unseen with deadliest aim,—
A sudden shock, a show of flame,—
Still fatal, to the foeman's heart.
Ah! much I fear, with these to fight,
Our warriors seek the woods to-day,
And they will back return by night
With horrid tokens of the fray;—
With captives doom'd in robes of fire
To sooth the spirits of those who fell,
And glut the red and raging ire
Of those who but avenge too well!
Ah! father, could my prayer avail,
Such should not be thy sport and pride;

It were, methinks, a lovelier tale,
Of peace along our river's side;
And groves of plenty, fill'd with song
Of birds, that crowd, a happy throng
To hail the happier throngs below;
That tend the maize-fields and pursue
The chase, or urge the birch canoe,
And seek no prey and have no foe!
Ah! not for me,—if there should come
A chief to bear me to his home,—
Let him not hope, with bloody spear,
To win me to his heart and will,—
Nor boast, in hope to please my ear,
Of victims he has joy'd to kill.
No! let me be a maiden still;
I care not if they mock, and say
The child of Powhatan sits lone,
And lingers by the public way
With none to hearken to her moan,—
She'll sit, nor sigh, till one appears
Who finds no joy in human tears."

IV.

Now sinks the day-star, and the eve
With dun and purple seems to grieve;
Sudden the dark ascends, the night
Speeds on with rapid rush and flight;
The maiden leaves her forest bowers,
Where late she wove her idle flowers,

Chill'd by the gloom, but chill'd the more
As from the distant wood she hears
A shriek of death, that, heard before,
Has grown familiar to her ears,
And fills her soul with secret dread
Of many a grief the young heart knows,
In loneliness, by fancy fed,
That ever broods o'er nameless woes,
And grieves the more at that relief
Which finds another name for grief.
Too certain now her cause of fear,
That shout of death awakes again;
The cry which stuns her woman ear,
Is that of vengeance for the slain.
Too well she knows the sound that speaks
For terrors of the mortal strife,
The bitter yell, whose promise reeks
With vengeance on the captive life.
"No bison hunt," she cried, "but fight,
Their cruel joy, their fierce delight;
They come with bloody hands to bring
Some captive to the fatal ring;
There's vengeance to be done to-day
For warrior slaughter'd in the fray;
Yet who their foe, unless it be
The race that comes beyond the sea,
The pale, but powerful chiefs, who bear
The lightnings in their grasp, and fling
Their sudden thunder through the air,

With bolts that fly on secret wing?
The Massawomek now no more
Brings down his warriors to the shore,
And 'twas but late the Monacan,
O'ercome in frequent fight, gave o'er,
And bow'd the knee to Powhatan.
Scarce is gone three moons ago
Since they laid the hatchet low,
Smoked the calumet that grew
To a sign for every eye,
And by this the warriors knew
That the Spirit from above,
As the light smoke floated high,
Bless'd it with the breath of love.
'Tis the pale-face, then, and he,—
Wild in wrath, and dread to see,—
Terrible in fight,—ah! me!
If against my father's heart
He hath sped his thunder-dart!"

v.

Now gather the warriors of Powhatan nigh,
A rock is his throne,
His footstool a stone,
Dark the cloud on his brow, keen the fire in his eye,
To a ridge on his forehead swells the vein;—
His hand grasps the hatchet, which swings to and fro,
As if ready to sink in the brain,

But looking in vain for the foe!
Thus the king on the circle looks round,
With a speech that has never a sound;
His eye hath a thirst which imparts
What the lip might but feebly essay,
And it speaks like an arrow to their hearts,
As if bidding them bound on the prey.
The brow of each chief is in air,
With a loftiness born of his own;
And the king, like the lion from his lair,
Looks proud on the props of his throne.
His eagle and his tiger are there,
His vulture, his cougar, his fox,—
And cold, on the edge of his rocks,
The war-rattle rings his alarum and cries,
"I strike, and my enemy dies!"
Lifts the soul of the monarch to hear,
Lifts the soul of the monarch to see,
And, quick at his summons, the chieftains draw near,
And shouting, they sink on the knee,—
Then rise and await his decree.

VI.

The king in conscious majesty
Roll'd around his fiery eye,
As some meteor, hung on high,
Tells of fearful things to be,
In the record roll of fate—
Which the victim may not flee—

It may be to one alone,
Of the thousand forms that wait,
At the footstool of the throne!
Parts his lips for speech, but ere
Word can form on human sense,
Lo! the circle opens—there—
One descends, a form of light,
As if borne with downward flight,
You may hardly gather whence.
Slight the form, and with a grace
Caught from heaven, its native place;
Bright of eye, and with a cheek,
In its glowing, ever meek,
With a maiden modesty,
That puts love, a subject, by;—
And such soft and streaming tresses,
That the gazer stops and blesses,
Having sudden dreams that spell
Reason on her throne, and make
All the subject thoughts rebel,
For the simple fancy's sake!—
Such the vision now! The ring
Yields,—and lo! before the king,
Down she sinks below the throne,
Where he sits in strength alone,—
She upon a lowly stone!
And her tresses settle down
Loosely on her shoulders brown,
Heedless she, the while, of aught

But the terror in her thought.
Eager in her fears, her hand
Rests upon his knee,—her eye
Gazing on the fierce command
Throned in his with majesty—
She alone, at that dark hour,
Dare approach the man of power.

VII.

Dread the pause that follow'd then
In those ranks of savage men;
Fain would Powhatan declare
What is working in his soul;
But the eye that meets him there,
As the maiden upward looks,
Spells him with a sweet control.
Never long his spirit brooks
Such control—his angry eye
Seeks her with reproving fire,
And her lips, with fond reply,
Part to calm the rising ire;
Soft the accents, yet the sound
Strangely breaks the silence round.

VIII.

"Is't thus thou keep'st thy word with me?
I see not here the spotted fawn,
Which thou didst promise me should be,
Ere daylight from the hills was gone,

A captive all unharmèd caught.
For this, to wreathe its neck, I sought
The purple flower that crowns the wood,
And gather'd from the sandy shore
The singing shell with crimson core,
As it were dropp'd with innocent blood.
To thee, I know, the task were light
To rouse the silver-foot and take,
Even in its weeping mother's sight,
The bleating captive from the brake.
Yet, no! there's nothing here for me,
No trophy of thy skill and toil;
Not even the bison-head I see,
The youthful hunter's proper spoil.
But, in its stead—ah! wherefore now,—
My father! do not check thy child!
Why is the dark spot on thy brow,
And why thy aspect stern and wild?
What may this mean? no bison chase,
Nor failing sport, not often vain,
Has fix'd that sign upon your face,
Of passionate hate and mortal pain!
Ah! no! methinks the fearful mood
Has found its birth in hostile blood—
The warwhoop shouted as ye went,
This told me of your fell intent;
The death-whoop, chanted as ye came,
Declared, as well, defeat and shame!"

IX.

"Ay!" cried the monarch, "well ye speak;
I feel the words upon my cheek,
In burning characters that cry
For vengeance on mine enemy.
'Tis true as thou hast said, my child,
We met our foeman in the wild,
And from the conflict bear away
But death and shame to prove the fray.
Vainly our warriors fought,—our sires,
Withhold their blessings on our arms;
The pale-face with his thunder-fires,
His lightning-shafts, and wizard charms,
Hath baffled strength and courage. We
May fold our arms—the glorious race,
That from the day-god took their birth,
Must to the stranger yield the place,
Uproot the great ancestral tree,
And fling their mantles down to earth.
Yet shall there be no vengeance? Cries,
From death, demand the sacrifice;
Souls of the slaughter'd warriors stand,
And wave us with each bloody hand;
Call for the ghost of him who slew,
In bloody rites, a warrior true,—
And shall they call in vain?
To smooth the path of shadows, heaven
A victim to the doom hath given,

Whose brow, with stroke asunder riven,
Shall recompense the slain!"

X.

Impatient, then, the monarch chief,
While fury took the place of grief,
A stalwart savage summon'd nigh,—
"The pale-faced warrior bring—the brave
Shriek o'er the valley for their slave,—
I hear them in the owl's wild cry,
The wolf's sharp clamors—he must die!
No coward he to shrink from death,
But shouting, in his latest breath,
Its pangs he will defy:—
It joys my soul in such a fate,
Which, though the agony be great,
Can still exulting sing,—
Of braves, the victims to his brand,
Whose crowding ghosts about him stand,
To bear him to the spirit-land
On swift and subject wing!"

XI.

The block is prepared,
The weapon is bared,
And the warriors are nigh with their tomahawks rear'd;
The prisoner they bring
In the midst of the ring,

And the king bids the circle around him be clear'd.
The wrath on his brow, at the sight
Of the prisoner they bring to his doom,
Now kindles his eye with a lordly delight,
As the lightning-flash kindles the gloom.
He rises, he sways, with a breath,
And hush'd grows the clamor of death;
Falls the weapon that groan'd with the thirst
To drink from the fountain accurst;
Stills the murmur that spoke for the hate
That chafed but to wait upon fate.

How trembled then the maid, as rose
That captive warrior calm and stern,
Thus girded by the wolfish foes
His fearless spirit still would spurn;
How bright his glance, how fair his face,
And with what proud enfranchised grace
His footsteps free advance, as, still,
He follow'd firm the bloody mace
That guided to the gloomy place
Where stood the savage set to kill!
How fill'd her soul with dread dismay,
Beholding in his form and air
How noble was the unwonted prey
Thus yielded to the deathsman there!
Still fearless, though in foreign land,
No weapon in his fetter'd hand,
Girt by a dark and hostile band

That never knew to spare!
His limbs but not his spirit bound,
How looks the godlike stranger round,
As heedless of the doom, as when,
In sight of thirty thousand men,
He stood by Regall's walls, and slew
The bravest of her chiefs that came
His best in beauty's sight to do,
And seeking honor, finding shame!
As little moved by fate and fear,
As when, in fair Charatza's smile
Exulting, he was doom'd to bear
The Tartar's blows and bondage vile—
And slew him in his resolute mood,
Though Terror's worst beside him stood,
And all her sleuthhounds follow'd fast,
Death, hunger, hate, a venomous brood,
Where'er his flying footsteps past.*
Not now to shrink, though, in his eyes,
Their eager bands, at last elate,
Have track'd him where the bloodstone lies,
And mock him with the show of fate!
With courage still, as proud as theirs,
He keeps a soul that laughs at fears;
Too proud for grief, too brave for tears,
Their tortures still he mocks, and boasts
His own great deeds, the crowding hosts,

* See the Life of Captain John Smith.

That witness'd, and the shrieking ghosts
His violent arm set free;
And, while his heart dilates in thought
Of glorious deeds, in lands remote,
The pride of Europe's chivalry,
It seem'd to those who gazed, that still
The passion of triumph seem'd to fill—
While nerving well, with deathless will—
The exulting champion's heart!
Half trembled then the savage foe,
Lest sudden, from the unseen bow,
He still might send the fatal blow,
He still might wing the dart.
But soon—as o'er the captive's soul
Some tender memories seem'd to roll,
Like billowy clouds that, charged with streams,
Soon hide in saddest gloom the gleams
Of the imperial sun, and hush,
In grief, the day's dilating flush
Of glory and pride—the triumph fell,—
The soul obey'd the sudden spell
A dream of love that kindled far,
In youth, beneath the eastern star,
Is passing from his hope to be
The last, best light of memory.
Soft grew the fire within his eyes,
One tear the warrior's strength defies,—
His soul one moment falters—then,
As if the pliancy were shame,

Dishonoring all his ancient fame,
He stood!—the master-man of men!

XII.

That moment's sign of weakness broke
The spell that still'd the crowd! The chief,
With mockery in his accent, spoke—
For still the savage mocks at grief—
"No more! why should th' impatient death
Delay, till with the woman's breath,
Her trembling fears, her yearning sigh
For life, but vainly kept with shame,
He wrongs his own and people's name!
I would not have the warrior die,
Nor, to the last, with battle cry,
Exulting, shout his fame!
Spare him the crime of tears, that flow,
A sign of suffering none should know,
But he who flings aside the bow,
And shrinks the brand to bear;
Let not our sons the weakness see,
Lest from the foe in shame they flee,
And, by their arms no longer free,
Grow captive to their fear:
For him!—I pity while I scorn
The tribe in which the wretch was born;
And, as I gaze around,
I glad me that mine aged eye
Sees none, of all who gather nigh,

Who dread to hear the warwhoop sound,
Not one who fears to die !"

XIII.

They cast the prisoner to the ground,
With gyves from neighboring vines they bound,
His brow upon the ancient rock
They laid with wild and bitter mock,
That joy'd to mark the deep despair
That moment in the prisoner's eye,
As sudden, swung aloft in air,
He sees the bloody mace on high !
But not for him to plead in fear—
No sign of pity comes to cheer,
And, with one short, unwhisper'd prayer,
He yields him up to die.
Keen are the eyes that watch the blow,
Impatient till the blood shall flow,
A thousand eyes that gloating glow,
In eager silence hush'd :
The arm that wings the mace is bending,
The instrument of death descending,—
A moment, and the mortal sinks,
A moment, and the spirit soars,
The earth his parting life-blood drinks,
The spirit lands on foreign shores :
A moment !—and the maiden rush'd
From the low stone, where still affrighted,
Scarce dreaming what she sees is true,

With vision dim, with thoughts benighted,
She sate, as doom'd for slaughter too ;—
And stay'd the stroke in its descent,
While on her fairy knee she bent,
Pass'd one arm o'er the prisoner's brow,
Above his forehead lifts her own,
Then turns—with eye grown tearless now,
But full of speech, as eye alone
Can speak to eye and heart in prayer—
For mercy to her father's throne !
Ah ! can she hope for mercy there ?

XIV.

And what of him, that savage sire ?
Oh ! surely not in vain she turns
To where his glance of mortal ire
In lurid light of anger burns.
A moment leapt he to his feet,
When first her sudden form is seen,
Across the circle darting fleet,
The captive from the stroke to screen.
Above his head, with furious whirl,
The hatchet gleams in act to fly ;
But, as he sees the kneeling girl,
The glances of her pleading eye,—
The angel spirit of mercy waves
The evil spirit of wrath away,
And all accords, ere yet she craves
Of that her eye alone can pray.

Strange is the weakness, born of love,
That melts the iron of his soul,
And lifts him, momently, above
His passions and their dark control;
And he who pity ne'er had shown
To captive of his bow and spear,
By one strong sudden pulse has grown
To feel that pity may be dear
As vengeance to the heart,—when still
Love keeps one lurking-place and grows,
Thus prompted by a woman's will,
Triumphant over a thousand foes
'Twas, as if sudden, touch'd by Heaven,
The seal that kept the rock was riven;
As if the waters, slumbering deep,
Even from the very birth of light,
Smote by its smile, had learn'd to leap,
Rejoicing, to their Maker's sight:
How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye,—
How mock the sweet imploring grace,
That breathed in beauty from her face,
And to her kneeling action gave
A power to sooth, and still subdue,
Until, though humble as the slave,
To more than queenly sway she grew?
Oh! brief the doubt,—Oh! short the strife,
She wins the captive's forfeit life;
She breaks his bands, she bids him go,

Her idol, but her country's foe,
And dreams not, in that parting hour,
The gyves that from his limbs she tears,
Are light in weight, and frail in power,
To those that round her heart she wears.

Mary's Charm.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

'Twas not the features—not the form—
The eyes' celestial blue—
'Twas not the blushes soft and warm—
The lips' vermilion hue—
The waving of her golden hair—
The beauty of her face,—
Though hers, in sooth, was very fair,—
Nor e'en her matchless grace!

He gazed upon her speaking eye,
But 'twas the soul to see;
He mark'd the glance, the smile, the sigh,
That spake of Purity:
He sought the charms that long endure,
That beauteous make the mind;
He only loved the jewel pure
That this fair casket shrined.

Selfishness.

BY MISS E. JANE CATE.

"Yes, mother, but one cannot endure having the house torn down about one's ears! Who could eat or study, I wonder! One might I suppose with Miss Harriet; for I fancy she is given to solitude, poetry-writing, revery, and long rambles; and I could manage to live a month under the same roof with a young lady, if she would sometimes keep out of my way. But that Susan! Ah, from such as her, 'ye ministers of grace defend us!'"

There was the look of supplication in his—I mean Harry Porter's—eye, and its feeling was evidently in his heart as he spoke. His sister sat near him with her finger-point resting on the page she had been reading, conjecturing, all the while, what faculty in its extraordinary development, or what in its want of growth or activity, induced such unreasonableness, when woman was in the question, in her otherwise reasonable brother. It came in fact from his selfishness. He chose to sit and fold his hands in his luxurious idleness, to wait for his mother, his sister, his

friends to come and minister to him, rather than to arouse himself, looking about him, and saying,— "Who—who has dropped her fan? What lady would like being helped to coffee? to crossing a brook? to jumping an immoveable stile, then? to mounting a horse, or any thing?" rather than to lay his hand on his heart, or touch the brim of his hat, whispering, "Your most devoted, madam." All these things were his utter aversion.

Sad pity it is that such a man should ever look upon the like of Susan Nesmith. He is incapable of understanding her cheerful and self-sacrificing exertions for his happiness; or he may do this at last when the grave has closed over her, forever shutting out those yearning acknowledgments, which are settling back like lead upon his heart; he can learn then the value of what was so lately all his own, by its irretrievable loss.

Harry sat a few moments with his chin resting on his bosom; then, throwing his book on the table, he started nervously up, and began pacing the floor. "But that Susan! one can know just what she will be from her letters to you, Vin, and from what I have heard you say of her pranks at the Seminary."

"Why, brother, you know I have told you forty times already, that her pranks, as you call them, were but so many good, kind expedients to wake up some sleepy head, cheer some dull heart, or to do good in some way to some person, without making

such a tedious parade about it as most people do. 'Our home missionary,' we used to call her, she was so good, so useful, and so beloved."

"Yes, so you say. But what, I would like to know, about that strange confession in one of her letters to you,—that, after all, there is nothing on earth so fine as wearing magnificent dresses, promenading Broadway, and breaking hearts."

"Ha! I do not know what of that, indeed. But I believe she had some good reason, because she always has for every thing she does, as one can see by observing her closely, although she never professes any. I am delighted at the thought, Hal! I know she will play upon you. I only long to see what *armes offensives* she may employ." Vinia's laugh sounded harshly enough in the ear of her sensitive brother. "And you know"—resumed she, "you know"—

"Yes, I know! that is, I know there will be no such things as writing or study in the whole month that she is in the house. The first thing one will know, when one is reading, she will creep slyly behind one, and blind one's eyes, or pull one's hair, or pinch one's ears, or snatch away one's book and hide with it in a corner."

Still Vinia and her mother laughed. And Harry laughed, too, in spite of the real vexation he felt, as in fancy he saw "that Susan" running off with his book under her arm.

"And yet, Hal," said Vinia, "yet, although I laugh at you, I do think you are very, very odd. If you were a poet, it would all do well enough. Then you might run when you heard a lady coming, and immure yourself, and commit all sorts of absurdities, and it would be resolvable into poetic phrensy. But Harry Porter, with his cool head and cooler heart, who spends his days in selling silks and molasses, butter and salt—"

"Silks and molasses, butter and salt, Vin!" echoed Harry, now laughing outrageously.

"Yes; and his nights in reading—what are you reading now, brother—Zenophon?—Yes, and his nights in reading Zenophon! What could be more incongruous?" She pointed her pretty finger at him, as, laughing and shaking her head, she courtesied herself backward out of the room.

Harry fixed his eyes on the door where she had disappeared, and his thoughts on that Susan, half in dread, and half in an undefined pleasure of some sort.

Harry was sure he never saw stage-coach horses cross his mother's carriage-sweep with so lofty a grace, or stageman's whip describe so exactly "the curve of beauty," or waiting-boy throw down the steps with such courteous alacrity, as on that beautiful June evening which introduced Susan Nesmith to the home of the Porters. "Ah! just the mischievous, bell-like laugh I knew she would have," sighed

Harry, as, with a laugh of joy, Susan bounded into the open arms of her friend Vinia. "And her eyes!" He was looking through the blind; and when the girls came laughing and chatting up the walk and to the door, then Hal ran! Tell it not,—yet he ran! Poor fellow! Instead of giving himself up to delight in his sister's happiness, and casting his own mite into the welcome which was to make the stranger at home in her new abode, he thought only—How she will plague one! How one will be annoyed with her manner, her eyes, her laugh, and her—ah, dear! "there'll be nae luck about the house till that Susan is awa."

And yet there was. True, Susan ran off with his books; hid Zenophon once for a whole week, and he growling at her all the while. But he was conscious of relief by his forced cessations from study; and folded his arms, and rocked, and rested his brain, and thought of "that Susan." Moreover, she dragged him off to moonlit saunterings with herself and Vinia. He grumbled then, likewise; but Susan was only the more persevering, the more frolicksome. At these hours, Harry could not deny it to himself, that he felt a warmth and happiness stealing into his heart, and over his whole being, equally novel and grateful to him. Yet do not suppose that he acknowledged this. No; for, although he did often betray himself, by his gratified looks and animated speech, still, if appealed to for confessions, even with

the gentlest grace, the softest tones, and the most beseeching looks, he only growled again, and turned away to hide any treacherous indications of gratification there might be. But Mrs. Porter and her daughter felt that now again there were life and light in the house; and it had seemed so empty and cold to them, especially to the mother, since the husband and father died two years ago. Much of the time since then, Vinia had been away finishing her studies. Harry, as he had been these many years, was swallowed up in his business by day, and his studies by night. He was never what we call unkind, uncourteous. Yet really kind, really courteous, he certainly was not. He conducted his mother to church, was observant enough of all the mere forms of good-breeding. He saw to it carefully that she wanted nothing; took some pains to procure company for her—matrons, of course—and books. But in all this his manner was cold. He was thinking most of self.

Woman has been called, often, the sunlight of her home. Then is not man the glorious sun itself? That is, if he is truly gentle and considerate; if he goes about the house with a clear and open manner, seeing to this thing and that thing; that nothing is lacking, that nothing annoys; or, at least, sharing by his ever-ready sympathies the trials which he cannot avert? But if he is odd and selfish like Harry Porter! Ah! Heaven help the wife of such a man! Heaven help Susan; for after her return home, when Harry

found that he missed her always, that life could not be endured without her, he wrote and told her so, humbly begging her to be his wife. This earnest frankness was unprecedented in the deeds of Harry Porter; and it, together with her desires to take him and his happiness to her own tender keeping, won Susan. Alas, for the revulsion she was to witness! Alas, that the transient devotion of the lover was completely nullified by the long, long years of cold, abstracted selfishness of the husband!

Bear me witness, ye wives and mothers, ye good and careful ones, that there are days when things go wrong the whole house over; when your husband is particularly unreasonable, expecting roasts for dinner, when he ought to know that the larder is *minus* all essentials; looking awry at linens, with which yourself, or your laundress at your injunction, have taken the greatest pains; and bringing, without intimation, guests to dine,—bachelor friends, for whom he expects you to furnish ten thousand incontrovertible arguments in favor of matrimony; when your children run against open doors, and corners of tables; contend about the kitten to which they all have mutual claims; and wake the baby; and when the utmost that you can say or do, only adds to the clamor and increases the difficulties. And confess to my conjecture, that these days come to you when, upon waking in the morning, you find yourself feverish and unrefreshed; or when nervous headache or lan-

guor steal upon you afterward ; or when, from some cause not understood, you seem to have "nerves protruding at every pore," against which everybody in the house is running. These are times of trial for the woman whose aim it is to do constantly what is noble and wise ; however they may be regarded by her whose nerves are of iron, who can scold her way through all such difficulties, or run away from them without any compunctions. She, the former, can stand by sick beds, and feel her strength and her life fail, day by day. She can shut the dying lid, even although her heart seems "crushed in the closing of its portal upon the departed one." She can cross the wide seas, and tread the burning sands of heathen climes, if her eyes are dimmed at partings, if her heart does bleed, if her feet are scorched and weary ; for all these are the heavy trials which every one who looks on can understand ; and to which every one brings those kind sympathies which divide the sufferings they commiserate. And these, too, are the trials which, unaided by an infinite power, woman feels that she cannot bear. She therefore prays. In childlike humility and trust, she goes to the foot of the Cross, and, thank Heaven ! there she leaves her burden. She makes her way, then, with the cheerful eye and heart, and with the strong voice of faith. Not so is it wont to be in what we call the trifling vexations of life. Not so was it with our good Susan, our home-

missionary, on the morning in which we shall again present her to the reader.

Ten years she had been the wife of that unreasonable body, Harry Porter. She had, in the time, had many seasons of failure in duty, or in success; many heart-sickening discouragements. She would have had some of these, doubtless, under the most favorable circumstances. Yet how few comparatively, and how easily they could have been borne, if her husband had been all that strong man should be to weak, dependent woman! She never complained; and this was the reason that Harry's eyes were never opened to her wants and his duties. But ah! how often, when grieved by the intractableness of her children, or when worn by her domestic cares, had she longed to have him open his arms and pillow her head on his bosom! It seemed to her that then its throbbings would be stilled, and its fever cooled. But no. He came in from his counting-room at night, sipped his tea and ate his toast, his head full of checks and invoices, debt and credit, foreign duties and home tariffs, seldom entering into conversation with his wife, or attending to the wants of the children. Supper over, he repaired immediately to his study, and was soon forgetful that there were such things in the world as business, wife, and children.

"A pity that Harry lived so long unmarried," said Mrs. Porter one evening, in soothing tones to

Susan. "He has acquired such studious habits! He really does not attend to you as you deserve—as you need. You should complain. He was certainly a good-hearted boy. He is a good-hearted man; only, some way, it is with him, as if seeing, he saw not; and hearing, he heard not. You should tell him just what you want. Tell him of it when you are tired, when the children are troublesome; and especially when you have the nervous headache. I do not see how you can keep *that* to yourself."

"I do not keep these things from you, dear mother, although I do not complain to you"

"No, indeed! no; I can tell at a glance how things are going. But Harry never looks round him at all; I am sorry he does not. Will you complain as other women do, after this? Will you say—Look at me, Harry; and the children, see them?"

"Oh no, mother! This I could never do," said Susan, with a smile and a sigh. "Harry has cares enough with his business. I will never add to his burden."

"But when his business is over, Susan, his books; it is with these I am vexed."

"He does love his books, better, perhaps—" Better than the company of his wife, she thought, but she did not say it; for her voice became choked. And she would not, if it had remained clear.

"Poor girl! your head aches."

"Yes, it has ached all day," said Susan, with filling eyes.

"Poor child! and the children are unusually troublesome. What is the matter with Suzy? I can hear her voice. Why did she not go to school today?"

"She went; but I felt so harassed this morning, the baby cried so much, Jamie's foot was so bad, and he hurt it so often, I really could not attend to her hard lesson; or it seemed to me that I could not. She failed in her recitation. Nothing troubles her so much as this; and, on this account, I take great pains with her usually. I might have done the same this morning, perhaps, if I had maintained a proper government over myself. But my head was so confused!"

"Yes; I know how it is. I used to feel the same; but my husband was so considerate—so different from Harry. I think his kindness led him to indulge Harry too much. It made him selfish. Did Suzy come from school on that account?"

"She cried, it seems; and while blinded by her tears, ran against the door of the school-room, and bruised her face badly. I have been bathing it; but the baby will not let me be long away from the cradle." Susan's temples throbbed with increasing violence, the pressure upon her heart became heavier, and, every moment, her eyes filled, as, unconsciously to

herself, she went on unburdening her troubles to her good friend.

"And Ellen," said Mrs. Porter, "she is generally so quiet and orderly. To-day I noticed, when I was in the kitchen, she hurries hither and thither, scarcely seeming to know what she is doing. And she has been to you no less than three times with her troubles since I came in."

"Ah, mother, the fault is all my own. When my head is clear so that I can look through the day and tell her my plans, she always goes on in a perfectly systematic way. You see I have no grounds of complaint anywhere. I am myself the cause of all these misfortunes. But I cannot help it. I began the day wrong—"

"You did not pray, Susan."

"No, mother, I did not pray. And now God seems afar off; and I need him as much in such little trials, as I do in the great afflictions; do not you, dear mother?"

"Yes; and it is beautiful that we do. This makes us draw near to him daily, many times in a day; and so he draws near to us; and this is our true happiness. But do not weep, my dear child. It will only make your head ache worse. Has Harry been in since breakfast? Does he know how it is with you and the children?"

"No; he has not been in. I fear I offended him this morning; yet I did not mean it,—I certainly

did not mean it!" Now Susan wept without restraint. Her mother tenderly drew her head to her bosom; and while she bathed it in cologne, she repeated to her a few precious Scripture promises. These seemed to lift Susan above her cares. In heart she prayed, and in heart became calm and grateful.

Her mother left her; and in a moment her husband appeared at the open door of the sitting-room. Evidently he had been in his study and overheard the conversation between his wife and mother. With a kindly beaming eye and gentle manner, he approached the sofa where his wife was sitting. She felt instinctively drawn to him, and, half rising, she held out her hand. He held it a moment to his heart; then seating her and himself, he encircled her in his arms; and there, "lip to lip, pulse to pulse, and heart to heart," they felt that then, indeed, they were one.

How beautiful was life to them after this! How sweetly went the days and the evenings by! And how lightly fell her household cares on Susan, now that the thought was forever in her heart—He loves me; he feels for me.

Happy for those in whom this bond of union and sympathy is made perfect, before entering together upon the trials and pleasures of wedded life.

"And happy for those in whom it is made perfect even at the eleventh hour!" would Susan and her husband say.

Sonnet.

THE FIRST LOCK OF GRAY HAIR.

BY THOMAS W. RENNE.

Alas! pale monitor of life's decline,
First hoar of five-and-forty winters pass'd,—
And from that warning, prophet look of thine,
It needs no sage's wisdom to divine
Thou art not of thy kind the first and last,—
What word of friendly counsel dost thou bring?
What promise bright—to cheer the coming years?
What hope—around the heart its light to fling,
And gild life's winter with the flowers of spring?
What joy—repaying former clouds and tears?—
I read thy answer,—counsel heavenly wise—
With promise sure that he who heeds, shall find
Hope radiant with the glory of the skies,
And joys immortal living as the mind.

Be True to Thyself

BY THE REV. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The base, craven-hearted, quail under the blow
The strong give the weak, and the proud give the low:
But he who can back on a true spirit fall,
No wrong can excite, and no danger appal.
The vision of others is bound by the sky,
But he far beyond it a home can descry;
And he knows that by Truth, he its glories shall win:—
He who's false to himself can ne'er enter therein.

Be true to thyself:—what though perils assail,
And thou standest alone in the pitiless gale;
Thou art lord of one soul—thou art king of one realm,
Which no strong arm can conquer, no wave can o'erwhelm—
That shall last, and grow brighter as nations decay,
That shall flourish, still young, when the stars fade away;—
If true to thyself, thou thyself dost control;—
Oh, there is no empire so great as the soul!

The Turk and his Dominions.

BY THE REV. S. W. FISHER, A. M.

We know of no one system of false religion, that either embodies more truth, or possesses a history more replete with interest than that of Mohammed. Of course we exclude from this comparison the various corruptions of our own Christianity. Passing beyond the pale of nominal Christendom, it will be difficult to institute a comparison with any or all other false systems of religious belief, that will not issue favorably to Islamism. We turn from paganism, even when enshrined in temples of Grecian art, and celebrated in groves of natural loveliness, as the surgeon, from the mortified limb of his patient—as the naturalist, from the poisonous fungi that accumulate upon the trunk of the noblest trees of the forest. There might have been poetry in its origin; in the dim antiquity from which it dates, there is room for a vivid imagination to robe it in garments of matchless taste and beauty; but when we get behind the scenes, when we penetrate their temples and ascend their lofty altars, the horrid reality fills the

mind with the most intense disgust. At a distance, their religion, like their temple, with its pompous shows and gorgeous ceremonies, is full of enchantment; but no sooner is the temple entered, than we feel as did Cortez and his officer on ascending the imposing teocalli in the city of Mexico, and beholding there the yet palpitating hearts of human victims bleeding on the altar of the senseless deity. Spiritual worship, ennobling views of God, cannot coexist with such revolting images of the Invisible—with such horrible sacrifices offered upon his altar.

When, then, emerging from such scenes, we enter the mosque, we at once breathe more freely. Here is no altar, no image, not even a picture, on which the eye could repose and delight itself with the exquisite creations of the pencil or the chisel. Yet here are worshippers, in crowds prostrating themselves to the earth. Here, too, is preserved the great idea of one God, spiritual, invisible. Before him alone the Moslem bows the knee in worship; unto him alone he offers his daily prayers. In these respects Mohammed improved vastly upon the religion of his countrymen. It is true, indeed, that he fired his disciples with the zeal of propagandists, and putting the sword into their hands, has shed more blood in a few centuries than did paganism in its thousands of years. Yet this was done openly, on the broad field of battle, not in secret or within the doors of a temple.

The very enormities that blacken every page of its history are attended with circumstances that modify our disgust and excite our interest. The pomp and circumstance of war—the splendid abilities displayed in conflict with half the globe—the fanaticism that, absorbing all ordinary passions, melted the soul into one glowing mass of devotion to the cause of their prophet, with the deep and permanent dominion it established over various forms of mind, conquering its conquerors, and harmonizing into one spiritual sovereignty the Arab, Persian, Tartar, Turk, and Moor,—all tend to relieve the darkness of the picture and attract us to its examination. Even the meanness of its origin amidst idols and Arabs, heightening the impression made by the lightning rapidity with which it spread from the Indus to the Guadalquiver, almost annihilating in its course the most accomplished armies of Christendom, deepens the interest. Nor is this interest diminished by our knowledge of the terror which seized upon the heart of Europe, when the soldiers of the son of Othman burst through the walls of Constantinople, then the metropolis of civilization, and when, at a subsequent period, the Turk encamped around Vienna, and threatened to consolidate his power in one vast empire, on the ruins of all the thrones of Europe.

But aside from these circumstances of interest to the world at large, there are others which peculiarly influence the Christian in his attention to this form

of faith. It is a system embracing vital error, recent, comparatively, in its origin, unique in its character, vast in its influence, and, above all other systems, determined in its hostility to the cross. Especially at this day, when the lines of Providence are converging towards one grand scene, and the trains of events, pregnant with momentous issues, seem rushing onward to the final elevation of our race, this religion has drawn to itself the attention of all Christendom, as a seemingly rock-built fortress, from which the influences of our holy faith have as yet not started a single stone or levelled a single buttress.

It is a remarkable fact that Mohammedanism, very early in its history, attained its largest extent of dominion. The few first years were employed in preparation; the seed was germinating in the earth. The great chief himself did not march beyond the limits of Arabia. His life was devoted to a work the most like a miracle of any recorded in the history of this religion. He subdued the indomitable Ishmaelite. He taught the robber bands that swarmed in every part of the peninsula, and since the time of their great progenitor had known no law but the custom of their tribe or the impulse of their will, to bear the yoke of his stern authority as quietly as ever a child submitted to a parent. Their prejudices were rank; he overcame them. Their feuds, immemorial and deadly; he terminated them. Their

attachment to idolatry, deep and violent; he utterly eradicated it. He even amalgamated these elements of confusion into a compact political-social and religious body, and breathed into them an enthusiastic, or rather a fanatical devotion to the religion of the Koran. This was the great work of Mohammed; this was the achievement that has given him a place in the front rank of men to whom God has committed the power to create and sway the empire of mind. He forged and sharpened the sword; he won over the arm that could wield it; and then passed away. The instruments of revolution and conquest, that were to change the aspect of the world, were all prepared. The Saracens, those hardy, bold, princely sons of the desert, with all their native vehemence poured into one channel, and swollen by the force of religious fanaticism, panted for universal conquest, and waited only for a leader to guide to victory.

That locust-king was Omar, the second caliph. Bold in design; rapid in execution; a monk in the austerity of his self-discipline; a noble, in the independence and elevation of his character; so impartial in the administration of justice, that it ripened into a proverb, that Omar's cane was more terrible than the sword of the bravest warrior; despising luxury, when the treasures of half the globe were poured at his feet; unelated, when borne on the flood-tide of victory; generous to the public, niggard towards himself; rearing splendid temples of worship,

himself without palace or court; as strict in attending to the minutest formality of this religion as the most rigid devotee of any one of its thirty-two monastic orders, yet as full of martial enthusiasm as the boldest of his horsemen, was this patriarchal mind that now ascended the pulpit of the Caliphate. With such a leader and such soldiers, it needed no prophet to foretell the result. The prodigious vigor they at once developed is seen in the tens of thousands of cities, towns, castles, conquered in an incredibly short space of time, and in the smoking ruins of no less than four thousand temples of the pagan, the magian, and the Christian; while, as if by the wand of an enchanter, the mosque and minaret by hundreds everywhere rose into view.

This wonderful Omar, from his unfurnished tent at Medina, uttered his mandate, and instantly a total change passes over the face of civilized society; the fate of nations is decided, and the religion of the prophet spreads itself from the Caspian to the Atlantic. An extent of empire Rome reached only after the toil of seven centuries, the exile of Medina attained in less than one; and while in less than five centuries the sun of Roman glory sunk forever, the dominion of the prophet, after eleven centuries of vast power, still remains. During this period great changes have taken place without affecting the superficial area of Islamism. Kingdoms have been lost and won: the Turk has been enthroned in Byzan-

num; but the dominion of the Tartar in Hindostan is in ruins: the Moor has been driven from Grenada; while the tombs and palaces of Delhi and Agra, like the Alhambra, now stand as the pyramids of Egypt, the memorial of a race that has passed away.

The question of chief interest to the Christian world at this time in regard to this imposture, respects its seeming insensibility to the influences of the Gospel. Heretofore it has remained unaffected. For this result two causes may be assigned—the one internal, the other external.

Mohammedanism has usually been associated with the state, so intimately as to identify its own existence with the rule of Mohammedans. It began its career with the sword. Its soldiers conquered empires for their prophet. The throne of the Caliphs at Babylon was rendered sacred by the presence of his successors; and when the Turks overturned it, they only came in as spiritual children of the ascended Mohammed. They imbibed the same fierce fanaticism; they fought to extend the same miserable imposition; they adopted the same bloody statutes respecting infidels and apostates. To attack their religion was to assault the state; apostacy was treason, and hence the fanaticism of the banner mingled with the fanaticism of the symbol, and the sword, and the Koran—war and religion, joined hands to repel innovation and eternize their reign. This is that double wall of brass by which Islamism has long

been girt about and by which it has resisted all foreign influences.

To this internal power of resistance, the character of the Christianity opposed to it has greatly contributed. The Greek, the Armenian, the Roman, presented to the Mohammedan their wretched caricatures of our holy religion. A religion of picture-worship and shows, wonderfully like the idolatry of the Caaba, which the Saracen had renounced, inspired disgust. It is a singular fact, that although Islamism has held fast its iron sceptre for eleven centuries, right in the heart of countries where true religion once flourished, it has never yet understood the character of Christianity. The Gospel has had no field for its operation. It has been excluded totally, and miserable superstitions have borne its name and disgraced its profession. What have the followers of the prophet ever seen in the miserable Copt, in the ignorant Armenian, in the knavish and degraded Greek, to inspire respect for Christianity or modify the intense bigotry of their own fanaticism! Their thrice-dead religion, like a tree lifeless, leafless, fruitless, with no spreading, grateful foliage, no luscious nor sustaining fruits, has seemed to the Moslem's eye fitter for the flames than for practical utility. Can any one believe that the pure spiritual faith of a Christian would have lived a decade of centuries, alongside of Mohammedanism, without either silently infusing its own spirit into its conquerors, or awa-

kening a fanatical opposition that would have given to the world another tragedy like that which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and swept the Huguenots from the soil of France? The very same cause which has so long operated to destroy the vitality of religion on the continent of Europe, and limit the success of the word of God, has availed in many Mohammedan countries to neutralize the good influence of the little Christianity existing there. Wherever a form has been substituted for the spirit, ceremonies for faith, tradition for the Bible, there Christianity dies out, and the miserable, shrivelled skeleton that remains, like the ghastly mockery of humanity in the glass case of the anatomist, serves only to repel the beholder from the sickening embrace.

In regard to both these obstacles, it seems to us that Providence is gradually but surely removing them. The Turkish empire undoubtedly is now, as it has been for a long time past, the chief prop of Islamism. Among Mohammedans themselves, wherever scattered, there is a prevailing impression, that when Constantinople falls the days of their faith are numbered. And we cannot but regard this impression, from whatever source it may have arisen, as in accordance with probability. When this empire is dissolved, there exists but a single power of any magnitude, beneath which the prophet's faith can find shelter. While even the Persian throne, to which it

must flee, is isolated from the great mass of the Mohammedan world by a religious feud, which eleven centuries has not been able to heal. To us it seems to be in accordance with retributive justice, that this imposture, which began its career with the sword, should perish by the sword: which has flourished only as it has become the very life of a conquering and cruel dynasty, should participate in the decay and final extinction of such a dynasty. Hitherto it has been so thoroughly interwoven with the civil government, that you could not destroy the one without inflicting a deadly blow upon the other. But time, that mighty leveller of empires, has not spared the Turk any more than the Saracen. Infant nations have swollen into gigantic empires all around him. France bivouacks her soldiers within the walls of Algiers; Mohammed Ali laughs at the menaces of the sultan, from the throne of the Pharaohs; Syria is torn by intestine war, and kept from the grasp of the Egyptian rebel only by the cannon of England; while Russia has planted her foot upon all his northern provinces, and permits the sultan to enjoy his opium and his harem, only as he resigns to her the key of the Euxine. Meanwhile, at home, royal debauchery, oppressive taxation, and the most ridiculous government, are hastening the end of the imperial fanatic.

The late sultan struggled manfully to renovate the empire; but, like an empiric ignorant of the disease, his remedy rather aggravated than cured it. He in-

troduced the tailor to the consumptive; uniformed his raw recruits; exterminated the old corps of Janisaries by one mighty sweep of his cimeter; but left his despotism unchanged, his taxes unrepealed, and his son to grow up in debauchery. For full a quarter of a century, this empire has existed solely by the aid and sufferance of foreign nations. It cannot renovate itself without casting off Mohammedanism; and to do that, would be suicide. Die it must, unless all probability should be outraged, and the clear indications of a century nullified.

When that time shall come, when the cruel tyranny which has shut down all the gates against knowledge, civilization, and pure religion shall have lost the sceptre, then, at least, one barrier, the most tremendous and effectual to the spread of the Gospel, will be removed.

Meanwhile, the same course of events that has brought the empire to the verge of ruin, has operated favorably to the diffusion of the Gospel among the subject nations. Under the powerful protection of Christian nations—and to her honor be it said, especially of Christian England—missionaries of Protestant Christianity have labored there in far more security than they could enjoy in Catholic countries, and with no small success. The Greek, indeed, seems to have resisted their influence, through the force of his ignorant, superstitious devotion to the mummeries of his church; but the Armenian mind, by far the

most intelligent and active in the Turkish empire, and destined in the breaking up of this government, we believe, to great influence, is gradually yielding to the power of truth. Should this good work advance among these nominal Christians, until a pure Christianity is suffered to give its character to the nation, there will then be found in the very heart of this empire a regenerating power as yet unknown. The Moslem will then have a true standard by which to test the Bible and the Koran; and it is not too much to hope that even he, surrounded by such influences, will be brought to lay down his native barbarism and put on the spirit of Christ.

It is a singular fact, and one, probably, destined to have no small influence upon the destiny of Islamism, that the followers of the prophet have been for centuries separated by a schism of the most inveterate character. Taking its rise in a conflict for the fourth Caliphate, between the partisans of Ali and Mowiyah, it has perpetuated itself to this hour, and now forms an impassable gulf between the Ottoman and the Persian. The latter has far more sympathy with Christian nations than with the sultan. Christianity hopes much from his superior liberality and intelligence. The Persian and the eastern Mohammedans generally regard Ali with great reverence, and in their worship render unto him almost divine homage. He seems to be, in their view, in part divine, if we are to judge from their songs rather than their

creed. The following lyric, addressed by one of their poets to Ali, we trust one day will be sung alike by the Schiite and the Sonnite, by the Persian and the Ottoman, to our great Redeemer and incarnate God:

"Beside thy glories, O most great!
Dim are the stars, and weak is fate.
Compared to thy celestial light,
The very sun is dark as night.
Thine edicts destiny obeys;
The sun shows but thy mental rays.

"Thy merits form a boundless sea
That rolls on to eternity;
To heaven its mighty waves ascend,
O'er it the skies admiring bend.
And when they view its waters clear,
The wells of Eden dark appear.

"The treasures that the earth conceals,
The wealth that human toil reveals,
The jewels of the gloomy mine,
Those that on regal circlets shine;
Are idle toys and worthless shows,
Compared with what thy grace bestows.

"Mysterious being! None can tell
The attributes in thee that dwell;
None can thine essence comprehend;
To thee should every mortal bend—
For 'tis by thee that man is given
To know the high behests of heaven.

"The ocean's floods round earth that roll,
And lave the shores from pole to pole—
Beside the eternal fountain's stream
A single drop, a bubble seem;
That fount's a drop beside the sea
Of grace and love we find in thee."

Recovery from Sickness.

To health again,
From bed of anguish, grief, and pain,
I have been raised:—
Great God of heaven, thy name be praised!
Over my soul
Did waters deep of sorrow roll:—
Past days ill-spent,
To my sore pains their shadows lent.
Warnings of death!
May every future fleeting breath
Echo your voice
So I shun sin, the soul destroys:
That halcyon peace
Be mine, when death my soul release;
Then heaven's high grace
Shall fill my grateful songs through ceaseless days.

F.

The Last Interview.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

The parting hour had come—the appointed work
Of Christ on earth was done, for he had borne,
On Calvary's cross, the curse for guilty man,
Had suffer'd, died, and triumph'd o'er the grave.
Upon the eastern slope of Olivet
The chosen ones with Christ their Master stood.

Upon their listening ears his parting words,
Like notes of heavenly music, sweetly fell:
"Be ye my witnesses to Israel's seed
And to the Gentile race. In Judea's land
And in Jerusalem, Samaria,
And e'en to earth's remotest limits,* tell
How I have wept, and groan'd, and died,
And burst in twain the fetters of the tomb."

He stood with hands and eyes upraised to Heaven;
And as he bless'd the astonish'd band, a cloud

* Acts i. 8.

Of dazzling brightness veil'd him from their sight.
Then songs were heard in Heaven. "Lift up your
heads,
Ye gates, and let the King of Glory in."
And prayers were heard on earth, in reverence
breathed
Forth by that lowly band, who prostrate bow'd
And worshipp'd HIM, who to the realm of bliss
Had gone to take his ancient seat beside
The Father's throne.
Full eighteen hundred years
Have run their race, and countless millions down
To death have sunk, since thus the Saviour breathed
Sweet words of mercy for a fallen world.
And millions yet ne'er heard that Jesus died.
But lo! the blessed time is drawing nigh,
When Zion's slumbering watchmen shall awake,
And sound the alarm from Mount Moriah's shade
Gentile and Jew in love shall meekly bow
Beneath the standard of the Saviour's cross,
And tell the triumphs of redeeming love.
The scatter'd sons of Israel's chosen race
The olive and the clust'ring vine shall prune,
And worship on their own belovèd hill
The Father and the ever-blessed Son.
And soon shall sable Ethiopia, too,
Her hands stretch forth, in praises glorious,
To Him whose precious blood salvation brought.
The isles that speck the mighty deep shall hear,

And from the idols which their hands have made
Shall rise, and grasp the precious saving truth,
And shout aloud salvation through our God.
From ev'ry ship that ploughs the spreading sea,
The banner of the peaceful dove shall stream,
And from the altar of the stoutest heart
Shall purest incense rise to Christ our King.—
Then come, ye fainting, feeble, blood-bought souls,
Come bow in humble faith before the throne,
And there devoutly pray—"Thy kingdom come,
Thy blessed, gracious will be done on earth,
As 'tis by angels round the throne above."—
Then shall prevail the knowledge of the Lord,
And Jesus' dying love fill all the earth.

Martyrdom of Missionaries.

BY W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

THERE is scarcely a mystery upon which the contemplative mind pauses with greater wonder, than the existence of evil, under the government of a Being of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. And yet there is some light thrown upon the mystery, in that arrangement of providence by which evil often visibly becomes the occasion of good; and especially in the well-authenticated divine assurance that all evil, even the greatest, shall be made ultimately to subserve the cause of truth, and virtue, and happiness. We pity the child of sorrow, when we see him bending under a burden of blasted hope, and perhaps marvel that he should be dealt with in so much severity; but our misgivings give place to confidence, and our sympathy is turned into joy, when we are brought to feel that he has become better and happier from having been in the furnace. In like manner we contemplate both the moral and physical evil that prevails throughout the earth, and our eye seems to rest upon a vast field of desolation; but here again we take refuge in the revealed truth,

that a better day will come, and that this very system of evil which we see in such vigorous operation, will be found to have been instrumental, in a degree, of working out man's noblest destiny. The ordinance of God is indeed as truly mysterious in bringing good out of evil, as in permitting the *existence* of evil,—especially when this result is contemplated in refer ence to the universal triumph of truth and goodness; though the one certainly relieves the mind from much of the perplexity that arises from a view of the other. If we can be assured that light will ere long shine out of darkness, and that the result will be the development of a perfect system,—however much we may be confounded by the mysterious events of providence, as they occur, we can afford to possess our souls in patience, and to wait with all composure—be it for a longer or shorter period—until God's day of revelation.

If we mistake not, these remarks have a striking illustration in the topic which we propose briefly to present in this article. The history of missions has been thus far, to a great extent, the history of trials and difficulties; so that, if it had not been for the faith which the church has reposed in the promise and power of her Head, the enterprise would long since have been abandoned. But those events which have seemed to bear the most portentous aspect, and which have clothed the church in the deepest mourning, and which withal have been appealed to with the greatest confidence by the foes of missions, as

demonstrating at once the folly and the hopelessness of the cause, are the occasional sacrifices that have been made of human life—not to excessive labor, nor to a sickly climate, nor to the thousand deprivations and hardships incident to living in a heathen land,—but to the murderous ferocity of the people whom they go to benefit. The three cases of this kind that are most prominent in the history of modern missions, are those of Lyman and Munson, missionaries of the American Board, who were inhumanly massacred in 1834, in an adventurous attempt to explore the Batta country; and that of John Williams, long devoted to the cause of missions under the London Missionary Society, who shared a similar fate in 1839, at the hands of the savage inhabitants of one of the South Sea islands. We have no disposition to enter into the harrowing details of these scenes of martyrdom—suffice it to say, the circumstances, as might be expected, were all horrible; and no one can contemplate them, as they have now become matter of history, without a chill of horror reaching to his inmost soul. We will not linger, then, on the spot where the bloody deeds were done, any farther than may be necessary to aid in gathering up the lessons of truth and wisdom, and even encouragement, which Providence hereby inculcates. There is a voice in these dispensations speaking to every friend of missions, and to the whole church as a great missionary society:—let us put ourselves

then in the attitude of listeners, and endeavor to profit by what we hear.

It will be obvious to a moment's reflection, that these affecting events demonstrate the great importance of the missionary cause. For they furnish a fearful illustration of the consequence of living without God in the world—that is, without any knowledge of the only living and true God. Murder is itself the foulest crime that man can commit toward his fellow-man. It involves the termination of all earthly action and enjoyment and hope ;—it is a violation of one of the primary laws both of society and of God. Even the Pagan, who walks in no brighter light than the light of nature, feels that there is a sacredness belonging to human life ; and when that is violated, there is a voice within him that cries out against the deed. But if murder in any circumstances is a fearful crime, how much is it aggravated when it is found in connection with the grossest ingratitude—when the victim and the benefactor are united in the same person ! And thus it is with the martyr missionaries. They have gone among the heathen, not with a view to injure, but to benefit and save them. While they were living amidst all the advantages of civilized and Christianized society, they were moved with compassion, as they cast an eye over the map of the Pagan world, and they formed the benevolent purpose of relinquishing all their best earthly enjoyments, for the sake of carrying the

Gospel of salvation to those whom they saw perishing without it. And forthwith they girded themselves for the mighty enterprise, and went and planted themselves among the heathen, endeavoring, by every possible means, to find an avenue for the light of truth to their understandings and their hearts. But instead of being met in the spirit of a grateful and earnest co-operation, they are deliberately and basely murdered—murdered by those whom they had come to deliver, by God's blessing, from the miseries of the second death. Who can estimate the complicated guilt which such a deed must have involved? And who can doubt that they who were capable of this, were capable of any thing that comes within the divine prohibition? Paul, in his first epistle to the Romans, has furnished a picture of the state of the heathen world in his day, which, though drawn by the pen of inspiration, and of course true to life, could not have been heightened, in respect to the darkness of its shades, by any human imagination; and yet, if the most unexceptionable and abundant testimony can be received, it is no less descriptive of the present than the past. Paganism, though differing in its circumstantials, is everywhere and always, substantially the same: it is a monster under whose influence vice flourishes with deadly luxuriance; and even the most horrible crimes are rendered sacred by being identified with the economy of religion. There are those who will have it that the

heathen are by no means either so degraded or so wretched, as they are often represented to be; but as this opinion is held not only independently of evidence but contrary to it, it can result from nothing but a voluntary and obstinate incredulity.

Is such then the condition of the Pagan world, that they commit every species of iniquity with greediness, and sometimes even murder those who go among them on an embassy of love? Could any fact demonstrate more clearly the importance of sending them that Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation? There is no other form of philanthropy that is adequate to the accomplishment of the object but this: of course this is just as important as their restoration to dignity and happiness here, and the prospect of immortal glory hereafter. Say not then, because some of God's servants perish by violence in heathen lands, that therefore the hazardous enterprise of carrying the Gospel thither should be abandoned: rather say,—and act in view of the declaration,—that the only effectual antidote to the ignorance and depravity in which these crimes originate is the glorious Gospel, and that Christian benevolence imperatively requires that no time should be lost in sending it wherever it is needed.

There is that in the martyrdom of missionaries, which is fitted to increase our sympathy and render our prayers more fervent, in behalf of those who give themselves to the missionary work. Alas! it is but

a feeble conception that we can form of the trials and hardships incident to this kind of life, under the most favorable circumstances. There is the separation, in all ordinary cases for life, from the scenes and ob jects of early attachment; there is the long protract ed uncertainty in respect to the welfare of beloved friends; there is the loss of the ten thousand social and personal comforts that belong to an advanced state of civilization; there is the necessity of mingling continually in scenes of loathsome vice at which the heart sickens; there is the absence of that whole array of Christian institutions and Christian influences, which are regarded as so important to the successful development of the religious principle; and finally, there is sometimes an actual personal insecurity in respect to life itself,—and no one who devotes himself to this work can tell but that he may meet a premature and violent death. The men who have engaged in this enterprise, were not constrained to it, except by the high conviction of duty: they voluntarily, and after having counted the cost, became the agents of the church, to fulfil the commission of her ascended Head; and all those dangers and deprivations which they have consented to encounter, they would have escaped, if they had not felt themselves personally addressed in the Saviour's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Is it not fitting, then, that they should share liberally in our sympathy and our prayers?

Shall we not, in the remembrance of what they have to suffer, manifest our sympathy by anticipating by our contributions their personal wants, and by commending them continually to God's gracious guardianship? Especially shall we not fervently supplicate God's blessing upon their labors; that whether they find an earlier or a later grave, they may meet in Heaven at last, both the record and the monuments of their fidelity?

The fate of our murdered missionaries still farther suggests the thought, that there should be an elevated standard of missionary qualification. For in proportion to the labor to be performed, and the danger and deprivation to be incurred, is the amount of intellectual and moral strength that is required. Never was there a more absurd idea, than that while the Christian ministry at home should not be dishonored by tameness and imbecility, yet almost any one is adequate to preach the Gospel to the heathen. The truth is, that if greater qualifications are required in the one case than the other, the claims of missionary life are the strongest; for there are difficulties to be encountered in connection with it, before which even the strong man is sometimes inclined to bow. It may depend on the sagacity, and tact, and firmness of a missionary, whether his life shall be preserved, when the danger of a violent death threatens; and certainly he ought to have that measure of grace which shall prepare him for such a death, provided

he cannot lawfully escape from it. We repeat, then, let the standard of missionary qualification be regulated by the duties to be performed, by the trials to be endured. Let every young man who contemplates giving himself to the missionary work, satisfy himself, before forming the determination, that if it be God's will, he is ready to be offered up on the altar of Pagan barbarity. And let those who chiefly give direction to our missionary operations keep this constantly in their eye—nay, let the whole church labor and pray, that those who engage in this holy calling may be abundantly qualified for it; and that there may be a more plentiful baptism of the Holy Ghost vouchsafed to our young men, so that there shall rise up from among them many, who, like the great apostle of the Gentiles, shall not count their lives dear to them, if the honor of their Master should demand the sacrifice.

Moreover, the events which we contemplate, furnish a striking illustration of the independence and sovereignty of God in carrying forward his own work. Notice how much God's thoughts are above our thoughts, and his ways above our ways, in respect to the manner in which he accomplishes his purposes. Man, when he has prepared an instrument to be employed for a particular end, not only cherishes it with the utmost care, but if by any means it is destroyed or lost, he mourns over it as perhaps involving the failure of his entire plan. But God, though he is

pleased to employ instruments for the accomplishment of his ends, does it in a way to show that he is not dependent on one man or another; for not unfrequently what seems to us the best formed instrument is suddenly broken, and yet the cause does not languish, because another is forthwith prepared. When the American Board sent forth Lyman and Munson, they looked upon them as young men of great worth, whose education had been carefully conducted with reference to a foreign field, and who gave promise of an extended course of successful labor. When John Williams left London for the last time, though he had already done much for the missionary cause, yet the society that employed him, and the church in general, were still hoping that many years of vigor and usefulness would be added to his life. But for reasons which it is impossible for us to understand, God permitted each of these devoted missionaries to become a prey to savage men; and thus the most promising hopes of usefulness were suddenly, and as we should say, prematurely, blasted. But has the missionary cause been upon the retrograde in consequence of these untoward events? Far from it; others have arisen to take the place of those who have departed, and God is moving forward with his work with just as much energy and success, as if those desperate deeds had not been committed. Nay more—it is not unreasonable to suppose that those very deeds have been rendered

tributary to the work which they seemed to threaten; for no doubt they have brought the friends of missions more into an attitude of dependence on God, thus giving new life both to their prayers and their efforts. When the light of the last day shall shine upon the record of these heart-rending scenes, perhaps it may appear that each of the martyr missionaries rendered more important service to the poor heathen in the act of ascending to Heaven by a bloody path, than if he had filled up his threescore years and ten in direct labors for their salvation.

Shall not the friend of missions then feel strengthened, by going in imagination to the spot where Lyman, and Munson, and Williams fell? While he leaves there to realize more deeply the paramount importance of the cause, shall he not gather fresh confidence of its ultimate success, and new motives to vigorous effort, from the fact that it is under the direction of infinite wisdom and almighty power, and that these are pledged for its triumph, even though every missionary on earth should be sacrificed to Pagan violence? Ye devoted and lamented men, who, like Stephen, saw your murderers around you, and looked upon your own blood in the agonies of death—Heaven forbid that your death should have been in vain to us! We will think of your zeal, your self-denial, your fortitude and moral heroism, and engage with fresh vigor in the cause from which you withheld not even the sacrifice of your life!

The Missionaries' Departure.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

The crown of thorns He wore,
Whose kingdom yet shall smile
From ocean's farthest shore,
And every heathen isle:
And we would count all else as loss
To spread the glory of His cross.

Where bright with gold their lands,
And diamonds star the mine,
The throne of darkness stands
And souls in bondage pine;
We go to sound the jubilee
To all who will in Christ be free.

They die, where rose, and palm,
And cassia flourish fair,
For want of Gilead's balm,
And a Physician there.
Their grounds o'errun with sin and wo
We go with light and life to sow.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

While in that distant field
To serve our heavenly King,
Of faith we bear the shield,
And of salvation sing:
His banner o'er us will be love,
Our comforter, the Holy Dove.

No victim's blood must flow
Our paths of peace to stain,
As forth we march to show
The Lamb for sinners slain.
His veins have pour'd the sacred streams
Whose power the soul from death redeems.

Now, o'er the rolling seas
A Saviour's name to bear,
Our sails are to the breeze—
To God our parting prayer.
We leave our native shores, and know
The Christian hath no home below!

Friends, kindred, all, adieu!
Though through our earthly days,
So vapor-like and few,
We're hence as parted rays,
On high may we surround the Sun
Of Righteousness, in Him made one!

The Man whom his Regiment could not do without.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PALAIS ROYAL"—"HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE," ETC.

During the entire war of the Revolution, New York city was held by the British. At the close of a December's evening, of the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, when active warfare had ceased, and the hostile armies were waiting in their respective quarters the announcement of the expected treaty of peace, the repose of the city was disturbed by a sudden beat of drum.

Had Washington, or Wayne—contrary to a well-understood, though not expressed, agreement—made a descent on the garrison? Had the horrors of war recommenced? Various were the conjectures of the startled inhabitants, as they threw up their windows or rushed to the doors. The alarm proved groundless. Simply, a man in military undress was seen in rapid flight, followed by an officer and some dozen rank and file in pursuit—a mere garrison-disturbance, such as was oft witnessed—and the spectators mostly

retired within-doors, thankful that their fears of an invasion were so quickly put at rest.

Meanwhile, the fugitive disappeared down a narrow street. It happened, that as the soldiers turned sharply the angle to recover view of their quarry, a man who had dropped from a lofty garden-wall, reeled across the pathway in the endeavor to preserve his footing.

"Thank Heaven! we have caught the renegade!" cried the officer who came up, out of breath, and saw his men surrounding a prisoner.

"And sure, your honor," uttered the captive, in deprecative tone, "if I had known you were in search of me, I would have come to quarters without your honor having the trouble to turn out with the guard."

"Why, how is this?" cried the lieutenant. "Henley, you have broken your parole and it will go hard with you—but away, lads, or we shall lose the captain!"

The prisoner was clothed in the same uniform as his captors; but it was not the man they were in quest of; and after ordering two of the soldiers to conduct Henley to the guard-room, the lieutenant continued the pursuit.

William Henley was a frank, careless fellow, of thirty years or upwards,—in many respects an incomparable soldier, and much liked by his comrades, and by all the officers, save his own captain. But he was

subject at intervals to an irresistible impulse to infringe discipline, which was the more regretted, as, when stationed at outposts, his extreme vigilance had, on several occasions, ensured timely warning of the attacks of roving American corps. Soothing and considerate treatment from his captain would most probably have reformed him altogether, but he was doomed continually to experience the undisguised hatred and ill-will of his superior, which, while it entailed unmitigated punishment for his delinquencies, confirmed, rather than checked, his recklessness. Kindness and mercy would have upheld him in his good intentions, for there was an excellent foundation to work on; but he was oft, through the malice of the captain, doomed to suffer for faults he did not commit; and that he did not grow entirely hardened was owing to the excellence of his nature.

The captain, by rare coincidence, bore the same name as his victim—William Henley. He was universally disliked for his meanness, cruelty, and unofficer-like conduct, but he had the tact to avoid committing any action by which he would incur disgrace, or, what was heartily desired by the others, expulsion from the regiment; and he possessed just sufficient conduct and bravery to carry him, without stigma, through the many severe actions in which the corps had been engaged. It was a general feeling, that although Captain Henley never openly violated military etiquette, or committed a punishable infraction of

discipline, his Majesty's service would gain if he were whisked off to where we cannot name; whilst of William Henley, the private, it was remarked, that faulty as were his occasional excesses, he was a man whom the regiment could not do without. The identity of name, contrasted with the diversity of sentiment respectively entertained towards the two Henleys, was doubtless the cause of the bitter ill-will of the captain to his humble namesake, a feeling which would have had most disastrous results to one who by his conduct laid himself open to the mercy of his superiors, had not the other officers, so far as lay in their power, mitigated its evil tendency.

When Henley was so unexpectedly recognised by his comrades, he was under orders, for a previous offence, to confine himself to the barracks; but through favor of the colonel, upon giving his parole not to stray beyond the yard, was freed from the restraint of a prisoner's cell. He had now violated his parole, and was immediately conducted before the friendly commandant, who commenced reproaching him for his foolish conduct. "In two months after he joined the regiment," remarked the colonel, "he had been made successively corporal and sergeant, had been degraded to the rank and file, and he feared the end of his career would be very lamentable."

"Not if I had your honor for my captain!" replied Henley, lifting his eyes from the floor.

The colonel demanded whose garden he had invaded, and what was his purpose. But William would not divulge his motive or explain his conduct; it was, he said,—spreading his fingers over his breast, and making his obeisance,—an affair of personal honor; a lady was in the case, and he must trust to his honor's leniency. The colonel replied, that through leniency parole had been taken, but that having broken it, there was no alternative, in justice to others, but to place him under guard whilst the regiment remained in New York. Very downcast and dispirited, William was removed to his cell.

He soon discovered that his tyrant was the occasion, though not the cause, of his present disgrace. The captain, who had influential friends and kinsmen in Philadelphia, through whom he hoped to rise to consideration, felt no desire to return to Europe, and planned his schemes to forsake the British service. But as he meditated a parting blow at his old friends, he contrived, under a specious pretext, to overdraw very largely his account with the paymaster. He incurred heavy debts with the owners of certain stores who supplied the army with necessaries, and for a finishing stroke, on the eve of his departure, got into his possession the paymaster's cash-box. But in grasping at so much he lost all. His actions, of late, were too suspicious to be overlooked; he was detected within a few minutes of his intended flight, and as a desperate resort resolved to attempt

reaching the barge in waiting to receive him. To the unlucky *contretems* by which his less guilty namesake fell into redoubled disgrace, the captain owed his safety. The delay in the pursuit, trifling as it was, enabled him to reach the craft and throw himself into it. The boatmen pulled into the stream, —a few ineffectual shots were the closing adieus between him and his regiment.

Apart from the disgrace flung on the corps by the desertion of one of his rank, his brother-officers would have been exceedingly pleased with the riddance, but for the discovery, that through excess of spite, he had stolen and carried off the colors. To think that banners worked by the fair hands of an English lady of rank, presented by herself to the regiment, and which had so oft floated gloriously in face of the enemy, should be now in that enemy's power, was galling beyond endurance. Various schemes were agitated to recover the regimental insignia, but none that promised success. It was not to be expected that the foe would be a party to the restoration, when both British and Americans had encouraged and fostered desertion from each other's ranks throughout the war. A gloom was cast over the spirits of both officers and privates—it was a common loss—and curses, both loud and deep, though impotent, were vented against the spiteful traitor. Soon came news that the captain was comfortably established in Philadelphia, and that he was well re

ceived in that city. He complained loudly of the bad treatment he had received at the hands of his late fellow-officers, and boasted everywhere of his revenge.

Meanwhile, William suffered a week's close imprisonment. His health and spirits gave way, and it was evident his mind was a prey to some secret sorrow; but as he maintained a profound silence, the cause could only be guessed at. By way of diversion, his comrades, who had admittance to the cell, would sometimes taunt him that his luck was turned—that he need hope for no more favor—that in these easy times of peace no occasion could possibly occur for gaining honor, and that the regiment could do without him.

"But there is one waiting outside," uttered Sergeant Waters, as he entered with a knowing look, "who can't do without 'Mister William Henley,' and I can't say but what I would prefer her service to King George's!"

"What mean you, Waters?" demanded William, hastily starting up and approaching the sergeant.

"Easy, easy, man!" replied Waters, going to the door and beckoning in a young damsel, "'tis only a visiter in a bonnet; but come, boys, let us clear out, so many will frighten the poor lass."

Waters having cleared the room of the soldiers, retired, leaving the prisoner in surprise gazing on the unexpected visiter, whose features were hidden

by a veil, and who stood timidly a few paces from the door, as though afraid or abashed at what she had done.

"Why, Jeannette—you here!—you venture here!"

"I did venture," replied Jeannette, throwing aside her veil and disclosing a very pretty face, suffused with a deep blush; "my aunt shut the door in your face, but they behaved much better to me here: but, William, what has happened? why did you not keep your appointment?"

"How could I, Jeannette?" exclaimed William, impatiently, "I'm a pri——" but he checked himself, and changing his tone, continued with an attempt at gayety, "I see how it is—a soldier is held inconstant as the wind—you thought I had found a new sweetheart."

"I thought no such thing, William Henley," replied Jeannette, firmly; "but you cannot deceive me—you are a prisoner."

"I—a prisoner?" cried William, who was ashamed to own the fact.

"You cannot deny it," continued the maiden; "where are your belt and side-arms?"

"Where is my belt?" echoed William, slowly, at a loss what to say.

"Yes, sir, I ask again—are you not confined here, in disgrace?"

"Jeannette," exclaimed Henley, approaching, "you

have a quick eye, and were born to be a soldier's wife."

"Don't touch me, sir!" cried the maid, starting back; "tell me what you have been confined for. I did wrong to come here—and I am afraid you do not deserve one's caring about."

"You did not think so, Jeannette," remarked the other, taking her hand, "when I thrashed that tall dragoon for his rudeness to you in the street."

"And what prompted you?" asked the girl, smiling archly: "did not people say it was only the jealousy of an infantry-man towards the cavalry?"

William sighed heavily, and let fall her hand. The tears started to his eyes. Jeannette, in alarm, implored him to keep her no longer in suspense.

He was, indeed, a prisoner, he replied, and for her sake. To keep his last appointment with her, he had broken his parole, and was now confined to his cell.

"But what had you done, William, that they should want your parole?"

"I have been foolish, Jeannette—I was foolish all my life—I am not deserving your regard."

He threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Jeannette, deeply moved, endeavored to sooth him. Her parents were dead—she was living with a maiden aunt, who very grudgingly afforded the protection of a home. It is true the old lady, through the disas-

ters of the long war, was very much straitened in circumstances, but deficiency of income was compensated by unbending pride and lofty notions. Jeannette, as a seamstress, more than maintained herself, yet her aunt, who was to a certain extent benefited by the humble, though useful occupation of the niece, thought that the latter was degraded by associating with a private soldier. William Henley became acquainted with Jeannette by protecting her from the coarse importunities of a dragoon. He escorted her home, yet when he called a second time, the aunt slammed the door in his face. The young people, however, cared not for the old lady's notions of gentility, and oft met clandestinely, till the mishap of the lover put a sudden stop to the intercourse. It was arranged they should be married before the regiment returned to Europe. William's continued and mysterious absence, therefore, inspired Jeannette with fears which could not be quieted, and which induced her to take the bold step of visiting the barracks.

She drew from him the history of his faults—of his excesses; yet his remorse was so poignant, his repentance so manifestly sincere, that she listened, with the ear of affection, to his promises of amendment. For her sake, he declared, that within a week he would regain the favor of the colonel and the applause of the whole regiment, and she believed him

On quitting the prisoner, she was escorted beyond the barracks by the gallant sergeant. A green veil

hid the face, but the sparkle of a bright eye shone through the gauze, and the mysterious visiter—by those who caught a glimpse of her—was pronounced very pretty, and William Henley began to be more envied than pitied. However, the prisoner's state of mind after the maiden's departure was certainly not enviable. He was morose and sullen, and replied alike savagely to every remark, whether of kindness or jocular taunt. By those who took the trouble to watch him—and his condition excited extreme interest—he was observed to talk much to himself, and pace very hurriedly his cell. Next day he requested to see the colonel. The conference was long, and to the astonishment of every one, William Henley was set at liberty—nay, more, obtained a furlough to cross over to Long Island for the benefit of his health William's star was again in the ascendant, but none, not even Sergeant Waters, could extract from him his secret, whether relating to the maiden, or by what charm he won the colonel to set him free. It was observed, that before leaving the barracks he had a second interview with the commandant, at which two other officers were present, and that after taking leave of his comrades, he started in the direction of the street where he had been captured. Conjecture was rife, but a noble sentiment of honor, which prevails in all military grades, prevented his footsteps being tracked.

William certainly paid a visit to the street in ques-

tion, but at ten o'clock at night he was punctual to a minute in stepping on the pier on Hudson's river, where he had promised to meet the colonel. Here, he received his final instructions, with a letter to the commandant at Paulus Hook, the military station on the opposite bank in New Jersey. Now we must not conceal from the reader, that William Henley—stung by the disgrace of his imprisonment, and the despicable light in which his actions would be viewed by Jeannette—planned a scheme to recover the lost colors of the regiment, which was heartily approved of by the officers, and every means, as far as practicable, placed at his disposal. At Paulus Hook, he exchanged his uniform for plain apparel, and plodded his way on foot through the enemy's territory as a journeyman seeking work, passing through New Brunswick and Princeton—the high road to Philadelphia.

By inquiry, he learned that Captain Henley was residing at the Indian Queen hotel. He offered himself as stable-helper, and was accepted. The renegade's chamber was his next discovery, but to his mortification, he found that Mr. Henley never left the hotel without locking up his room and carrying with him the key. William's occupation in the stable did not permit him to roam over the house without suspicion—and four days passed ere he found a key which unlocked the captain's room. His approaches were necessarily very slow, for he did not dare en-

counter the chance of meeting the captain in hall or passage, where he must have passed close to his hated namesake; he dreaded his scrutinizing glance, although he had disguised himself—for no one is more acute in remembering features than a military man, unless we except a turnkey.

However, after William had been a fortnight in Philadelphia, the French minister gave a grand ball, and Henley was a guest. Now was the time for action! With the duplicate key he admitted himself into the captain's chamber, locked the door, and forced open the trunks, but without success—the colors he could not find. He searched the bed and bedding, but in vain. What should he do? Had the captain delivered the colors to Congress? No—or it would have been spoken of. Perhaps the traitor feared to hold them in his own possession lest Congress should claim them before he had made his bargain for their delivery—for the man was thoroughly mercenary.

Our adventurer next made a hole through the lid and bottom of each trunk with intent to ascertain whether there existed a secret drawer or hiding-place. In his despair a sudden thought struck him. A military cloak, which felt more than usually heavy, he hastily ripped apart from its lining, and behold, the sought-for treasure! Taking off his apparel, he wrapped the colors round his body, redressed himself, locked up the chamber, and stealing away quietly from the Indian Queen, went direct to the banks

of the Delaware. The night was chilly, and the river was partially obstructed with ice; but in imagination he was already at New York, enjoying the smiles of Jeannette, and the praises of his comrades.

He did not dare proceed to the ferry-house, but unmooring a boat from a wharf, he committed himself and his prize to the waters.

It was on Christmas-morn that William Henley entered the barrack-yard at New York, and presented himself to the colonel. A few minutes afterward, the drum beat, the regiment was paraded, and to the astonished and delighted eyes of the corps, the lost colors were unfurled and planted where they had so oft stood—in front of the line.

Henley was restored to the rank of sergeant, with a handsome gratuity from the officers. When the regiment sailed for England, after the ratification of peace, and consequent evacuation of New York, our sagacious adventurer was accompanied by his young wife. Her kinswoman, though regretting her departure, consoled herself that the disgrace which had fallen on the family, by one of its members marrying an uncommissioned officer, would remain comparatively unknown. To the solemn vows which he made at the altar—aided by the judicious advice and kind treatment of the colonel—William owed that he never afterwards forgot himself, and his regiment were ever proud to admit his indispensable services.

It came to the ears of those whom it most con-

cerned, that after the first burst of rage at his loss, Mr. Henley admitted that he was served justly, and that he could not conscientiously regret that the colors of the —— regiment had reached their proper destination.

The Missionary.

BY MISS SELINA SHERMAN.

Behold him,—heaven-sent to nations rude,—
With prayerful soul, in some sweet solitude :
Ah, why, with softening heart, yet soul serene,
Gazes he thus upon the varied scene ?
Has witching mem'ry, with mysterious power,
By song of joyous bird, or sight of flower,
Brought other scenes and other climes to view,
Where sever'd hearts exchanged a last adieu ?—

Though pleasing to his soul the dream of home,
And the sweet memories that with it come,
Now higher cares engross,—to pour the light
Of heaven on lands long veil'd in error's night :
Nor vainly—Lo ! where pagan altars rose,
The Christian temple in the sunlight glows,
And those who bow'd to gods of wood and stone,
Bend in thy courts, O God ! to thee alone.

Miss Huntington.

(See article, "Moheagan Missions," *ante*, pp. 81–89.)

BY THOMAS W. RENNE.

Fearless of danger as of toil,
  She task'd to manly strength her powers,
To pour in sorrowing hearts the oil
  Of heavenly comfort, and the flowers
Of hope o'er bosoms dark to throw,
Where hope had ne'er been guest till now.

The Indiän—sunk helpless low,
  And trembling still in Nature's night—
Felt a strange joy his heart o'erflow,
  When, like a form of heavenly light,
With pitying eye, and tuneful tongue,
To his charm'd ear of heaven she sung.

And hovering round his cabin rude
  Was e'er her guardian influence felt,
Now luring to the Pure and Good,
  While sweetly now an alms it dealt:
Thus ever came her works to bless
And prove her spirit's truthfulness.

Nor only when young life around
Oped to his eager eye its charms,
Was she beside his hut-fire found,—
But when disease and death's alarms
Disturb'd his soul and shook his frame,
To calm and succor, still she came.

Thus, with untiring foot and head,
(Strengthen'd at once by Heaven and sent,)
Where'er the path of duty led,
With an unquestioning faith she went;
And prayer and praise, where'er she trod,
Bore witness that she "walk'd with God"

And far or near,—the same to her,—
The love and zeal at first that won
To Christ a feeble worshipper,
Would prompt her willing feet to run
And raise the spirit which, again,
The world was luring to its chain.

Learning had here found its eclipse,
How deep soe'er and eloquent;
For when was heavenly truth from lips
Of earthly mould so forceful sent?—
If the cold heart her pleading stirr'd,
'Twas that her soul was in the word.

Her love-lit eye, too, ere she spoke,
  Forestall'd the office of her tongue,
And hearts on which its radiance broke
  Thrill'd with new life, and heavenward sprung·
Its light was like to that which came
To Peter in his hour of shame.

Thus wondrously the tide of peace
  That well'd within her breast she turn'd
On other hearts and souls,—till these
  For the same spiritual beauty yearn'd
That ever round her lived and glow'd,
Strewing with light the path she trode.

The Missionary Institute and Society of Basle.

BY REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.

Before the accession of Geneva to the Confederacy of Switzerland, by reason of a decision of the Congress of Vienna in the year 1814, Basle* was the largest city of that wonderful association of little republics, usually called cantons.

Originally, indeed, and for a long time after the rise of the Helvetic commonwealths, Basle was a free imperial city, and did not join the Swiss Confederacy until the year 1501. For almost three centuries and a half it has been the capital of a small canton of less than three hundred square miles, which contains at this time about fifty thousand inhabitants

This little republic is governed by a "Grand Council" of two hundred and eighty members, from which a "Small Council," composed of sixty mem-

* Few cities on the continent have so various an orthography in English as Basle, which is written almost interchangeably, Basil, Basel, Basle, and Bale. The last should have a circumflex accent on the letter a, and then it would be Bâle.

bers, is chosen. This smaller body, in fact, carries on the executive administration of the canton. A serious difficulty between the inhabitants of the capital and the country portion of the population, some ten or fifteen years ago, led to the *quasi* division of this little state into "Basle the city," and "Basle the country," which continues to exist to this day, to the great detriment of the public tranquillity, and of a proper legislation in the canton.

Basle has been famous for several treaties of peace which were made at it, the most important of which were those of 1499 and 1795. At this place the Swiss made a second Thermopylæ of the ground around the church of St. James, where sixteen hundred of their troops withstood twenty thousand French, under the Dauphin, on the 26th of August, 1444. Above all, this city obtained great celebrity from its having been the seat of a council convened by Pope Martin V., and his successor, Eugenius IV. The first session of this best but most abortive of all œcumenical or general councils was held on the 14th day of December, 1431. Its 45th and last was held on the 16th of May, 1443. This council had been promised at the close of that of Constance, because the public voice, as well as the Emperor of Germany, demanded it. Its avowed objects were to extirpate heresy, (particularly that of the Hussites,) unite all Christian nations under the banners of the Catholic or Latin church, terminate wars between Christian

princes; and last, but not least, to reform the Church. But it soon became evident that the council, which certainly embraced many worthy men who sincerely desired the reformation of many abuses in the Church, and Pope Eugenius, differed wholly in their views. The pope, in fact, endeavored to remove the council into Italy, and afterwards ordered its dissolution. But the council, backed by the Emperor of Germany, continued its sessions. The number of its members, however, gradually diminished, until, when it adjourned to Lausanne, it was scarcely any thing more than a "Rump" council. All its decisions, many of which were good, were wholly without authority with Rome. In fact, they are never published in the collection of the acts of other councils. It was not by such means that the Church was to be reformed. Luthers, not councils, were to do that work, less than a century later. And in truth it was necessary to demolish and build up again, rather than to repair, the old edifice. It was a new creation, rather than a reformation, that was so much needed.

The religion of the canton of Basle is Protestant to such an extent that the Roman Catholic element is not worthy of notice. Moreover, it is that type of Protestantism called the Reformed, in opposition to the Lutheran, which prevails there. The language spoken is the German; but there is a French church in the city for the benefit of several hundreds of per-

sons from the French cantons of Switzerland and from France, who inhabit that place, or from time to time visit it. Among the pastors whom that church, which is a sort of exotic in the midst of a people of Teutonic origin and tongue, has had in our day, may be mentioned the celebrated Drs. Grandpierre and Vinet, the former of whom is now at the head of the Missionary Institute at Paris, and the latter is Professor of Theology in the Academy of Lausanne.

The city of Basle is very pleasantly situated on the Rhine, by which it is, in fact, divided into the greater and lesser towns, which are united by a bridge about seven hundred and fifty feet long. The larger portion of the city lies on the southern side of the river, which there continues to flow from east to west, but deflects to the north immediately after quitting its walls. The houses are well built, the streets are sufficiently wide, and the whole air of the place is agreeable, quiet, and, to a student, attractive. The population scarcely exceeds seventeen thousand, and if it increases at all, it must be at the slowest rate imaginable. Being at the head of the steamboat navigation of the Rhine, and united now by a railroad, through the wide valley of that river, to Strasburg, it has become a considerable thoroughfare, and is probably much more animated than it was a quarter of a century ago, to say nothing of times more remote.

The country immediately around is level, fertile,

and densely populated. At no great distance in the south lie the Jura mountains,—whilst the Black Forest bounds the horizon in the north and northeast.

The trade of this ancient little city is extensive, consisting principally in silk stuffs, cotton, paper, linen, and gloves. Its bleacheries and dye-houses are very important. For most of these branches of business Basle is indebted to those excellent Italian and French Protestant exiles who, in the 16th century, sought and found a refuge within its walls from the bloody persecution which raged against all who embraced the reformed doctrines in their ill-fated countries. Many of its most honorable families are descended from these illustrious sufferers for the cause of Christ.

Among the most important institutions of Basle may be mentioned the University, which was founded in the year 1459; it possesses a large and well selected library. In this celebrated establishment many distinguished professors have given lessons to large assemblages of admiring students. Nor has it seldom happened that teachers and scholars who were exiled from Germany and other countries, found both refuge and employment here; for this little republic furnished protection to martyrs of science as well as of religion. Œcolampadius, Grynæus, Buxtorf, Wetstein, Hermann, the Bernouillis, Euler, and other distinguished scholars were born here. And here Erasmus, though a native of

Rotterdam, passed the greater part of his life, and his remains lie honorably entombed in the cathedral of the city.

Basle was famous in the times of the Reformation for the many editions of the Bible, in various languages, which it sent forth. It was one of those great centres from which truth, as contained in the printed page, went forth, into Germany, Switzerland, and France. From this point colporteurs carried the sacred Scriptures and other religious books into the surrounding regions, and scattered them far and wide. Nor has this city lost her attachment to the "Living Oracles." The Bible is here printed in large editions, by an active and well-directed Society, which has, during the last thirty years, given a vast diffusion to the Word of Life. For it has been the glory of Basle, that its churches—we speak of the city proper—have ever maintained the truth. When Protestantism had lost its savor, and "the fine gold had become dim" in all other cities on the continent, the blessed Saviour still walked in the midst of its golden candlesticks, and kept his people from departing from the pure Gospel. Blessed reward for their love of the Word of God, and their care to print and disseminate it! Where should we expect truth longest to linger but in the midst of those who have delighted to propagate it? "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all

the world, to try them that dwell upon all the earth." (Rev. iii. 10.)

But perhaps it would not be going too far to say, that the glory of Basle in our day is its "Missions-Institute," or, as we should call it, its Missionary Seminary; from which its Missionary Society is not to be dissevered, for they are inseparably united. Let us enter into a few details in relation to their origin.

In the month of March, 1815, Bonaparte, having escaped from his island-prison, landed on the French shores, and speedily arrived at Paris, and seized a second time the throne of the Bourbons. In a few weeks all Europe was in arms, and eleven hundred thousand men were on their way to France. Of this vast invading force, a large army of Russians and Austrians, under the command of the Archduke John, brother of the then reigning emperor of Austria, having crossed Germany, arrived on the banks of the Rhine near Basle. A powerful, but inferior, French force occupied the strong fortress of Hüningen, on the frontier of France, at the distance of but little more than a mile and a half from that city. The archduke speedily took possession of the portion of the city north of the Rhine, and prepared to cross the bridge which unites it to the southern and larger part. The French commandant, fully aware of the advantage which the possession of that point would give the invaders, prepared to prevent this by a heavy

cannonade. At that critical and awful moment, when the inhabitants of Basle beheld themselves on the point of being placed between two fires, and a prey to both, the magistrates hastened to the Austrian commander, and told him that if the battle should go on, their city (which was entirely a neutral one) would be ruined. To his everlasting honor, the archduke ordered the incipient firing to cease, marched his forces up the Rhine, crossed that river a few miles above, and came down upon the French from the south. This movement led the French general to change his position also; and so Basle escaped destruction.

All this occurred in the morning. The good people of the city, seeing the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence for their salvation, flocked to their churches, and offered up their thanksgivings to God for this gracious interference in their behalf. This done, the inquiry arose in many hearts, "What shall we do to testify our gratitude to the Lord in an abiding manner, for this signal instance of his merciful intervention? What monument shall we erect to commemorate this blessed deliverance?" Some proposed one thing, some another. At length it was suggested that it would be well to found a school in which pious missionaries might be trained, who should go into Russia and teach the poor ignorant Cossacks, thousands of whom had just passed by their city, in the ranks of the invading army. This propo-

sition was favorably received by all, and instantly the work was entered upon.

In a few months a seminary was opened, and several pious young men were engaged in the prosecution of their studies for the ministry. Soon the ideas of its excellent founders took a wider extension, and they began to think of training up missionaries of the Cross, not only for Southern Russia, but for all other portions of the unevangelized world where the Lord might deign to employ them. And contemporaneously with the rise of this blessed Missionary Institute, arose the Basle Missionary Society, to employ those who had become trained for the enterprise of carrying the Gospel to the destitute. Such was the origin of both these excellent institutions, which have been already so rich a blessing to the world.

The first young men who left the Institute finished their studies in the summer of 1818. Since that time, that is to say, within the last twenty-seven years, more than two hundred ministers of the Gospel have left its sacred walls, to carry the glorious Gospel to the four quarters of the globe; of whom about one hundred and sixty are still alive, and nearly one hundred and thirty are laboring in heathen lands; the rest are preaching Christ within the pale of Christendom. And whilst many of these heralds of salvation have been supported on the field by the Basle Missionary Society, a greater number, perhaps, have been employed by other societies. Many

have gone forth in the service of the Church Missionary Society of England; and a number in that of the London Missionary Society.

Almost all the young men who have prosecuted their studies in the Institute at Basle, have been from the Germanic Cantons of Switzerland, and the adjoining kingdoms of Wurtemburg and Bavaria, and the Grand Duchy of Baden. In very many cases, they have been poor young men, taken from the plough or the workshop, and have had almost every thing to learn after they entered its walls. This has required that several teachers should, with great patience, devote themselves to the task of cultivating minds, which in most cases were very rude, and often sluggish and unpromising, especially in the beginning. But God has abundantly blessed the labor of these devoted teachers and professors: for they have had the pleasure of seeing many of those who came into their hands as rough stones, leave them fashioned like the polished marble, or rather like the sparkling diamond. The number of students, we may remark, at this seminary, for a number of years past, has seldom varied much from forty. It would be greater if the necessary means existed for their support.

For many years, the late excellent Dr. Blumhardt presided over this Seminary, gave instruction in Theology and Church History, fulfilled the duties of Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and conducted an admirable missionary periodical. But

in the year 1838, it pleased the great Head of the Church to call him to his blessed inheritance in a higher world. We had the pleasure of seeing this humble and devoted servant of Jesus Christ, in the summer of 1835, and never can we forget the simplicity and child-like humility of his appearance and manners, nor the spirituality and fervor of his conversation, so eminently becoming a minister of Jesus Christ, so consistent with the high and responsible post which he occupied, and so largely partaking of what we may well believe to be the spirit of heaven. We may add that, in the midst of his multitudinous and multifarious employments, as head of the Institute and Secretary of the Society, Dr. Blumhardt found time to write several valuable works, one of which was his popular History of the Christian Church, in several volumes, which, whilst it makes no pretensions to the profound research of Neander, is sufficiently learned for common use, and bears on every page the impress of a mind richly imbued with the true Gospel.

Since the death of Dr. Blumhardt, his station has been well filled by the Rev. Dr. Hoffmann, the present Inspector, as he is called, of the Seminary. Dr. Hoffmann was called, we believe, from Wurtemburg, and was educated at the University of Tübingen. He is one of the ablest of the evangelical German theologians. Nowhere in all Europe, probably, is instruction in the doctrines and institutions of Chris-

tianity more ably imparted than by this distinguished man; and we are happy to say, that his piety and humility are as profound as his learning and talents are vast. Dr. Hoffmann is well known on the continent as an author, as well as a teacher. He is yet in his prime, having scarcely reached the age of forty-five, if we judged rightly from his appearance, when we saw him in 1842.

The missionaries who have been trained in the Institute in Basle, have literally gone forth into each of the great quarters of the globe. Some are toiling at various points in Asia; others are laboring beneath the burning suns of Africa. Some are preaching Christ on our own continent; whilst a few have seen it to be their duty, either from want of health, or for other causes, to remain in Europe. Not a few have entered into rest; whilst a goodly number are still fighting the good fight, with the eye of faith intently fixed on the crown of life which the great Captain of our salvation holds up to their view.

Some of those who have gone forth from this excellent seminary have attained to great distinction. We can mention, however, but two of them. One is Gobat, a native of the Canton of Berne, who spent several years of successful labor in Abyssinia, and is now, with health greatly impaired, prosecuting the missionary work in the island of Malta, in the service of the Church Missionary Society of England. He is a wonderful man. Indeed, we doubt very

much if he is at all inferior to the eminently pious and devoted Henry Martyn. Their minds and spirit were wondrously similar. Gobat is acquainted with more languages than Martyn was; whilst in point of knowledge of the Scriptures, and a calm, profound judgment, he is not his inferior. It is greatly to be regretted, that his admirable Missionary Journal, containing notices of his residence and labors in Abyssinia,* is so little known in this country. We have never read a work with more profit. It displays so calm and sweet a spirit, so discriminating a judgment, and such an admirable tact, that it is impossible for any Christian, especially for any pastor or missionary, to read it without being benefited.

The other is Lacroix, who has been laboring more than twenty-five years in India, in the employment of the London Missionary Society. He is a man of admirable talents and spirit. Few men in India are his equals. We had the pleasure of seeing much of him, in the summer and autumn of 1842, during a visit which he made to his native Switzerland.† At that time we were residing in Geneva. In the month

* This work has been published in England, Germany, and France; the best edition is the French, entitled, "*Un Séjour en Abyssinie.*" A better work by far than any of these might be made out of them all, by judicious selection, retrenchment and addition.

† Mr. Lacroix was born in the Canton of Neuchâtel, we believe.

of October, of that year, Mr. Lacroix, at the invitation of many distinguished Christians, came to that city, and delivered eight able and eloquent discourses on the subject of missions, to crowded assemblies, composed for the greater part of the most influential people, evangelical and unevangelical, of that place. Never have we heard the whole subject of spreading the Gospel throughout the world, discussed in a more masterly manner. In particular, the history of India, its present state, its dark theogony, its cruel rites, its degrading superstitions, its castes, the genius of its inhabitants, the obstacles in it, which hinder, if they do not prevent, the diffusion of the truth, were all unfolded and discussed by a man whose eloquence was as commanding as his person was noble. Never had such things been heard in that city, once denominated the "Rome of Protestants," but now, and for a long time, filled with a sect who have abandoned every thing which constitutes the highest glory of Christianity. The first seven of these discourses were pronounced in the Casino, a large building erected for popular entertainments, and which will hold about a thousand people. But so great became the crowd, and so overwhelming the desire to hear him, that the "Venerable Company of Pastors," who have the control of all the churches of the state, which are the only large ones in the city and canton, were compelled to open the "Madeleine," one of the largest, where, on a Sabbath afternoon, three thou-

sand people and more heard, for two hours, the last of these wonderful addresses. With astonished feelings, multitudes retired, saying one to another: "We never heard such things before. We never knew that the missionary enterprise is such a glorious affair, or that it allies itself so intimately to every thing that is calculated to elevate and purify humanity. Why do not our pastors preach in this way?"

Nor, whilst memory lasts, shall we cease to retrace the scenes in which we were permitted to share during several happy evenings passed in the company of this honored servant of God, at the houses of several eminent Christians of Geneva and its immediate vicinity. One of them was that of the celebrated Professor Merle d'Aubigné, known throughout the Protestant world by his inimitable "*History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century*," for the completion of which so many hearts are longing. On that occasion, a large number of pastors, students, and ladies, listened for hours to the remarks, and answers to innumerable inquiries, touching the work of missions in India, made by this admirable man. Nothing could be more graphic, or more interesting, than his account of the Brahmin philosophy and theology, and of the modes by which truth must be propagated on the plains of Hindostan,—in conversation, rather than in preaching; amid small groups, rather than in large congregations; and beneath some wide-spreading tree, rather than in any house

erected for the purpose. And among his numerous and delighted hearers, none seemed so richly to enjoy the festival, if we may so call this charming soirée, as the distinguished host himself.

Another of those sweet evenings, so pleasant to recall, was passed at the house of Pastor Barde, one of the few who are "faithful found" among the faithless "Company of Pastors" of Geneva. There, surrounded by some sixty or eighty ministers and laymen, this beloved missionary imparted much information respecting that distant east in which he had passed so many years. Towards the close of the evening, a distinguished professor in the new School of Theology, ventured to ask Mr. Lacroix to give his brethren some parting counsels, if not in the character "*d'un père*," (of a father,) which he feared his modesty would not permit him to do, at least "*en frère aîné*," (as an elder brother.) But he declined, with most unaffected humility, to say even as "an elder brother," more than a few words, but preferred to ask their advice and their prayers on his own behalf! Excellent and beloved man! He has long since returned to his work on the scorching banks of the Ganges, not far from where that great river rolls its floods by the walls of the widely-spreading city of Calcutta, with its myriads of heathen inhabitants. There, or wherever else it may please the Master to appoint, may he long be permitted to live and labor for the salvation of a race perishing in their sins!

But it is time to bring this article to a close, which we shall do with a remark or two.

On what side soever we view the resuscitation of evangelical religion among the Protestants of the continent of Europe, its importance appears immeasurable. A little progress has been made during the last twenty-five or thirty years, and behold one of its blessed fruits in the establishment of the "Missionary Institutes" of Paris, Basle, Berlin, Bremen, and Hamburg, at which more than one hundred young men are preparing to carry the Gospel of Christ to the perishing heathen!

It is a peculiarity of most of the Protestant countries on the continent, that the Church being intimately united with the State, the governments, from economical considerations, will not allow new parishes to be formed, or even churches to be erected, although those that exist are in many cases wholly insufficient for the population. The consequence will be, that as there are always more than enough of candidates for the vacancies which death from time to time creates, many of those in whose hearts the revival to true Christianity will implant a desire to preach the Gospel will be compelled to go forth to other lands. In this way, He that "sits King in Zion,' and whose resources are infinite, is overruling, and will overrule, both the wicked devices and the mistakes of His enemies and friends, for the furtherance of His kingdom. In this, let us rejoice

and find encouragement to "hope" even "against hope."

How important it is that every true Protestant, live in what country he may, should daily labor and pray for the regeneration of Protestant Christendom! Even already we begin to see the happy consequences of the very partial revival of pure Christianity which has taken place in some of the Protestant countries in Europe. The missionary seminaries to which we have referred, are delectable little fountains which have sprung up, and whose rills are flowing forth to bless the world. But when the evangelical religion shall have taken possession of all the Protestant churches throughout Europe and the world, then similar streams will gush forth from ten thousand fountains, and roll, not rills, but rivers of heavenly influence abroad upon the barren plains of Romanism, Heathenism, Mohammedanism, and Judaism. Yea, the great deep will be broken up, and the whole earth be filled with the knowledge and love of God, as the waters fill the seas. That this blessed day may soon come, let the reader earnestly pray and unweariedly labor. And important as is the spread of the Gospel among the unevangelized nations of the earth, not less so is the regeneration of Christendom. Both will, we doubt not, go on simultaneously, and perhaps "*pari passu*."

The Captive.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"There is no danger can befall the man
Who knows what life and death is."

CHAPMAN.

"RISE from thy dungeon floor!
Captive! thy hour is nigh:
Look on the rising sun once more,
And then prepare to die!
Is not the green earth fair?
The morning gale, how sweet!
With spring's first odors in the air,
Her blossoms at our feet!

"Captive! gaze well around—
Wouldst leave this cheerful light,
This world, where joys and charms abound,
For death's perpetual night?
Listen! a word, a sign,
That thou abjur'st thy creed,
Life, riches, honors—all are thine!
Ha! wilt thou now be freed?"

The captive gazed, and said:
"O, lovely is the light,
And fairer scenes were never spread
Beneath my waking sight!
And fragrant is the breath
Of this reviving breeze—
But O! more fair than all, is death,
To him, whose spirit sees!

"For that is life indeed,
Which heeds not space and time,
And freedom where no bonds impede
The spirit's course sublime!
O, speed me to that goal
Beneath that brighter sky!
Death cannot daunt th' immortal soul—
Brother! lead on, to die!"

Ceylon.

BY REV. LEVI SPAULDING.

CEYLON, June, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND—

Had you been with us, I am sure you would have been delighted with the last few days of our journey. As we neared the island of Ceylon, which is about two hundred and eighty miles long by one hundred and seventy broad, Adams' Peak, among smaller mountains on a table-land, rising to about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, arrested our attention. The belt around the whole island, excepting the southeast part, is low and flat, and covered with cocoanut, Palmyra, and other trees, with a great variety of shrubbery and plants, whose blossoms spread a perennial beauty and fragrance. East and south of Columbo, the English capital of the island, the cinnamon gardens extend about five miles over a light, sandy, and level surface. There are regularly laid out and macadamized roads, intersecting each other in various directions, and are exceedingly pleasant and inviting for an early morning or evening drive. As you rise from this belt you come

into the Kandian country, which is a table-land about sixty by fifty miles in extent. Here you see the extensive coffee-plantations, which the wealth and energy of English planters and the muscle of native workmen have caused to spring up within the last ten or fifteen years out of the dense jungle and forest, so that coffee is now one of the principal articles of exportation.* After a few calls on some of the English residents, who are princes in the land, and looking into several government and mission schools, we took our leave of Columbo and travelled northward, some in palankeens,—the oriental mode of travelling,—and some on horses, which are imported from the neighboring continent, and brought there from Aribia, Pegu, or Acheen. We took the old road instead of the one lately prepared by government, which they call "macadamized," and were pleased to find rest-houses, or houses for the accommodation of travellers, at convenient distances, where we spent the hottest part of the day, and found a quiet and safe place of rest for the night. In the jungle and forest through which we passed, it is not uncommon to see elephants, buffaloes, bears, deer, wild-hogs, peacocks, wild-fowl, and sometimes the cheater. One hundred and fifty miles brought us to

* The exports from the island are cinnamon, coffee, pepper, cocoanut-oil, tobacco, salt, kiar-cordage, elephant's teeth and tusks, deer's horns, tortoise-shells, Palmyra timber, ebony, satin-wood, &c. &c.

Condachy, remarkable only for its extensive pearl-fisheries, where sometimes two or even three thousand boats are engaged in bringing the oysters from the banks, where they are brought up by the divers from a depth of about ten fathoms. As we proceeded northward we soon came to Manaar, which nearly a thousand years ago was the emporium of Mohammedan commerce with Bussora, Bagdad, Egypt, and Spain; and before the Christian era, and even in the days of Solomon, probably the Jewish depot for Indian and Chinese merchandise.

Thence we came on to the district or province of Jaffna, which is almost entirely level, and but little elevated above the surrounding ocean. The soil, however, is good and well cultivated, producing rice, several kinds of dry grain, tobacco, hemp, and a variety of fruits, such as the jack, mango, plantain, pineapple, orange, lime, &c. &c., in abundance. We went directly to the Cutchery, (principal government residence,) where we were introduced to the government agent, P. Dyke, Esq., a very active and intelligent man, under whose administration the province within the past fifteen years has been greatly improved. After a pleasant conversation of half an hour, he invited us to take a walk in the gardens. Here the exact regularity of plan, as well as the great variety of the grape, flower-shrubs, fruit-trees, and plants which he has collected from England, America, the Cape of Good Hope, Isle of France, Siam,

and the Eastern islands, shows that he has the well-balanced and cultivated taste of old England for the beautiful in gardening, as well as for the useful in government. The next day we took *bandies* (carriages) and visited the Church Missionary stations at Nellore and Chundiculy, where we were much gratified with the progress made in the education of the natives, both male and female, as well as with the enlightened and liberal views of the missionaries themselves. Our next call was on the Wesleyan missionaries in the town of Jaffna, whose efficient labors in preaching, and in a central day-school for all classes, have been very successful, and are worthy of high commendation.

After these calls we spent several days in visiting the stations in the country occupied by the American missionaries. At Manepy they have a very efficient printing establishment and bindery, the only one in the province, where school-books, tracts, and portions of the Bible are prepared for the village, central, and higher schools and seminaries, both in the native Tamul and the English languages. Here, too, "The Morning Star," (a small weekly paper of twelve or sixteen pages, in both languages, and the first of the kind ever published in the island for general reading,) is attracting the notice of both natives and European descendants, and promises to be a bright harbinger of rising literature, science, and Christianity in this isle of the ocean. About seventy

native workmen, under the supervision of a missionary, are here commencing that art which now fills England and America with light and life.

We next passed on to the seminary at Batticotta, which is a boarding establishment at the expense of the mission, where from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy Tamul youth are emulating each other, and, I might almost say, the missionaries too, in the study of European literature and science. We were surprised and delighted to see how well and readily these lads read, dissected, and spoke the English language, and how accurately as well as promptly they solved a proposition in Euclid, or a problem in simple or Quadratic Equations on the blackboard; and how accurately they would give a geographical outline either of a country or of a nation; while the higher classes, I think, would not fail in comparison with the young men in our own favored colleges, whether in logic, natural philosophy, or astronomy. Thus the beauties and rich varieties of an English library are thrown open at once to the native mind, and he is seen walking in a new world, breathing a new atmosphere, cured of his blindness, clothed, and in his right mind. As I meditated on the one hundred and thirty millions of British India thus merging from the darkness of heathen idolatry and heathen bondage into Christian light and life, my heart grew warm with gratitude, and I sighed for the hastening chariot-wheels of our Leader.

We held long conversations, too, with the native teachers and others, (most of whom give evidence of a change of heart, and belong to the church,) which showed a degree of mental cultivation, of oriental politeness, and of Christian principle, which gave us a delightful impression of the labors and patience of those devoted men, and I ought to add, ladies, too, for I confess that I thought them not the least in this work of self-denial, love, and labor.

After a plain but well-prepared dinner, which was made doubly acceptable by a cheerful conversation about Old and New England, and the progress, the prospects, and the responsibilities of these two great nations, "we took up our carriages," and went to Oodooville, the central station of the Americans, where we understand they always keep a couch and lodgings for strangers. The mild and pleasant evening, (the thermometer standing at 75°,) and the bright, clear, and full moon, held out strong temptations to a promenade, but weariness decided for retirement, though the sound of reading in the Bible, the voice of prayer, and the singing of spiritual songs among the pupils in the other part of the garden, held our eyes and our hearts waking till a late hour. After a refreshing rest we were awakened by the ringing of the bell for prayers, just as the sun was rising above the horizon, which at this season, you know, passes far to the north of us, our latitude being only 9° 50′.

We soon found ourselves walking in the neat and well-planned little garden, where roses of several kinds, the oleander, jasmine of different species, and a variety of other oriental flower-shrubs were vying with each other in luxuriant growth, beauty, and fragrance. The uncultivated parts of the garden, as at other stations, are variegated with margora, jack, mango, cocoanut, and other large trees, so as to defend the inmates from the heat of the mid-day sun, and give a cooling shade to the whole premises. After family devotions and a light breakfast, we were reminded that it was half-past nine o'clock, and that the school was in waiting for us.

Our walk to the school was under the shade of the tall cocoanut-trees; and the whole surface of that part of the garden occupied by the school was grassless, and swept as clean as the white-sanded parlors of our old *Puritan grandmothers*. We were not prepared to see one hundred girls, from eight to eighteen years of age, dressed so neatly in pure white robes, (for the native dress is much more like flowing robes than ours,) and so orderly and modest in their appearance. Their complexion varies from a light olive to a dark mahogany,—black, sparkling eyes, long, black, and thick hair, neatly and smoothly combed back, twisted and fastened with silver pins,—their regular European features verging neither to China nor Africa,—their intellectual countenances, with straight and well-defined figures, adorn-

ed with two or three strings of small gold beads around the neck, and with silver bracelets on the wrists,—were much above our anticipations. As class after class passed before us, we were highly delighted with their quick discernment, (though their knowledge of the English language is far short of that in the seminary at Batticotta,) and with their ready answers in English, both in arithmetic, grammar, and geography, as well as in Bible history and Christian experience.

Their penmanship in English is round, plain, and neat, while some of their Tamul writing is regular, and finished as type itself. The whole school stood up, and sung several Tamul and English hymns to our old standard tunes, by which they showed a good ear and some taste for music.

The missionary ladies brought us some specimens of their common sewing and fancy needle-work, which were really very well done. They spend each afternoon in this part of their education, and two or three, in rotation, from each class, assist in cooking and in other domestic duties connected with the school. About thirty of them belong to the church. Of the seventy or more who, on their marriage, have left the school, only two or three have left without giving a good evidence of a change of heart, and not more than that number have disappointed the hopes of the missionaries in reference to their decided Christian character after their marriage and settle-

ment in the villages. These Christian families, whose parents were educated at Batticotta and at Oodooville, where the children are trained up in Christian habits and in the fear of God, are rapidly multiplying in the land and have a most happy influence.

We next passed on to Fillipally, where we saw nearly four hundred children from the village schools all arranged in classes according to their progress, and each class under the care and instruction of a monitor. After having recited their catechisms, Scripture history, and Bible lessons, they were all seated in rows across the church, on mats, and listened about twenty minutes to an exhortation of the missionary. The children (of whom nearly half were females) seemed much interested and very happy. The next day we crossed over the district to what they call "the other side of the river," (a small and shallow arm of the sea which runs quite through this part of the province,) and spent a day at Varany and Chavacherry in much the same way in which we had spent the preceding at Oodooville and Fillipally. We took some pains to understand their system of village and central schools, in which some four thousand children are under daily instruction. The course is purely Biblical, commencing with the smaller catechism and with the alphabet at the same time, much after the plan of our Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, thus carrying along in

parallel lines, both the literary and Biblical departments, until the child can not only read and write the Tamal language, but until he has a good knowledge both of the history and of the text of the Bible. This system is common to all the missionaries, whether church, Wesleyan, London, or American, both in the Jaffna province and on the neighboring continent, and is carried as far as the missionaries are able to extend their own personal labors, or as far as the churches in England and America will contribute funds to carry it on by native agency. In view of this department of missionary enterprise, which is of late gradually gaining popularity among the females, as well as among the males,—in view of the trifling expense of education, which amounts to only about one dollar and twenty-five cents, or one dollar a year for each child,—and in view of the fact that the language conveys heathenish and idolatrous meanings, and that the children and people, too, must be taught a Christian meaning to each word, and have Christian thoughts before they can have Christian hearts, and that nothing short of this is implied in *preaching the Gospel*, we could not help sighing for a larger amount of funds, and for more laborers to carry on this efficient system of Biblical education, which is fast blotting out the heathenism and idolatry of southern India, and filling the land with Christian sentiments and Christian hearts.

As we left this province we could not help repeat

ing to each other what Bishop Turner said when he visited this place—"Surely this is the Goshen of missions in India." It certainly is a goodly land. The government of the island is liberal in the cause of education, shows much kindness and impartiality towards missionaries of different denominations, and is making rapid progress in constructing roads and bridges, and in other internal improvements. Private individuals are also introducing the nutmeg, clove, and other spices, from the Chinese archipelago, and trying various experiments in the cultivation of the soil. Indeed, the whole island is coming rapidly into notice. The native, the planter, the civilian, and the missionary, are looking forward to no distant time when Ceylon will be in reality the Eden of the east, as it now is in fable the Eden of our first parents, where, it is said, the footstep of Adam is still to be seen, imprinted in a great rock on the top of the mountain bearing his name, seven thousand feet high.

Christmas-Eve.

BY THE REV. J. W. BROWN.

'Tis Christmas-Eve!—midst clouds of gold and dun,
In soften'd glory, sets the winter sun;—
While vale and upland, mead and forest bare,
Sleep in calm beauty 'neath the misty air;—
The tall old pines on many a verdant crown,
Catch the rich lustre as his orb goes down,
And the bright brooks, in crystal fetters bound,
Like burnish'd mirrors skirt the landscape round.

Where sweeps the road from yonder piny ridge
Through the sweet vale, across the rustic bridge,
Stands the old hall midst elms and giant firs
Through whose tall tops the breath of ev'ning stirs;
High o'er the portal hangs the holly-bough,
And the broad trellis smiles with verdure now;—
Cheerful and bright its mullion'd windows gleam
In the soft radiance of the sunset beam,
And thickly, round its ancient porch, entwine
The leafless tendrils of the clinging vine.

'Tis Christmas-Eve!—from sweet-toned village bells,
The vesper-peal o'er all the country swells,
In solemn prelude to the joyous chime
Which soon shall hail the merry Christmas-prime,
When, with to-morrow's sun, the sacred morn
Shall ring with tidings of the Saviour born.
As softly mid the hush of closing day,
That peal, like dying music, melts away,
From the broad post-road winding 'neath the hill,
Loud, merry voices in the distance thrill,
And quickly, o'er the dells by echo borne,
Breaks the shrill music of the coachman's horn;—
They come—they come;—the household doors fly wide,
Forth rush the eager inmates, side by side,
The dear, long absent friends they haste to meet,
The cherish'd ones with words of love to greet.
What tender welcome gleams in every eye!
How speaks the long embrace, the grateful sigh,
The quick inquiry, warm, but half suppress'd,
Leaving the eager kiss to tell the rest!

The lofty walls with joyous tones resound,
As through the hall the blithe new-comers bound;—
There, 'neath the odorous fir and mistletoe,
The children speed with quick steps to and fro,
While the glad servants wreathe, with willing hand,
Green festive garlands for the youthful band,

From myrtle stems and laurel boughs that twine
Midst the rich tassels of the Christmas vine.

From every portrait hangs a verdant crown,
And where the lamp-light faintly struggles down,
From the high dome and polish'd architraves
Bright wreaths of laurel droop in verdant waves;
The household clock, across whose quaint old face
The myrtle branches meet in light embrace,
With brass-crown'd turrets, gleaming bright and fair,
Crowns the broad summit of the oaken stair,
While pendent boughs along the wainscot shine,
And far on high ascends the lengthen'd vine.

Lo! where the lamps their mellow lustre shed,
Age lifts its brow, youth bows its radiant head,
As the warm greetings, breathed in words that fall
Like lingering music through the pleasant hall,
Prolong the cherish'd household legends yet,—
How pleasing now when all the loved have met!
So, gathering near the cheerful Christmas fire,
Gay tales they tell which still new mirth inspire;
The infant prattling on the mother's knee,
At every moment wakes fresh shouts of glee,
While the bold school-boy, still to mischief prone,
Provokes the smile, or fond, reproving tone;—
And some, anon, with laurel-cinctured brows
Speed the brisk game beneath the flashing boughs,

And the gay maskers from the neighboring hall,
Grace for an hour the quiet festival.

Dear Christmas-Eve! a thousand firesides burn
With richer light to welcome thy return!
And thy sweet hours, in purest pleasures told,
Cheer the young heart and satisfy the old,
Till chime the bells the sacred call to rest,
And the calm night with holy prayer is blest.
Then through the chamber rolls the hymn of praise,
Harmonious voices high thanksgiving raise;
The tones of manhood, blending in the strain,
With childhood's silvery notes and woman's soft refrain,
Till the full chorus, echoing free and long,
Bursts on the air in one rich tide of song.

Like a bright spirit throned upon her sphere,
The moon ascends the sky. The atmosphere,
Clear, cold, and brilliant, seems a crystal sea
On which the wintry clouds sleep tranquilly;
The rising wind, with fitful, plaintive swell,
Moans in the elms that skirt the narrow dell,
And through the court-yard firs awakes again
The music of its melancholy strain.

How richly now on every hill and plain
Sleeps the soft light of midnight's solemn reign!
How brightly, shrined in azure depths on high,

The myriad stars gem all the cloudless sky!
To fancy's eye and ear, each radiant troop
That treads those crystal fields in varied group
Seems like a choir of bright-eyed cherubim,
Chanting high lauds in one unceasing hymn.

Serene, mid those bright sentinels on high,
The full-orb'd moon still climbs the vaulted sky,
Serene, as when on Bethlehem's plain she kept
Her glittering vigil, while the shepherds slept.

St. George's Rectory, Astoria, L. I.

Departure of Rev. John Williams,

MISSIONARY TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

The circumstances attendant on the death of the Rev. John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, invest with a melancholy interest every recollection of him during the period of his last visit to England for the purpose of procuring a missionary ship to navigate the islands of the Southern Seas. Whilst he was laboring in the metropolis to effect his great object, I also happened to be in London; and as the friend at whose house I visited was intimately acquainted with Mr. Williams, I had many opportunities afforded me of personal intercourse with him.

On one of the occasions of my meeting him in the social circle, he gave us, I well remember, an instance of his surprising powers as a linguist; for he translated readily the Doxology into five or six different languages of the Pacific, and concluded by rendering it, at the request of a friend, into the Welsh—which difficult language he retained in its utmost purity, although he said he had not read a line

of it since his boyhood. He was, however, by birth a Welshman, although his early years had been spent in a district where the Cambrian language was not spoken.

Mr. Williams' manners in the social circle were most engaging—indeed, I scarcely ever knew any one of such rare simplicity, combined with so profound a knowledge of human nature. He romped with the children, who almost idolized him, told the most entertaining anecdotes of the natives of the islands he had visited, sang some of their songs, and drew with great taste portraits and sketches of scenery. He was never, as some travellers are, tiresome, or boastful, and communicating information seemed to be as delightful to him as to his hearers. In a word, he was the pet of the little circle at my friend's house.

Mr. Williams' personal appearance was rather that of a substantial farmer (with the exception of his clerical dress) than of a missionary. His frame was robust; his chest broad and deep, and thick muscular limbs, evidenced great physical strength. In stature he rather exceeded the average standard of man, although his stout figure somewhat detracted from the height. His complexion was florid, and indicated robust and vigorous health. His forehead was low and receding, and a slight cast in one of his eyes somewhat impaired the generally sweet expression of his countenance, which was rather of a for-

eign stamp. In the pulpit he did not shine ; he had so long been used to missionary labor, that the conventionalisms of the sacred desk trammelled and hampered him.

He presented me the day before he was to leave England with a ticket to attend the farewell service on board the missionary ship, the Camden ; and on the morning of sailing I went on board. She lay near London bridge, on which structure crowds of people were assembled to witness her departure. A large number of the missionary's friends were assembled on the deck, and the farewell service commenced by the singing of a hymn written for the occasion by Josiah Conder, whose thin figure and spectacled face was discernible amongst the crowd. Many of the London ministers were present, and in fervent prayer they committed their departing brother to the care of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. At last the hymn, "Friend after friend departs," was sung—the benediction uttered ; and a flag having been run up to the masthead, most of the company having previously shaken hands with Mr. Williams and his friends, left the deck and repaired on board a steamboat which tugged the Camden down the river,—the crowds on the bridge giving her a farewell cheer as she hauled from the wharf, and Mr. Williams responding to it by waving his handkerchief from the deck where he stood.

Down the Thames we glided on. Soon the Tower

was passed, then Greenwich, Tilbury Fort, and other noticeable places, until the river had grown broad, and less thickly dotted with ships. Arrived off Gravesend the steamer cast off the hawser, and the Camden drifted alongside of us. I can see Mr. Williams now as he stood by the rail of the vessel, exchanging farewells with his friends. We were so near that we could almost shake hands. All felt indeed that the parting hour was come, and many, many tears were shed. As if by common consent, the vessels lingered for a time near each other, the streamers on the mastheads dallying with each other, and occasionally becoming tangled, as if the ships were shaking hands. But time and tide waited not. The last prayers were uttered, and then as Heber's beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," burst forth from the people on board the steamer, the strain was taken up by the missionary and his crew, Mr. Williams' voice being heard above all the rest,—a gun was fired,—fold after fold of the Camden's canvass was loosened to the gale, and spreading her snowy wings she gradually increased her distance between us, until a bend of the river hid her from our view.

So departed the missionary of the islands—departed to his work, and its reward; for such is that crown of martyrdom which now circles the brows of the Christian hero of Erromanga.

The Lake.

TO ——

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In youth's spring it was my lot
To haunt of the wide world a spot
The which I could not love the less,
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that tower'd around—

But when the night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the ghastly wind went by
In a dirge-like melody,
Then—ah then I would awake
To the terror of that lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight—
A feeling not the jewell'd mine
Could teach or bribe me to define,
Nor love—although the love were thine.

Death was in that poison'd wave,
And in its depth a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining—
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.

Pilgrim's Way-Song.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

I'm bound to the house of my Father,
Oh! draw not my feet from the way,
Nor stop these wild flowers to gather,
They droop at my touch and decay!
I think of the flowers that are blooming
In beauty unfading above,
The wings of kind angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow waters the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay;
Their taste is of tears, while we're sinking
Beside them where quicksands betray.
I long for the fount ever-living,
That flows by my Father's own door,
With waters so sweet and life-giving,
To drink and to thirst never more.

The Missionary a Contributor to Science and Literature.

BY THE REV. J. O. CHOULES, A. M.

The contemplation of man as a moral agent preparing for an eternal existence, was the origin of that series of efforts in the various departments of the Christian church which we commonly term the missionary enterprise.

It proposes to diffuse knowledge, morality, and Christianity all over the globe, and at this moment the riches, the talent, the piety of England and America, are crying to the dark lands and benighted tribes of the human family, "Arise, shine, for your light is come." The principal means employed are the translation of the holy Scriptures, the preaching of the Gospel, the establishment of schools for the benefit of the heathen, and where instruction is afforded in the vernacular tongue. In the early stage of this great Christian movement, it was strenuously contended that it was in vain to attempt the *religious* improvement of the heathen. British statesmen, Scotch reviewers, and American philosophers, de-

cided that the chain of caste was riveted to the soul of the Hindoo, that the main object of attempt was unattainable; they also contended that civilization and literature must precede Christianity. No ordinary modicum of ridicule was cast upon the character of the pioneers in this benevolent undertaking; their purity, simplicity of purpose, ardent devotion, and manly spirit, afforded them no shield from the attacks even of clerical infidelity acting as the ape of criticism. A learned professor in Rutgers College, a quarter of a century ago, in the most splendid apology for missions that our country has afforded, thus speaks of the objections of some nominal Christians: "With all their respect for Christianity and its professors, they are decidedly of opinion that it would be infinitely wiser, if, instead of sending to the east and west a multitude of half-crazed devotees with their Bibles and psalm-books to insult all other religions besides their own, we would commission half the number of graduated literati to go and measure an arc of the meridian, collect stones, plants, and cockle-shells, or find out the direction of the Niger. Besides the splendid discoveries which would ensue on these expenditures, there would be this eminent advantage, that the liberal patrons would be reimbursed by the sale of their servants' quartos on their happy return to academic bowers. Now perhaps it will not be amiss to meet such thinkers on their own principles, and inform them, that though we are too

fanatical to throw away our money for the gratification of literary vanity, when the glory of God and the salvation of eight hundred millions of our brethren are at stake, yet it is quite possible that we shall prove invaluable contributors to their own darling science. We might refer them to what has already been done,—to the fact that Greenland, Iceland, Abyssinia, the South Sea islands, and China, have all been explored by enthusiasts,—that the most approved dictionary of the language of two hundred millions is the work of a missionary, and that every day they are adding new stores to political, physical, and moral science. Let it not be objected, that these benefits are only incidental and valued by their authors in subservience to something else. The same will apply to nine-tenths of useful discoveries. The ancients mapped the starry conclave, not from any love of astronomy, but to guide their navigation. The art of printing was invented by a vender of MSS. who aimed at dispatch. Nor let it be urged that they who go forth are not qualified to make learned researches. True, they are not botanists or mineralogists, but they are in general acute and faithful observers; or if this will not content, they can send the tidings that their painful efforts have mollified the savage heart and peopled the wilderness with meek and gentle followers of the Lamb, and then your sages may venture on a peregrination themselves. But not to dwell on this point, I only suggest the inquiry, what will be

the effects in reference merely to science, in the space of fifty years, if the mania of preaching the Gospel 'to every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation,' continues and makes progress? Not a language or dialect, to a grammatical digest of which the student cannot turn in his library—not a dark corner of the earth, but shall be statistically described; and it is my belief that if ever the learned world enjoy the unspeakable felicity of reading an account of the north pole, they will owe it to some humble Moravian, whose warm heart enabled him to brave its eternal snows in the hope of carrying the light of life to some wretched outcast, who, perchance, might be found shivering amid its desolations! We would meet the mercantile objector with the same kind of argument. We would detail with no little plausibility the probable benefits of the excitement to commerce. We would suggest that it may open new markets, make acquainted with the products of the remotest climes, and in a thousand ways, if only allowed a free course, influence your prices current."*

Now all men amongst us well understand that this annunciation of sagacious foresight has received its verification in the grand results of Christian missions. Every wind of heaven wafts a vessel with intelligence from some spot hitherto unknown, or partially

* "Vindication of the Religious Spirit of the Age," by Alexander M'Clelland, D D., 1820. New York.

beneath the eye of civilization. How different is the survey of a map of the world to us, to what it was to our fathers! We gaze upon the names of rivers and mountains, and how altered are our associations! We think not only of Alexander at the Granicus and Hannibal at the Alps, but of Heber at Delhi, Carey at the Ganges, Martyn at Tocat, Perkins on the mountains of Nestoria, and Bingham at Honolulu, and our reflections on these modern names of note, are as spirit-stirring and momentous as belonged to the student of the last century when he concerned himself with Balbec, Palmyra, Babylon, Nineveh, the Pyramids, and Persepolis.

It would be a pleasing task and useful service to delineate the mere moral and temporal immunities of missions among the heathen. We should have the world as the field for research. We could especially show the grand experiments which have been made on human nature in all its various conditions of being, how it has been brought into contact with the usages of civilized and social life, the learning of the schools, and how mind has been developed. Very curious, indeed, and full of interest to the thinking man, the intellectual and moral philosopher, would be this exemplification. We might show the amazing triumphs which have been achieved in philology, natural science, and geography, but this is not our immediate province. Perhaps a brief survey of the life and actions of one laborer in the field may afford

the reader some idea of the grand aggregate of effort which has been contributed to the happiness, knowledge, and well-being of the world by the missionary.

The Rev. Dr. Carey, missionary to the Hindoos, and the translator of the Scriptures, was born at Paulersbury, Northamptonshire, in 1761. He was the son of the parish clerk, and was apprenticed at nine years of age to a shoemaker. At twenty-four he was called to the ministry, and became pastor of the churches at Moulton and Leicester. From his first entrance on the work of the ministry, his mind appears to have been deeply imbued with commiseration for the state of the heathen; his whole soul was alive to the great object of missions. He was appointed to preach before the annual association of ministers at Nottingham, in 1792. The theme of that memorable discourse was—"Expect great things from God, and attempt great things for God." During the course of the day, it was resolved that a plan should be prepared for forming a society with a view to the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen, and at the next meeting held at Kettering, a subscription was opened, and thirteen pounds two shillings and sixpence collected towards fitting out and sending a missionary to India. In 1793, Dr. Carey sailed, and arrived at Calcutta on the 12th of November.

Before he left England, amid poverty, and the cares of business, and the oversight of a church, he

was able to read the Bible in seven languages. In India, he applied himself to the native tongue of the people, among whom he purposed to live and die. This was the Bengalee, spoken by a population equal to that of France.

In 1794 he writes, the language is "copious and abounding with beauties." He soon perceived that the Sanscrit was the grand root of oriental literature, the parent of eastern languages, and the only key by which he could unlock their treasures. He soon read their shasters for himself, and was able to translate the Bible. In 1796 he was deeply engaged in the study of Sanscrit and Hindoothanee. In 1801 he was appointed by the British government Professor to the Government College at Fort William, and we find him writing to his friends: "I am much impressed with the importance of laying a foundation for Biblical criticism in the East, by preparing grammars of the different languages into which we have translated or may translate the Bible. Without some such step, they who follow us will have to wade through the same labor that I have in order to stand nearly on the same ground that I now occupy. If, however, elementary books are provided, the labor will be greatly contracted. The necessity which lies upon me of acquiring so many languages, obliges me to study and write out the grammar of each of them, and attend closely to their irregularities and peculiarities. I have therefore already pub-

lished grammars of three of them, viz., the Sanscrit, Bengalee, and Mahratta. To these I have resolved to add the grammars of the Telinga, Kurnatta, Orissa, Punjabee, Kashmeera, Gujaratee, Nepalese, and Assam languages. Two of these are now in the press. . . . . I am now printing a dictionary of the Bengalee; I have got to page 256, 4to., and am not through the first letter; that letter begins more words than any two others. To secure the gradual perfection of the translation, I have been long collecting materials for a universal dictionary of the Oriental languages derived from the Sanscrit. I mean to take the Sanscrit for the groundwork, and to give the different acceptations of every word, with examples of their application, in the manner of Johnson, and then give their synonymes in the different languages derived from the Sanscrit, with the Hebrew and Greek terms answering thereto, always putting the word derived from the Sanscrit terms first, and then those derived from other sources. This work will be great, and it is doubtful whether I shall live to complete it. Should I accomplish this and the translations of the Scriptures now in hand, I think I can say, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

It is worthy of notice, that the *entire Scriptures* were printed in six Oriental languages, and the New Testament in twenty-three languages; and more than two hundred and thirteen thousand copies of

the Scriptures were printed by Dr. Carey's instrumentality in forty languages.

Mr. Wilson, the Sanscrit professor at Oxford, in a paper on Dr. Carey, says, "His Sanscrit was the first complete grammar published; his Telinga the first in English: his Punjabee is the only authority that yet exists for the language of the Shikh nations, and the same may be said of his Mahratta dictionary. The Sanscrit grammar is a work of immense labor, forming a quarto of more than one thousand pages. The Ramayana of Valmeeki, an epic poem in Sanscrit, was translated in four volumes, quarto, with notes, by Dr. Carey and his learned colleague, Dr. Marshman. This work was selected by the council of the Fort William College to disseminate a just idea of the religion and literature, manners and customs of the Hindoos. When Dr. Carey commenced his duties as professor, there were scarcely any but viva voce means of communicating instruction; there were no printed books, and MSS. were rare. It was necessary to prepare them, and so assiduously did Dr. C. apply himself to this object, that he left the students of this language well provided with elementary books, supplied standard compositions to the natives of Bengal, and laid the foundations of a cultivated tongue and flourishing literature throughout the country. Dr. Carey's Bengalee dictionary must in all time be regarded as a standard work."

To the labors of this eminent missionary may be

ascribed the formation of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India in 1821. At the preliminary meeting only two gentlemen were present. Of this most important and now flourishing institution he was a long time president. In 1830 government voted two thousand pounds in premiums to successful cultivators of the soil.

Dr. Carey's garden was the first private garden in India. At five o'clock in the morning he was always to be found for an hour amid his plants and trees. At the removal of the celebrated Dr. Roxburgh from Calcutta, he took charge of the government botanical garden, and prepared the well-known Hortus Bengalensis, or catalogue of plants growing in the East India Company's botanical garden at Calcutta. This was printed in 1812. He also at the death of Roxburgh became the editor of his papers, and published them between the years 1821 and 1832, in five volumes, under the title of Flora Indica. The Saul tree, of which the ships are built in India, has its botanical name from Carey, and was given by Roxburgh in 1797, as a title of respect ; it is called Careya arborea : this, and the Careya herbacea, are both represented in Roxburgh's Fasciculus of the plants of Coromandel.

Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, makes most honorable mention of Dr. Carey as an exact and enterprising botanist.

In 1811, this indefatigable pioneer of the East,

writing to England, and to a learned correspondent in America, says: "I have long been engaged in a description of the birds of Asia, and have accomplished about half of them, some of the quadrupeds and a few of the insects." They appeared in the Asiatic Researches. He regarded Natural History and Geography as important branches of science, and delivered valuable lectures on both, in English and Bengalee, for many years. He regarded all these topics as illustrative of the works of God. "How vastly does India," writes one, "stand indebted to one solitary missionary landing on her shores!" How vastly indebted is the civilized world to that wondrous man, the shoemaker of Leicester!

This great and good man ceased from his labors June 9, 1834, in his 73d year, leaving his museum, minerals, shells, corals, insects, and Hortus siccus to the Missionary College at Serampore.

Surrey to Geraldine.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"She was so beautiful as to authorize the raptures of her poetical lover and too proud of such a suitor to let him escape. He betrays an indignant consciousness of the arts by which she keeps him entangled in her chain; and accuses her expressly of a love of general admiration, and of giving her countenance and favor to unworthy rivals."—*Mrs. Jameson's Loves of the Poets.*

It was not love!—my soul could never yield
To one who lives for universal sway,
Within whose breast no treasure lies conceal'd,
To selfish hopes an unresisting prey.

It was not love;—won by thy buoyant grace,
So cheering to a warm yet pensive mind,
Charm'd by the varying beauty of thy face,
Madly to thee my spirit I resign'd.

Why, when I thought to breathe affection's vow
Came there a chill upon my burning soul?
Why silent look'd I on thy placid brow,
Hush'd by the magic touch of self-control?

In absence o'er thee would I fondly brood,
And clasp in fancy thy bewitching form,
Yet in thy presence ardor was subdued,
And instant stillness quell'd the rising storm

Thy pleasant ways beguiled me into joy,
With rapture wild I caught thy kindly glance,
To watch thy moods seem'd life's divine employ,
Their memory still my fancy will entrance.

It was not love ;—I saw thee as thou art,
Each careless word with anguish thrill'd my brain,
Intent I watch'd for tokens of a heart,
And trembled with alternate bliss and pain.

It was not love ; though vast was my desire,
I pined to snatch thee from a worldly fate,
To gather up the consecrated fire,
And bear it all unquench'd to heaven's gate.

All gifts of thy young mind to me appeal'd
Like richest pearls up-gleaming from the dust,
To my fond gaze such promise was reveal'd
As fill'd my bosom with devoted trust.

It was not love ; yet sweet and generous aims
Turn'd unto thee as their predestined goal,
All that religion hopes and honor claims,
I thought to lavish on thy wayward soul.

It was not love ; or in thy better hours
Some deep response thy nature would have felt,
Amid life's weeds thou wouldst have known the flowers,
And suffer'd pride in tenderness to melt.

It was not love ; but kindness deep and pure,
Revering pity,—fancy—hope ; nay, more,—
The heart's blind wish an object to ensure,
And for love's faith each winsome path explore.

It was not love ; yet take my parting word,—
Thanks for the fairy spells bestow'd on me,
Thanks for the sad emotions thou hast stirr'd,—
Bright, reckless creature, God be near to thee !

The Missionary's Grave.

BY C. H. HOSKEN.

The mournful cypress, the sacred yew, nor the weeping-willow, were found to adorn or cast their silent shadow upon his grave, for he died in a land where their names are strangers. The deep, deep sea, separates between him and the home of his birth, and the trees the fruit, and the flowers, are of another clime. Over his grave stands the cocoanut-tree, the sound of whose rustling leaves in the evening breezes, like the plaintive moan of some loved one, mourns his loss; while its wide palmy branches throw a cool protecting shadow, during the scorching heat of a tropical day, to secure his peaceful resting-place from cracks and fissures, and preserve the same greenness and freshness there that were found in his hopes of immortality.

It was a dark day when death aimed his fatal arrow, and sent it with unerring certainty to quiver in his youthful heart. Then it was, that many a hope was blasted, many a fond expectation perished, many a spot was softened with tears.

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It was, at first, a dark providence to himself to leave his fatherland; to imprint the last kiss on the trembling lips of a fond and aged mother; to bid adieu to the sweet home of his childhood, plough the boisterous ocean a voyage of six thousand miles, and die after a few months' residence in a foreign land. But though for a moment the heavens did appear dark, soon, soon did he perceive the rainbow of the covenant spanning the mighty arch, and shedding its resplendent glories upon the surrounding gloom. By very significant intimations the voice of Jehovah was heard, saying unto him, "Come up hither!" and as quickly as faith prevailed he looked up, and beheld the heavenly throne, the peerless majesty of Him that sat thereon, and saw a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald. Amid these rich discoveries and overwhelming glories, he might well desire to depart and be with Christ, and joyfully respond to his heavenly Father's call.

But while he bowed joyfully to his Father's will, there were times when, for the sake of the heathen and his own youthfulness, he desired life. Nor was he insensible to the enjoyments of life. He knew that if he once became accustomed to a tropical climate, though he would be denied many temporal blessings which his soul might anxiously crave, yet were there numerous comforts to be enjoyed even there, which would in some measure compensate the losses he sustained. For in that land there are no

pinching frosts, no chilly blasts, no dreary, cheerless winter, but one eternal spring. Forever green, forever gay are its sunny plains; eternal verdure clothes its fields and forests, while

"Fruits rich-flavor'd, gratify the taste."

With the little sloop he can reach the islands that begird the coast; with the pit-pan and darey ascend the rivers. He can pluck the yellow orange that ripens on the tree, the luscious pine-apple, and the mellow sour-sop, the sun-apple, the mango, the citron, the fig, the guava, and the pomegranate; he can drink the cream of the young cocoanut, and partake of his most favorite part of the turtle or hecate. Every thing is in the first style, and should he possess health, he has little in these respects of which to complain. Merchants, magistrates, and sometimes governors, pay him their early compliments and seek his society and friendship. He exerts an influence and sustains a position, exceedingly pleasing and honorable, which will enhance, rather than depreciate, the value of human life. His sphere of labor is waiting, the fields are white ready to the harvest, and he who "reaps" in some cases "receives" instant "wages" to repay his toil; while the affection and devotedness of the people soon produce, or cherish, if already glowing, a flame of love towards them which many waters cannot quench.

He had tasted these sweets; he had engaged in

this delightful labor. Around him had gathered the African, the Carib, and the Creole, with not a few natives of colder regions with a fairer skin. To these were made known the wonders of redeeming grace and dying love. And many a dark athletic has wandered into the bush, sat him down beneath a palmetto-tree to weep, and there, in broken accents, well understood in the upper sanctuary, implored for his guilty soul that mercy that massa minister say so freely given through Jesus Christ, the Spirit itself making intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered. For, as if to wither the vanity and pride of man, it is recorded: "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

But his warfare was soon accomplished. Small indeed, was the amount of labor he performed, but "he did what he could," and a burning seraph could do no more. His last text sweetly indicated the tone of his feelings and the state of his mind. It was Christ's question to Peter, "Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Doubtless his own response, like that of Peter, was, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

And now the dim visions of earthly hope vanish like a dream; his wasted flesh, his pallid cheek, his sunken eye, tell that he is drawing near to the chambers of death. He realizes his condition, and is not

afraid. A momentary pang was felt when he thought of the associations of home, his days of boyhood, his father's cottage, the family group assembled for prayer, their hymns of praise. He could have wished once more to embrace them all, and give them a parting farewell; but he quickly wiped away the fugitive tear, and faintly exclaimed, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." The stillness of death succeeded. He turned away from earth to commune with heaven. Ministering angels hover round his couch, and invite him up to the abodes of bliss. Heavenly raptures delight his soul, sounds as of hymns seraphic burst upon his ravished ear, and the dazzling glories of eternity are all open to his vision. He bathes in an ocean of eternal love. He has clasped in the arms of a living faith the Son of God, and feels his heaven already begun. Then

"Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away.
And laid his flesh to rest."

The Burning of the "Tanjore."

Perhaps no incident caused a greater sensation at the time, than did the destruction of the "Tanjore" East Indiaman, by lightning. This intensely interesting incident, which forms the subject of the beautiful embellishment of the present volume, has been detailed by Mr. Hoole, in so picturesque and graphic a style, in his "Madras Mission," that we are compelled to let the author tell his own story; feeling assured that no additions of our own could render the narrative more impressive. We may, however, be permitted in this place to record our high estimate of the absorbing interest and value of the work above referred to.

"After an unavoidable delay of some months, we embarked at Gravesend on Friday, May 19th, 1820, in the ship 'Tanjore,' a private trader of five hundred tons' burden, bound (on her first voyage) for Madras and Calcutta, and commanded by Captain G. H. Dacre, an able and experienced officer of the royal navy.

"Besides my valued colleague and his wife, I had the happiness to reckon among my fellow-passen-

gers, the pious and much-esteemed Sir Richard Otley, Chief Justice of the Island of Ceylon, and the Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Browning, of the Church Missionary Society, who were appointed to Kandy, in the same island, whose friendship and society formed a principal part of our enjoyments on board, and rendered more tolerable the prospect of the confinement and tedium of so long a voyage.

"On the evening of the following day we anchored off Deal, and gladly embraced the opportunity afforded us of passing another Christian Sabbath in our native land. The Rev. W. M. Harvard, formerly missionary in Ceylon, showed us much kindness. He introduced us to his congregations, commended us to their prayers, and when we re-embarked, on the morning of Monday, May 22d, dismissed us with some valuable advice, respecting our voyage, and the climate in which we should probably have to reside and labor for many years.

"Our passage down the Channel was boisterous, and exceedingly trying to persons unaccustomed to the sea. I was the only passenger who did not suffer from sea-sickness, and was happy to have it in my power to render some assistance to my less favored friends. The Lizard-Point, the last English land we saw, died away from our view on the evening of May 31st; we then immediately entered into fine weather, and became more settled and comfortable in our new circumstances.

"We passed through the Bay of Biscay without experiencing the rough weather we had anticipated: we entered the tropics, extended our sails to the trade-winds, which blow there all the year round, and sailed on the vast ocean as smoothly as on a lake. We had a distant view of St. Antonio, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, the only land we saw until we made the Island of Ceylon; and were delighted by the interesting phenomena peculiar to those latitudes; such as, the thousands of flying-fish, the beautiful bonito and dolphin, the voracious shark, (of each of which we caught several,) the glories of the rising and setting sun; and, during the night, the phosphoric brightness of the waves and spray of the sea, the gradual sinking of the north polar star, and the rising of the beautiful constellations of the southern hemisphere.

"The gale, and the favorable breezes which succeeded it, carried us so much to the eastward, that when we re-entered the tropics, we were in the longitude of Point de Galle, and had consequently to keep a due northern course. We rode on the wings of the monsoon, till the 3d of September, when we saw the Island of Ceylon, having been only three months and three days in making the voyage from land to land. During the whole of this period, we had only seen one sail,—a homeward-bound vessel.

"Sir Richard Otley and the other passengers for Ceylon were desirous of landing at Point de Galle

but the wind blowing steadily from that quarter, made it impracticable to retrieve the few miles we had passed to the eastward of it: we therefore coasted along the southeast side of the Island, enjoying the smell of the land, which was extremely grateful, much like the scent of new hay; and admiring the many romantic views of hill and dale, cultivated land and jungle, skirted by the cocoanut-tree and the Palmyra, which every hour of our progress opened to us.

"On Monday, the 4th, we were visited by many of the natives, in their homely but ingenious canoes, who brought for sale various kinds of fruit, which, though unripe, proved very acceptable to us. Adam Munhi Rathana and Alexander Dherma Rama, the two Buddhist priests who had been instructed and baptized in England, and were our fellow-passengers in the 'Tanjore,' proved of service here. By their interpretation we learned the news of the island, and understood we might conveniently land our party for Ceylon at Batticaloa, which was not far distant. The master of a large native vessel undertook to conduct us; and finding that, though under shortened sail, we went much quicker than themselves, they fastened a tow-line to their foreship, to enable them to keep up with us. Towards evening the wind freshened a little, and we thought to give them a fair specimen of our superiority in sailing; but they became frantic with terror, and, with violent shouting and gestic-

ulation, begged us to loosen the line, or their vessel would soon go to pieces, for it was already giving way. We could not but be amused with their alarm, from which, however, we quickly relieved them, and, proud of our gallant ship, left them far behind.

"The following day we made Batticaloa, and came to anchor. The next day, September 6th, we weighed anchor, and stood out for sea, intending to make direct for Madras.

"Although oppressively hot, it was a fine day. In the evening, however, we were neither surprised nor alarmed at a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, coming direct upon us; for we had seen much lightning every night since we had been in the neighborhood of land. It was dusk, and I was taking a farewell view of the tops of the mountains of the island, fast diminishing in the distance, when I observed an unusually heavy cloud hastening towards us. I pointed it out to Captain Dacre, with whom I was conversing at the time: he replied that it was of no importance; and, alluding to a luminous appearance in the centre of it, said that we might see through it. The rain soon began to descend in torrents, and drove all on deck to seek shelter in the cuddy, or below: the storm increased; and flash after flash of lightning following each other in such quick succession, that, with little interruption, it would have been possible to read by the glare.

"I sat in the cuddy, watching the storm, till past eight o'clock, when a flash which illuminated the whole hemisphere, and was accompanied with loud cracking, and a tremendous noise, struck the ship, prostrated one of the passengers who was reading by the glare, and killed upon the spot two of the seamen on the fore-castle. I ran to the door, to ascertain the effects of the stroke, and heard the second mate, who was between decks, cry out, 'Fire in the hold! Fire below!' The cargo had taken fire from the electric fluid. The scene which followed exceeds all description; it was one that can never be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

"In a moment all hands were on deck; buckets were supplied in abundance; the pumps were manned and leaked, that the water might be discharged on the burning cargo; passengers and crew were all on the alert; I threw off my boat-cloak, which I had procured by rushing below through the smoke into my cabin, and assisted at the pumps. When the hatches were taken off, to allow of water being poured into the hold, flames and clouds of smoke issued forth as from a furnace, increasing every instant in heat and density. It was soon found that all exertion was in vain; the vessel must perish.

"From the pumps we ran to the boats: the gig hung over the larboard quarter, so as to be lowered in a moment; but we should have lost its valuable services, had not a gentleman threatened to send a

bullet through the head of the carpenter, who, insane with terror, had brought a hatchet to cut the ropes, and drop it at once into the sea. The yawl, a larger boat, was our great difficulty; it was turned, keel upwards, over the long-boat, to serve as a roof to the live-stock kept in the latter. Many attempts were made in vain to raise it from its situation; the long-boat was already on fire by the flames bursting from the main hold. I climbed into it, (without feeling that, in doing so, I broke my shins severely,) to give my assistance; and when we were just ready to despair, the yawl eased and rose, no one knew how, and was over the side, and floating in the water, more quickly, the seamen said, than they had ever before seen it.

"Captain Dacre had already affirmed, in answer to my inquiries, that the two boats could not carry all the ship's company, passengers, and crew; (and, under other circumstances, we should not have dared to try them;) but the trial must now be made. The two ladies, one of whom had to be hurried from her bed, where she had retired for the night, were first put safely into the yawl; some other passengers and myself, with part of the crew, followed, and our weight sank it nearly to the water's edge; the captain and others entered the smaller boat, and sufficiently filled it, leaving the vessel with honorable reluctance; while the first mate, Mr. Ibbetson, gallantly remained on board to the last, suggesting the

best arrangements, and assisting to hand to us any article that could be secured at the moment, which might possibly be useful to us in the extreme perils we were about to encounter.

"Many of the party, having retired to their hammocks before the electric fluid struck the vessel, were half naked, but were supplied with trousers and jackets by those seamen who had been on the watch, who, in consequence of the heavy rain, had cased themselves in double or treble their usual quantity of clothing. My own dress was merely a nankeen jacket and trousers, a shirt, and neckcloth; I had lost my hat in assisting to get out the boat.

"We happily succeeded in bringing away two compasses from the binnacle, and a few candles from the cuddy-table, one of them lighted; one bottle of wine and another of porter were handed to us, with the table-cloth and a knife, which proved very useful; but the fire raged so fiercely in the body of the vessel, that neither bread nor water could be obtained.

"It was now about nine o'clock: the rain poured in torrents; the lightning continued to stream from one side of the heavens to the other, one moment dazzling us by its glare, and the next leaving us in darkness, relieved only by the red flames of the conflagration from which we were trying to escape.

"Our first object was to get clear of the vessel, lest she should explode, and overwhelm us. But to

our great distress we discovered that the yawl had no rudder, and that in the two boats we had only three oars, all exertions to obtain more from the ship having proved unsuccessful. From the gig, which had a rudder, they gave us a line, to keep us in tow; and by means of a few spars, found at the bottom of the boat, we assisted in moving ourselves slowly through the water. Providentially, the sea was very still, or our boats would have swamped, and we must have perished. There was also very little wind; but it sometimes changed, and, assisted by the prevailing current, urged forward the burning ship; for the sails, being drenched with rain, did not easily take fire. Our situation, therefore, was, for some time, exceedingly perilous. The vessel neared us more than once, and seemed to threaten to involve us in its own destruction. The cargo, consisting of combustible articles, including a considerable quantity of spirits, burned with violence and rapidity, and the flames rose to an amazing height.

"We succeeded in increasing the distance between us and the vessel; directing our course towards land, by help of the compass, which we could see by the light of the candles we had with us. About ten o'clock we saw the masts fall over the side, and the vessel seemed to be burned down to the water's edge. The spectacle was grand, contemplated abstractedly from a recollection of our own circumstances. The destruction by fire of the ani-

mals on board, dogs, sheep, &c., at another time would have excited our deepest commiseration; but, at present, the total loss of property, the awfully sudden death of the two seamen, our own narrow escape, and the great probability, even yet, that we should never again see the light of day, or set our feet on solid ground, seemed to absorb our faculties and feelings: for some time the silence was scarcely broken, and I doubt not that many, like myself, were engaged in thoughts most suitable to immortal beings on the brink of eternity,—in self-examination, and in prayer.

"The number of persons in the two boats was forty-eight; and all, with the exception of the two ladies, who, I must observe, bore these awful circumstances with extraordinary fortitude, took it in turns to work at the oars and paddles. After some time, to our great relief, the rain ceased; the labor of bailing water from the boats was considerably diminished; the occupants of the two boats hailed each other frequently during the night, and the honest tars, true 'hearts of oak,' occasionally gave a simultaneous 'hurra,' to cheer each other, and to keep up our spirits.

"The 'Tanjore' must have risen in the water, as it gradually consumed: we saw it burning the whole night, and at daybreak could distinguish a column of smoke arising from it,—which, however, soon ceased; and we saw and heard no more of our fa-

vorite ship. Some months afterwards, during my residence at Negapatam, on the Coromandel coast, about three hundred miles from the spot where the disaster occurred, a spar, partially consumed by fire, was thrown on the beach by the surf; and appeared to me to have been the fore-sail yard, or foretop-sail yard, of the unfortunate 'Tanjore.'

"When the sun arose, we could clearly discern land ahead: the sight of it filled us with grateful joy, and nerved us with fresh vigor for our exertions in managing the boats. We then discovered that the purser was the only person in our party decently attired: the wretched and forlorn appearance presented by the rest, in either only half clothing, or the unsuitable clothing of others, increased by exposure, want of rest, and the anxieties of the past night, could not but provoke a smile and a few good-natured remarks.

"As the day advanced, we more clearly discovered the nature of the country which we were approaching. It was wild and covered with jungle, without any appearance of population: could we have got ashore, therefore, our condition would have been little improved; many of us might have perished, before human habitations could have been reached, or assistance procured; but the breakers dashing upon the rocks convinced us that landing was impracticable, even had we desired it.

"About seven o'clock, A. M., we discovered a

dhoney, or native vessel, lying at anchor at some distance; the wind just then began to favor us, and we exercised our ingenuity to avail ourselves of it. In the yawl, we managed to extend the table-cloth as a sail; and in the other boat, a blanket (which the butcher had brought away with him, being the whole of his property) was made to serve the same purpose. We were delighted with this additional help; which was the more seasonable, as the rays of the sun became intolerably hot, and greatly increased our sense of weariness. One of the officers gave Mrs. Mowat his tartan cap, to serve as some cover from the heat; and I thought myself happy in securing a hat that had been used during the night for bailing water: it was soon partially dry, and screened the top of my head from the direct rays of the sun. Some of the seamen, suffering from heat and exhausted by their exertions, began to drink salt water; but the passengers abstained from it.

"It was near noon before we reached the dhoney. The natives on board of it were astonished and alarmed at our appearance, and expressed some unwillingness to entertain us; but our circumstances would admit of no denial, and we scarcely waited till Alexander, the Singhalese, could interpret to them our situation and our wants, before we took possession of their vessel; assuring them, that every expense and loss sustained on our account should be amply repaid.

"They treated us very kindly; gave us water sparingly, but as many cocoanuts as we could devour; they also boiled some rice for us, which they presented in cocoanut shells, with curried fish, and jaggery, a sort of coarse black sugar; and laughing at our method of eating, made for us a few rude spoons of bits of cocoanut shell and splinters of bamboo. They informed us that Trincomallee, which we knew to be one of our mission stations, was not far distant; and, agreeing to take us thither, they proceeded to weigh anchor, while we stretched our cramped and weary limbs on the pent-roof thatch, which served as a deck to the vessel.

"In the evening they cast anchor for the night: the heavens were again darkened with clouds; the lightnings flashed, and the distant thunder rolled and murmured; awakening us to a more lively and awful remembrance of the dangers we had escaped.

"We had some difficulty in fixing ourselves for the night: the ladies were accommodated with the master's apartment, if a small but clean division of the vessel, in which it was impossible to stand upright, may be dignified with the name; and the rest were left to choose their own quarters. The smoke of cooking deterred me from going below, till the cold and dew made me think shelter necessary. I then stooped into the interior of the vessel, and creeping over the cargo, which seemed to consist entirely of cocoanuts, thought myself fortunate in finding a

narrow board, five or six feet in length, on which I stretched myself, putting a bundle of fire-wood under my head as a pillow. Alexander, who had attached himself closely to me since our misfortune, came and lay by me. In the night he roused me, to drink from a cup he held in his hand: it contained hot conjee, or rice-water, not an unpleasant beverage at any time, but then peculiarly grateful to my parched mouth.

"I slept soundly, and rose refreshed; but should have been more so, had not one of the seamen, in searching for accommodations, after I had fallen asleep, chosen my head for his pillow, which before did not rest very easily on the bundle of sticks, and now, pressed by the weight of a sailor's skull, felt, when I awoke, as though it did not belong to me; a bathe in the sea-water restored the circulation.

"In the morning we again weighed anchor, and in a few hours came in sight of the flag-staff of one of the forts of the harbor of Trincomallee: the wind was unfavorable, and we could not get into the harbor; we therefore sent our smaller boat, with four of the best seamen and the purser, to give information of our circumstances. It was a good distance, and the men were weary; but within two or three hours, we discerned the beautiful boats of a man-of-war, then in the harbor, hastening towards us under crowded sail: next we could distinguish the naval uniform of the officers; and, as they drew nearer,

could see the fine countenances of our countrymen beaming with interest and commiseration, as they gazed on us, and directed their boats alongside ; it was a scene to awaken the most powerful feelings ; and will, I think, ever be depicted on my memory. My heart had been stout till that moment ; but I then leaned against the mast, scarcely able to stand, from the mingled emotions excited in my mind.

"We soon stepped into the boats, answering the numerous and kind inquiries of the officers, and enjoying the slight refreshment of fruit, &c., they had brought with them. The men pulled hard at their oars : we soon entered the harbor, admiring its spaciousness and the beauties of its scenery ; but admiring, most of all, the wondrous dealings of that gracious Providence, which had preserved us in such unusual perils, and brought us to a place of rest and safety. We landed in the dockyard of Trincomallee about three P. M. on Friday, the 8th of September, 1820, being exactly sixteen weeks after our embarkation at Gravesend."

The Extent of the Missionary Enterprise.

BY THE REV. GARDINER SPRING, D. D.

Nothing is more certainly determined in the Bible, than that the heathen are given to the Son of God for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; that he must reign, until all enemies are put under his feet; and that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Tell me not of difficulties in the accomplishment of these purposes, for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken them." Say not that the world opposes itself to these designs of mercy, for "as I live, saith the Lord, all the earth shall be filled with my glory!"

Why, then, should we take a more limited survey of the field than is taken by the Divine purpose? Why not include within our efforts all that is included within his? If his purposes are circumscribed by nothing but the world, why should our plans be so narrow as to retard and embarrass his career? If nothing else will satisfy the extent and largeness of his desires, nothing short of this may satisfy ours.

Why, when he is going forth conquering and to conquer, and with the avowed purpose of subjugating the world, why should not his church prepare the way for his most extended and universal triumphs?

There have been seasons when unyielding difficulties have stood in the way of every thing like combined and well-organized effort for the conversion of the world; and when, from the paucity of numbers in the church—from the want of means—from various circumstances in the existing state of human society—from hostile relations of different parts of the earth—from intrinsic difficulties in international intercourse—from the domination of anti-christian governments—and from the internal agitations of heathen lands, it would have been impossible to have disseminated the Gospel beyond very circumscribed limits. More than once, the church has had enough to do to save her single self from being swept away by the torrent. Such was her condition during several periods of the patriarchal age. Such was her condition after the confusion of tongues. Such was her condition at the calling of Abraham. And long after this period, a dark and heavy cloud overshadowed the earth. The Sun of Righteousness was withdrawn, and save the single nation of the Jews, was withdrawn for more than six thousand years. During the most of this period, there was no encouragement for missionary effort. There were no intimations in the providence of God, that the time had come for the ex-

tended and universal dissemination of his truth. So forbidding were the indications, even in the days of the apostles, that those holy men did not venture to labor among the heathen until they were expressly and divinely directed so to do. For several of the earlier centuries of the Christian era, the pagan world was, indeed, more accessible, and every part of it was by turns open to missionary effort, and successively visited by the heralds of the cross. But this little illumined zone of time grew narrower and narrower, and the light gradually waned, and became more and more dim, till it almost vanished away. During the middle and dark ages, ignorance and superstition overspread the earth; the fairest portions of it were desolated and overthrown; the church herself was fleeing before an implacable enemy; and every thing precluded generous and benevolent effort. Never was the human mind subjected to a heavier bondage; never did a longer or more afflictive night pass over the earth; never did every thing concur to throw a deeper shade over the prospects of the heathen.

But these days have gone by. Since the revival of letters in the sixteenth century, and especially since the great Reformation, there has been a gradual expansion of the human mind in all the departments of knowledge. Men have been preparing to appreciate every advance in intelligence, liberty, and religion; and to co-operate in designs for the purpose

of superseding the dominion of vice, anarchy, idolatry, hypocrisy, and superstition, by the simplicity and power of the Gospel. Since the invention of the art of printing, the deep foundations of human ignorance have been broken up, and the knowledge of God and his salvation have found a channel through which they may be poured upon the world like a flood. Since the discovery of the mariner's compass, also, there is no shore so distant, but is sought with eagerness no ocean so vast, but is traversed with safety. Remote continents and distant islands are brought within our reach. In every view, the aspect of the world is changed. The present state of the sciences universally—the discoveries in astronomy and geography—in natural philosophy and chemistry—the wonderful power of steam in its application to the mechanical arts, and the means of intercourse—all these lay open the world to the eye, and heart, and hand of the Christian. The despotic sceptre of human governments, also, is melting away; the influence of a corrupt and wicked priesthood begins to be suspected; the Islam power is on the wane, and large portions of the pagan world are already under the influence of Christian governments and wholesome laws. And never was there a time when the heathen world itself was so prepared to receive the Gospel as it is now. The pagan intellect is waking up. The Indian tribes, the islands of the sea, Africa, Burmah, the hither and farther Indies, and even China, weary

of their philosophy, and half disgusted with their idols, are stretching forth their hands unto God. Everywhere the church is breaking forth on the right hand and on the left. The blood of her martyrs has begun to flow. There is a magnificence in her plans, a concurrence in her operations, a promptness, a bounty, a zeal, an invention in her benevolence, which have never been before witnessed. Missionary stations are to be found in almost all parts of the earth. And when you take the map of the world, you will see that they have been so selected as to afford a ready intercourse with one another, and with pagan, Mohammedan, and anti-christian countries. There is a line of stations in different latitudes, making circles of light round the globe. The sacred fire is thus enkindled, and at such distances, that it is not difficult to see that it must spread, till it burns over this vast desert, and prepares it for the harvest. It deserves to be noticed with gratitude, also, that through the noble efforts of the different Bible Societies, and especially of the British and Foreign Society, the languages of the earth are in the progress of rapid attainment by Christian missionaries; and this formidable obstacle to the world's conversion is so far surmounted, that in nearly two hundred different languages, men may now read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. Add to this that there are schools and higher seminaries of learning established by Christians in pagan and anti-christian lands,

where thousands upon thousands of youth and children are instructed in the truths of the Gospel. Never had the church so fair an opportunity of making an impression on the minds of this apostate world as she has now. There is, in a word, at this moment, a more extended and a more varied series of causes for the conversion of men, and a more rapid succession of means and ends for this grand result, than has ever distinguished any preceding age, not excepting that of the apostles. And if these efforts are continued and advance, in humble dependence on God, we cannot suppress the hope, that in a few generations more, perhaps when another generation shall have passed away, the strongholds of paganism will be broken down.

But if we ever expect to send the Gospel to the world, there must be something like an equal distri bution of the means of grace and salvation. This is the way in which the Gospel was first published. It is obvious, at a glance, that the apostles directed all their movements upon this principle.

Take a glance at the unevangelized portions of our globe. Look at Russia, extending from the Baltic to the Pacific, and containing a population of fifty-seven millions; and for this vast territory there are but six Christian missionaries. Look at China, containing a population of three hundred millions, with but forty messengers of the Gospel, and even these reached there but within a few years past.

Look at the countries lying on the Indian ocean, and you see Siam with a population of two millions, and Burmah with eleven millions, and Hindostan, where there is a population of one hundred and twenty millions, and where there are more missionaries than in any one pagan country, and even there, there is not one Christian teacher to a million of people. Look at Persia, where there are eleven millions of inhabitants, and at Arabia, where there are twelve millions, and where, in neither country, until within a short period, has there been a single missionary. Look at the thirty millions scattered throughout the Asiatic islands, most of them pagans and Mohammedans, with a supply of only sixty missionaries. Look at Africa, containing probably one hundred and ten millions of souls, and throughout all its coasts, including the English settlement of the Cape of Good Hope, and the districts of Sierra Leone and Liberia, there are less than a hundred Christian teachers.

Now look at Christendom. The United States of America contain nearly seventeen millions of inhabitants, and have more than eleven thousand ministers of the Gospel, and in addition to these, from three to four thousand young men in training for the sacred ministry. England has a population of sixteen millions, and has not far from twenty-four thousand ministers of the Gospel. Scotland has a population of two and a half millions, and about two thousand ministers of the Gospel. Were the means of religious

instruction in the American states equally distributed, the country would be amply supplied. But it is no uncommon thing for us to see a city, containing thirty thousand inhabitants, supplied by thirty ministers of the Gospel; and still more common, to see a village that contains but twenty-five hundred inhabitants, have five or six settled ministers. And the same is true of Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, only upon a more extensive scale, and more obvious in equality of distribution. The United States has one minister of the Gospel for every fourteen hundred souls, England has one for every six hundred, Scotland has one for every twelve hundred, and the poor heathen have one to a million and a half!

I am not for emptying Christendom of its ministers; but I am for distributing this immense disparity of her supplies. What should give a few favored lands a pre-eminence in this respect so much above all others? Must we despair of devising some method by which the conflicting interests of sect and denomination may be so adjusted, that this evil may at least be in some measure removed, and the number of missionaries to the heathen augmented a hundred-fold? England, if all her ministers are true men, has at this moment five or six thousand to spare for the heathen. The United States could spare fifteen hundred, and Scotland a thousand. Ten thousand ministers might, during the present year, be drawn off from Christendom and given to the heathen. What a donation to

a dying world! What a present to its redeeming God and King! Oh, Christians! what miserable economy is this, of mind, and heart, and moral power, that a single man, who, if he were on heathen ground, might preach the Gospel every Sabbath to thousands, should remain in Britain or the United States, and exhaust his life, and wear out his days, in preaching to some two or three hundred; and who, if they were deprived of his labors, would be well supplied elsewhere! Where is our warrant, when the Master bids us evangelize the world, thus to confine our efforts? The world can never be converted at the heavy and slow rate at which the work is now going on. Centuries of darkness must roll over the earth, unless something is done to secure a more equal dissemination of the Gospel. Oh that the day would dawn, when all who love the Lord Jesus shall be of the same mind and judgment—when party animosities and sectional jealousies shall die away—when apprehension and distrust at home shall no longer diminish the number of laborers abroad—and when churches of every name shall consecrate their best services and their first men to the great end of converting the world.

Do you acknowledge the prerogative of your Prince in this matter? Do you recognise on this commission the image and superscription of your divine Leader? Then, to what part of the world does it send you? Where does it require you to unfold and

plant the banner of the great Captain of our salvation? Is it in the territories of light and life, or in the region and shadow of death? Is it at home, or abroad? Inclination leads a man to stay at home. Friends and family, name and worldly comfort, lead him to stay at home. Sickly climes, savage men, and the blood of martyred missionaries say, stay at home. But his commission, the only commission by which he is warranted to preach the Gospel anywhere, runs in this solemn form: "Go, preach to every creature!" He may not shrink from difficulty, nor be afraid of toil, nor tremble at the wrath of kings, nor the malice of the people. Nay, rather let him aim at the martyr's crown, than basely shrink from the service to which his more than martyred Saviour calls him.

We scarcely know how to account for it that so few of that sacramental host, who have professed before God, angels, and men, an unreserved submission to their duty, and who glory in being the disciples of the self-denying and crucified Saviour, should, for seventeen centuries past, have consented to devote themselves to the most extensive promulgation of the Gospel. When, O when shall the time come, that young men, baptized with the spirit of their ascending Lord, shall press in crowds to heathen lands? When shall the time come, that it will no longer be thought the dream of chivalry and romance to talk of the conversion of the world? I am persuaded that

the day of mercy has dawned upon the heathen The time is just at hand, when it will be deemed no marvellous act of self-denial to forsake all and follow Christ—when not young men only will flock to pagan lands—but when men of fortune, men of talent, men of family, will deem it their highest honor, their greatest joy, to live and die and fill up the measure of the sufferings of Christ, for this perishing world. Oh, what are a few years of labor and fatigue, a few short years of suffering and sorrow, of faithful and painful devotement, for an object so immeasurably important ?

We inhabit a world where there are more than six hundred millions of immortal beings living and dying without God and without hope. What demands upon our compassion and tenderness, our munificence and prayers ! Eighteen hundred years have passed away since the blood of propitiation was shed, and yet three fourths of the world in which we dwell have never seen a Bible, or heard of the name of Jesus. "O that our head were waters, and our eyes a fountain of tears !" Why, why do we thus ignobly slumber in the work ? O for that abhorrence of human impiety which moved the heart of Paul ! O for that compassion for the souls of men, and that zeal for the honor of God, which gave self-denial and firmness to men who counted it all joy to labor and suffer for a dying world ! O for the love of Swartz and of Brainerd, of Martyn,

Carey, and Judson, towards the perishing heathen! O for the day when the heart of Christendom shall be moved with pity to the heathen, as the trees of the forest are moved by a mighty wind; when the hallowed influence of the Gospel shall be diffused through every land; when the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and the songs of salvation shall everywhere ascend to God.

Prayer for Missions.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

NIGHT wraps the realm where Jesus woke,
No guiding star the magi see,
And heavy hangs oppression's yoke
Where *first* the Gospel said, "*be free.*"

And where the harps of angels bore
High message to the shepherd-throng,
"Good-will and peace" are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India, with her idol-train,
Bends low by Ganges' worshipp'd tide,
Or drowns the suttee's shriek of pain
With thundering gong and pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophi grope;
Dark Burmah greets salvation's ray;
Even jealous China's door of hope
Unbars, to give the Gospel way.

Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,
Cold Greenland feels unwonted flame,
And humble Afric wondering takes
On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

Their steps the forest-children stay,
Bound to oblivion's voiceless shore,
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening skies doth pour.

Then aid with prayer that holy light
Which from eternal death can save,
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

THE END.

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